

MOTION PICTURE.

AUGUST

MAGAZINE

25 CTS



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Claire Windsor

Irresistible!



MAVIS

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*White Flesh Rose Sachet
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POWDER 50c
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refreshes and
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skin



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makes you
irresistible



POUDRE
CREME 50c
(cream face pow-
der) for dry and
coarsened skin

PARIS **VIVAUDOU** NEW YORK

Sunburn, tan, freckles

—they need not mar your skin

ENJOY *this* summer the sports you love best—without sacrificing your complexion. Play tennis or golf as much as you like—swim to your heart's content—secure in the knowledge that your skin is protected from sunburn, tan and freckles.

For you *can* guard your skin against the burning rays of the sun. You *can* protect it from the coarsening effects of hot, dusty winds if you adopt the regular use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream.

Ingram's Milkweed Cream, you will find, is more than a face cream. Not only does it protect the skin—it *keeps the complexion fresh and clear*, for Ingram's Milkweed Cream has an exclusive therapeutic property that actually "tones-up"—*revitalizes*—the sluggish tissues of the skin.

If you have not yet tried Ingram's Milkweed Cream, begin its use today. It will soon soothe away old traces of redness and roughness, banish slight imperfections. Its continued use will preserve your fair, wholesome complexion through a long summer of outdoor activities.

Health hints for the skin

For the most effective way in which to use Ingram's Milkweed Cream read Health Hints, the little booklet packed with every jar. It has been prepared by specialists to insure that you get from Ingram's Milkweed Cream the fullest possible benefit.

Go to your druggist today and purchase a jar of Ingram's Milkweed Cream in the fifty-cent or the one-dollar size. Begin at once its regular use—keep your fresh complexion through the trying heat of summer.



Posed by Lols Wilson, leading woman in Paramount motion picture. Miss Wilson, like many other attractive stars of the screen, uses and endorses Ingram's Milkweed Cream to protect and preserve the complexion.

**Ingram's
Rouge**

"Just to show a proper glow," use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately emphasizing the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Subtly perfumed. Solid cake. Three perfect shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

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Velveola
Souveraine
FACE POWDER**

A complexion powder specially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore, powder of unexcelled delicate texture and refinement of tints. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh, Brunette—50c.

Send a dime for Ingram's Beauty Purse—an attractive souvenir packet of the exquisite Ingram Toilet-Aids. Use the coupon below with a silver dime and receive this Beauty Purse for your hand-bag.

Frederick F. Ingram Co., 21 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find one dime, in return for which send me Ingram's Beauty Purse containing an eiderdown powder sample packets of Ingram's Velveola Souveraine Face Powder, Ingram's Rouge, and Zedenta Tooth Powder, a sample tin of Ingram's Milkweed Cream, and, for the gentleman of the house, a sample tin of Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream.

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City.....

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art, Pennington,
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Wonderful Clay Brings New Beauty to Every Skin!

At once the complexion becomes clear and beautiful through amazing scientific discovery.

ICE is giving new complexions for old through a marvelous new discovery! Dull, dry, blemished skins are being transformed into softness and smoothness—almost at the hands of scientific research and experiment have revealed the elements which, when combined in exact proportions, remove the dead skin from the surface of the skin, clear the pores of impurity, and leave the complexion as clear and bright as a child's.

Domino is provided by nature with millions of tiny pores with which to expel acids and impurities. But when these pores become clogged with impurities, the complexion becomes dull and harsh. Suddenly the face is "streaked" in pimples and blackheads. And if these impurities are still allowed to remain, the complexion is ruined entirely.

New Discovery Explained

Domino elements, when correctly combined according to its formula, have been found to possess a unique potency. These elements, or ingredients, are combined into a soft, plastic, cream-like clay, which is applied to the face with the fingers—just as a cream would be applied. The same given to this wonderful discovery is Domino Complexion Clay. The moment it is applied, millions of the millions of tiny pores in the skin and hungrily absorb the nourishing skin. In a few minutes the clay dries and hardens, and there is a cool, tingling, pleasant sensation as the wonderful clay draws out every skin impurity. I actually feel the tiny pores breathing, refreshing themselves with relief from the impurities that clogged and stifled them.

Domino Complexion Clay to remain for a little while. You may read, or sew, or go about your household. All the while you will feel the powerful clay doing its work, gently drawing out impurities and absorbing blemishes. A little water will soften the clay, and you will be able to roll it off easily with your fingers. And with it you will roll off every dead skin, every harmful impurity, every blemish. A hidden beauty will be unveiled. Beneath the old complexion will be a new one with all the soft, smooth and delicate coloring of youth!

a cosmetic; Guaranteed Harmless

Domino Complexion Clay does not cover blemishes and impurities—but removes them. It cannot harm the most sensitive skin. There is a feeling almost of relief as the facial pores are opened as the magic clay draws out the dead self-poisons and impurities. You will be amazed when you see the results after only one treatment—the whole face is rejuvenated. Not only will the lines of your complexion be brought to life, but enlarged pores will be narrowed, tired lines and bagginess will be softened. Domino Complexion Clay brings life and color to every skin cell and leaves the complexion clear, firm, smooth, fresh-looking.

Special Introductory Offer

In order to enable everyone to test this new preparation, we are making



This marvelous new discovery absorbs blemishes, and impurities, lifts away the coarse, dull, unsightly complexion and unmasks an entirely new complexion underneath—one as soft and smooth and charming as a child's! It cannot harm the most sensitive skin.

a very special free-examination offer. If you send in your application now, a jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be sent to you at once, freshly compounded and direct from the Domino House. Although it is a \$3.50 product and will cost that much ordinarily, you may pay the postman only \$1.95 (plus a few cents postage) in full payment. And despite this special low introductory price you have the guaranteed privilege of returning the jar and having your money refunded at once if you are not delighted with results.

Guarantee Backed by Million Dollar Bank

This guarantee from a million dollar bank protects every user of Domino Complexion Clay.

State Bank of Philadelphia

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

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Very truly yours,

[Signature]

Mail the Coupon NOW!

Don't fail to take advantage of this free-to-your-door introductory price offer. No matter what the condition of your complexion may be, Domino Complexion Clay will give it a new radiant beauty. This natural preparation will make you look like a new woman. You won't have to wait for results. They are immediate.

Just mail this card with your name and address to the Domino House, 1000 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Motion Picture Magazine

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Founded by J. Stuart Blackton

Vol. XXIV

AUGUST, 1922

No. 7

Copyright, 1922, in United States and Great Britain by
Brewster Publications, Inc.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, INC., AT JAMAICA, N. Y.

Entered at the Post Office at Jamaica, N. Y., as second-class matter, under the act of March 3rd, 1879.
PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

EXECUTIVE AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SUBSCRIPTION—\$2.50 a year in advance, including postage in the United States, Cuba, Mexico and Philippines; in Canada, and foreign countries \$3.00 a year. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. U. S. Government stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

Issued on the 1st of the month preceding its date and on sale by all newsdealers.

Published by Brewster Publications, Inc.,
a New York Corporation.

EUGENE V. BREWSTER, President and Editor-in-Chief
GUY L. HARRINGTON, Vice-President
E. M. HEINEMANN, Secretary
L. G. CONLON, Treasurer

(Also Publishers of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out on the
fifteenth of each month; SHADOWLAND, out on the twenty-
third; and BEAUTY, out on the sixth).

Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

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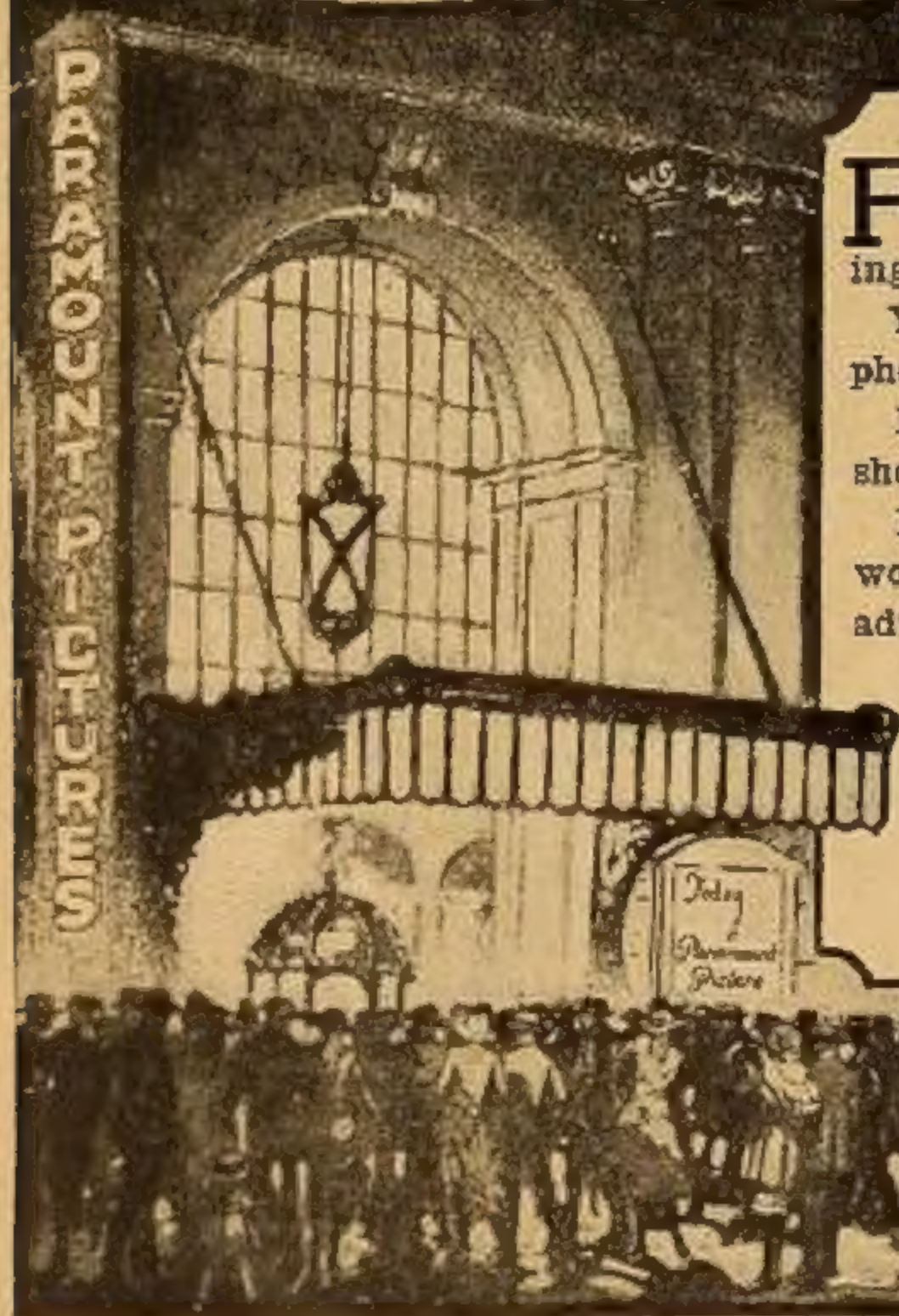
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PARAMOUNT

Announces its Greatest Program of Motion Picture Entertainment



FORTY-ONE great new Paramount Pictures will be released in the coming six months, beginning August 6th.

Your theatre manager is booking your photoplays now for the coming season.

Make sure that he is preparing to show you these Paramount Pictures.

It is for you that Paramount has worked out step by step, months in advance, this great program,

—gathered all the great geniuses of production—stars, supporting artists, directors, novelists, dramatists, technicians—and supplied

them with every conceivable stimulus and equipment to produce the most magnificent and thrilling pictures!

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Seize the opportunity in advance!

Telephone the theatre. Ask the manager: "When are these Paramount Pictures coming?"

Get the day and date of showing for everyone of the forty-one, and you are all set for the greatest shows of the greatest season in the history of entertainment.

See opposite page for full list of new pictures

When are
they coming?

Paramount



Use the phone.

If it's a Paramount Picture

These are the Forty-one New Paramount Pictures you should ask your theatre manager to book

WALLACE REID
in "The Dictator"
Supported by Lila Lee
Directed by James Cruze

MARION DAVIES
in "I : Young Diana"
by Marie Corelli
A Cosmopolitan Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "If You Believe It, It's So"
by Perley Poore Sheehan
Directed by Tom Forman

BETTY COMPSON
in "The Bonded Woman"
by John Fleming Wilson
Directed by Philip Rosen

MAY McAVOY
in "The Top of New York"

"THE LOVES OF PHARAOH"
with Emil Jennings, Dagny Servaes, and
Harry Liedtke
An Ernest Lubitsch Production

GLORIA SWANSON
in "Her Gilded Cage"
A Sam Wood Production

A William deMille Production
"NICE PEOPLE"
with Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels,
Conrad Nagel and Julia Faye
From the play by Rachel Crothers
Scenario by Clara Beranger

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "Blood and Sand"
A Fred Niblo Production
Supported by Lila Lee and Nita Naldi
From the novel by Vicente Blasco
Ibañez and the play by Tom Cushing
Adaptation by June Mathis

"THE VALLEY OF SILENT MEN"
with Alma Rubens
From the story by James Oliver Curwood
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

"THE SIREN CALL"
with Dorothy Dalton
An Irvin V. Willat Production
Supported by David Powell and Mitchell
Lewis, by J. E. Nash
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and
Philip Hurn

JACK HOLT
in "While Satan Sleeps"
A Peter B. Kyne Special
Adapted by Albert S. LeVino
From the novel "The Parson of Panama"
Directed by Joseph Henabery

CECIL E. De MILLE'S
"Manslaughter"
with **THOMAS MEIGHAN**
Leatrice Joy and Lois Wilson
From the novel by Alice Duer Miller
Adaptation by Jeanie Macpherson

The Hamilton Theatrical Corp. presents
"THE MYSTERIES OF INDIA"

"PINK GODS"
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production
with Bebe Daniels, James Kirkwood and
Anna Q. Nilsson
Adaptation by J. E. Nash and Sonya
Levien

"THE OLD HOMESTEAD"
with Theodore Roberts
Adapted from Denman Thompson's play
by Perley Poore Sheehan and
Frank Woods
Scenario by Julien Josephson
Directed by James Cruze

"THE FACE IN THE FOG"
by Jack Boyle
A Cosmopolitan Production

"BURNING SANDS"
with Wanda Hawley and Milton Sills
A George Melford Production

WALLACE REID and LILA LEE
in "The Ghost Breaker"
Directed by Alfred Green

"THE COWBOY AND THE LADY"
with Mary Miles Minter
and Tom Moore
A John Robertson Production

A George Fitzmaurice Production
"TO HAVE AND TO HOLD"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell
Supported by W. J. Ferguson and
Theodore Kosloff

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "The Man Who Saw Tomorrow"
By Perley Poore Sheehan and Frank
Condon. Directed by Alfred Green

"ON THE HIGH SEAS"
with Dorothy Dalton and Jack Holt
Supported by Mitchell Lewis
by Edward Sheldon
An Irvin V. Willat Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "The Young Rajah"
Adapted from the play by Alethea Luce
and novel, "Ames Judd"
by John Ames Mitchell
Directed by Philip E. Rosen
Adaptation by June Mathis

ALICE BRADY
in "Anna Ascends"
Directed by Joseph Henabery
A William deMille Production
"CLARENCE"
with Wallace Reid, Agnes Ayres and
May McAvoy
Adaptation by Clara Beranger

GLORIA SWANSON
in "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew"
A Sam Wood Production
by David Lisle
Adaptation by Percy Heath

"ENEMIES OF WOMEN"
by Vicente Blasco Ibañez
Directed by Robert Vignola
A Cosmopolitan Production

A George Melford Production
"EBB TIDE"
with Lila Lee and James Kirkwood
Cast includes George Fawcett and
Raymond Hatton

"THE PRIDE OF PALOMAR"
From the story by Peter B. Kyne
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

ELSIE FERGUSON
in "Outcast"
by Hubert Henry Davies
A John Robertson Production
Adaptation by Josephine Lovett

"SINGED WINGS"
with Bebe Daniels
A Penrhyn Stanlaws Production

THOMAS MEIGHAN
in "Back Home and Broke"
By George Ade
Directed by Alfred Green

AGNES AYRES
in "A Daughter of Luxury"
Adaptation by Beulah Marie Dix
Directed by Joseph Henabery
A George Fitzmaurice Production

"KICK IN"
with Betty Compson and Bert Lytell

WALLACE REID
in "Thirty Days"
by A. E. Thomas and Clayton Hamilton
Directed by James Cruze

MARION DAVIES
in "Little Old New York"
by Rida Johnson Young
Directed by Frank Borzage
A Cosmopolitan Production

RODOLPH VALENTINO
in "A Spanish Cavalier"
Based on the play "Don Cesar De Bazan"
by Adolph D. Ennery and P. F. P.
Dumanior. Scenario by June Mathis

JACK HOLT
in "Making a Man"
A Peter B. Kyne Special
Directed by Joseph Henabery
Adaptation by Albert Shelby LeVino

ALICE BRADY
in "Missing Millions"
A William deMille Production

"NOTORIETY"
with Bebe Daniels
by Clara Beranger



Pictures



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or not Hollywood is the er-
cradle of er-well, better buy
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cide for yourselves.

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Harry Carr on the pet
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"darkest hour" was a funny
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Wallace Reid

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grow larger if neglected

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Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

DOROTHY GISH

It is a far hail from broad comedy to the tragic portrayal of the blind Louise in "Orphans of the Storm." Nevertheless, Dorothy Gish achieved this without difficulty. At present, so we understand, she is considering a stage engagement

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE



Photograph by Kenneth Alexander

MADGE KENNEDY

Once more the screen will reflect the inimitable work and the charming image of Madge Kennedy. A company has been formed for her under the name of the Kenma Corporation. And these summer days find her creating the title rôle in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"



Photograph by Campbell Studios

MARY PICKFORD

It was some time ago that Mary Pickford gave the screen her beloved "Tess of the Storm Country." Once again she is creating the rôle of Tess. This time, however, she will offer a different interpretation



Photograph by Edward Tayer Monroe

BETTY ROSS CLARKE

Like scores of other motion picture people, Betty Ross Clarke owes her initial screen appearance to D. W. Griffith. However, since playing in "Romance," she has done many things recently; among them "The Man From Downing Street," with Earle Williams



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

NASTACHA RAMBOVA

Nastacha Rambova has had a colorful career. The daughter of Hudnut, the performer, she sought recognition for herself and contributed the effective settings for Nazimova's production of "Salome." Then she married Rodolph Valentino. It depends upon the various divorce laws whether or not this marriage will be permitted to stand

Matter of Fact



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hesser

"Of course, I am romantic," she said. "Romance comes into your life as a marvelous, mellowing influence . . . and furnishes a soft padding, as it were, against the bumps of life"

ANYBODY who would ever accuse Helene Chadwick of fostering highbrow illusions about either herself or the motion pictures she works in would be all wrong.

Twentieth century young ladies don't have illusions—at least, not plausible ones.

And Miss Chadwick, with her quick sense of humor, her spontaneity of wit, is typically matter-of-fact and far too clever to think of "kidding" herself. And far too wise to the tricks of her own trade. As much so as bootleggers, stenographers and writers of musical-comedy librettos.

On the screen we see her as a buxom, hearty purveyor of laughs. Off the screen she is practically the same. She has an easily transferable personality.

She really ought to be on the stage—not in comedy, however. Her voice is low and easy to listen to. It is neither high pitched nor yet too contralto. She has poise, yet she is not a *poscar*. She makes me think of the girl

in the book "who was real and didn't know it," and she has an ineffable charm of manner that is peculiarly womanly.

Apparently, she does not step out of her character to play it for her audiences.

A few years ago, when she commenced her career by posing for artists in New York, she had really no idea that some day she'd be famous in the deathless tintypes. Yet, when she finally got into them, she was not silly enough to say that she didn't want to be a star. Anybody has that plausible ambition, for stardom is the one thing a theatrical player has to look forward to. Goldwyn, to which concern she is now under contract, had a mishap with its first bumper crop of incandescent luminaries and started out not to feature Helene or anyone else.

But the public has a peculiar habit of selecting its own satellites, and Miss Chadwick found herself to be one of them. And she is sufficiently true to her own convictions to admit that she is happy.

"When you're merely playing in an all-star, *unstarred*, cast," she said, "you soon get very tired of giving out your best work."

"There is nothing to look forward to if you know that you'll never be able to reach the heights. I think Goldwyn realized this."

There is only one thing in the world at which Miss Chadwick confesses herself as thoroly mad. That is *censorship*.

"No one likes it," she commented, "but, like prohibition, nearly everybody is getting used to it."

"Not so long ago I went on a personal-appearance tour thru Canada, and in Montreal I happened to meet some of the censors. They were a good-natured crowd, but mostly old fogies."

"They'd go to see a questionable (?) picture, and like it immensely—but their professional ethics required them carefully to delete all portions of it that particularly appealed to their inner selves. Because it was bad for the children!"

"All reformers impress me as being the same. Most of them used to like their toddy before retiring at night

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

Yet they wouldn't admit it, and urged prohibition onto the rest of us."

An interviewer gets quite used to hearing the varied tales of woe most of his subjects tell him. Ring the bell for Helene, however, who seems to suffer from no particular troubles whatever. Even clothes don't bother her.

"I like them better, almost than anything else," said she. "But they don't bother me. Women spend too much time worrying about what they ought to wear. If most of them would leave their wardrobe problems in some competent dressmaker's hands, they'd be able to live easier and look better.

Photograph by
Clarence S. Bull



Photograph by Edwin Bower Hessert

When I met Helene Chadwick, I noticed that, on the ring finger of her left hand, she wears a diamond-studded platinum band . . . the kind that denotes matrimony. I thought perhaps it might be a "prop" one she wore for a scene in a picture, but . . . "Ah!" she countered, and smiled, "They're real diamonds"

"Yet most women won't do this. They try to be sartorially creative when they are not creative. The result is that they generally put on everything but the kitchen stove."

Along this line she follows her own advice. The studio designer and her personal modiste know her style, her measurements, her sartorial preferences. Therefore, when she needs a new wardrobe, she does not attempt to tell her designer *how* to make her dresses.

She simply wears them, tries to keep herself in a pleasant frame of mind, and makes an effort to look her best. It's an axiom of hers.

But, at the same time, she doesn't necessarily want to look her best all of the time. Sometimes, she said, she likes to play a part where she can act, rather than merely model for the camera. Unlike Maxine Elliott, she has no desire to be solely a clothes-rack.

In "The Dust Flower," which she completed recently, she worked in the first sequence entirely without facial make-up.

(Continued on page 87)

Ming
Toy
from
Hollywood



All photographs by Abbé

Permit us, Ming Toy from Hollywood Or, if you wish to be more specific, Constance Talmadge, who is creating the rôle of Ming Toy in the screen version of "East Is West," which is being filmed in the Hollywood studios



Griffith: Maker of Pictures

By
HARRY CARR

IT is said that no one knows anything about any woman who has not seen her before breakfast. After she is marcelled and lip stuck—or lip stuck—all you are going to know about her is what she wants you to know.

And that is just true of directors. Especially D. W. Griffith.

There is a D. W. Griffith that the world sees at banquets and at the theater when his pictures have their formal openings—a most attractive and rather regal gentleman in evening dress. But the public doesn't know anything much about the real D. W.—the maker of pictures. So I am going to write about the real one.

Let us say it is early one Sunday-morning—the beginning of a day late in autumn. Mr. Griffith has issued a call for his personal staff to meet him at his office in the Longacre Building at Broadway and

One of Griffith's peculiarities is that he has never found out about the post-office. The only means that he knows of communication between human beings is the telegraph. It is absolutely useless to write him letters. He leaves them unopened in his overcoat pockets, on the back seat of his limousine, and all over the studio. At the right is a portrait of D. W. Griffith. Below, as he was snapped during the filming of a scene on location



Forty-second Street—the supposed hub of the theater universe. The old war-horse has sniffed the battle. D. W. is going to start another picture.

They drop in—the staff—all the way from ten minutes to half an hour late—secretaries, scenario writers, publicity men—all men and women who have been with him for years. They wait a while; then they wait some more. D. W. is always late.

When he finally gets there he wants to talk about everything but the question before the house, which was story. He takes his publicity man off into another office and they fuss around with a lot of newspaper clippings. Then his secretary is called in and they dictate telegrams. One of Griffith's peculiarities is that he has never found out about the post-office. The only means that he knows of communication between human beings is the telegraph. It is absolutely useless to write him letters. He leaves them un-

opened in his overcoat pockets, on the back seat of his limousine and all over the studio.

After a couple of hours' conference on other matters, Mr. Griffith suggests that, after all, the best place to talk story would be over at his rooms in the Claridge. So we all troop over there.

D. W. never works from finished scenarios, like other directors. He makes up his photoplays at rehearsals and then remembers. Without a scrap of paper, he can remember every small, minute detail of the action in two or three thousand scenes. Below, a picture of Mr. Griffith, taken during the recent filming of "Orphans of the Storm"

Books, books, scenarios, plays. They are scattered all over the place—books from hopeful authors, books from agents: they all want D. W. to film them. He hands them around to all of us and generally disappears into the other room of his suite.

An argument always starts. Somebody thinks he ought to put on Kipling and somebody

else thinks he ought to put on a Revolutionary story. Griffith seldom is to this feast of reason. He spends most of his trying to get the windows just open and just shut to suit him. Whenever he gets into the debate, usually to change the subject. He will cut into some's infuriated eloquence about Kipling's "Light That H" to say that the income tax is all wrong and something to be done about it. You can usually get a rise of him by the mention of a Revolutionary War story.

"They are out," he says. d tells a story.

When he was a young actor was doing a vaudeville sketch—scene laid in the Revolutionary War.

"I tried being a Dutchman and an Irishman and a Frenchman," said D. W. "But it's no use. I sank all my money in the most beautiful costumes, but the audience was always bored to death. I tried bouncing out of a grandfather's clock at the time; but the darn thing wouldn't go. At last the property man stopped one day.

"Well," he said, 'your sketch ain't very good.' I admitted.

"Well," said, 'Lemme give you a kid,' he said, 'You won't get nowhere with any play where the actors wear them damn wigs.'"

D. W. said that cured him of Revolutionary War plays forever. He knows that the question of wigs prevented him from giving "The Two Orphans" ten years.

At about this point in the proceedings he usually suggests that we ought to eat. So he orders up a gorgeous luncheon from the hotel dining room. D. W. is an epicure and a most wonderful and charming host.

Finally the telephone rings and he discovers that he has to go to a financial conference with his business managers—and so that's all for that day. He tells us to meet him at the hotel early the next morning.

The next day begins with another wait. At last the limousine comes and we all pile in. D. W. is distraught and silent. We know from experience he is thinking about stories. Somebody has a copy of the *New York Times*. He picks it up and immediately begins talking about Lloyd George and English politics. Griffith is a wonderful talker—an extraordinary memory—an unusual point of view and brilliant glowing words. It's a wonderful auto ride but you don't make much progress toward getting a story.

His chauffeur is a wild Jap, with a sardonic, inscrutable face: he was evidently trained





Another
Old Friend
Comes to
the Shadows



One by one the greatest figures of history and of fiction are coming to the shadows . . . Du Barry, Pharaoh, Sentimental Tommy, Salome and the Queen of Sheba . . . These and hosts of others have come forth from the pages of novels and from the dead years, to join in the brilliant and triumphant procession to the screen . . .



And now another old friend has come to the cinema. The Fox company is screening "The Count of Monte Cristo," with John Gilbert in the title rôle, and Estelle Taylor as Mercedes



All photographs by Donald Biddle Keyes

Sylvia Ashton can cook.
Oh, she can cook!
It's no wonder that Hollywood has adopted her as its unofficial mother.
Above, a camera study of "Mother" Ashton; at the right, cuddling Betty Compson between scenes, and below, with Walter Hiers and Leatrice Joy.



Mother O' Hollywood

By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

SHE'S tremendously fat—almost incredibly so.

But this merely presages a wondrous disposition . . . and a heart that is as big as all outdoors.

Her slang is the richest thing since George Ade. . . . And she's infectiously funny . . .

And she can cook. Oh, how she can cook!!

It's no wonder that Hollywood has adopted Sylvia Ashton as its unofficial mother. She has every one of those God-



given propensities that mothers have.

And in her heart is the love that passeth all understanding.

"Mother" Ashton adopted me some six years ago. I am one of her five hundred odd "children."

Among my "brothers" and my "sisters" in her family are Lew Cody, Dustin Farnum, Kosloff, C. B. de Mille, Betty Compson, Mae Marsh, Jeanie MacPherson, Bebe Daniels, Leatrice Joy, John Bowers—and myriad others, *ad infinitum*.

The walls of her pretty bungalow are literally lined with countless photographs of my other



Photograph by James Long Horne

"relatives"—all autographed in much the same fashion, "To Mother," for we are an adoring coterie.

And "Mother" Ashton has an almost unique position in Hollywood. She is almost the one single person who is universally loved and *is never gossiped about* in Hollywood.

Screen "fans" have viewed her many times. When pictures were even more infant than they are now, she played with the famous old Biograph aggregation. And then, for a number of years, she comedied with the Keystoneites, and later was contracted for by Lasky.

You will remember her as Elliott Dexter's fat, hopelessly sloppy wife in "Old Wives for New"—as the lady who lost the debonair Mr. Dexter's love because she *couldn't*, in the picture, manage to look pretty and be a perfect thirty-six at the breakfast table.

But as to "Mother"—herself . . .
She is not old, neither

is she "catty." On the Lasky "lot" she calls everybody, from C. B. de Mille down to the janitors' boys, by their first name. Usually she terms them "darling."

They're all her "children."

Nobody ever thinks of calling her Miss Ashton. The *m-o-t-h-e-r* sobriquet has been reserved especially for her.

Thru that strange, bitter irony of Fate, she herself is not a mother. She was, however, until Death tore from her her own two, lovely children a few years ago.

"But," she has often told me, "it is because I miss them so terribly—because my heart is so full of the mother-love—that, perhaps, I may have shown it to the young girls, the young men, with whom I was associated in the pictures."

When the present screen-family was in its early adolescence, back in the old Biograph days, she used to cook lunches in her dressing-room for the
(Continued on page 96)



Thru that strange, bitter irony of fate, she herself is not a mother. She was, however, until Death tore from her her own two lovely children a few years ago

At the top of the page Mrs. Ashton is seen with her adopted daughter and a pet dog. At the left is a scene showing her playing the haughty woman of the world

As She Was - - -



In days gone by Betty Compson's pulchritude was one of the high-lights of aquatic comedies—

Then "The Miracle Man" brought her to the drama And the drama claimed her for its own—

So, when she posed in the bathing regalia she had purchased for her personal use we hastened to reproduce the illustrative pictures

We present Betty Compson As She Was—



The Real Adventure

By
JANET REID

THE Rodney Aldriches were spending one of their infrequent evenings at home. The evenings were not infrequent because the Rodney Aldriches particularly wished to be out, but because, in his capacity of a rising young attorney, Rodney had many and manifold social demands—and the fact that he had an exceedingly pretty wife to exhibit along with his prestige didn't curb their activities.

But tonight they were at home.

Rodney was scanning the evening paper, and Rosalind was sighing and chewing her nails over a volume, tremendous in its girth.

Rodney glanced at her from time to time, first with amusement, then with chuckles, and then, as his mirth did not seem either to attract her attention or detract from her intention, a querulous expression replaced the one of amusement.

"For the love of Mike, Rosalind, are you at those law books again?"

"Of course . . . dont disturb me, Dear, there's a knotty one here . . ."

"Oh, come on, Rosalind . . . can it for the evening . . . come over here and tease me . . . dont get wrinkles trying to understand something your blessed brain couldn't digest in a century."

"Think so?" Rosalind frowned a little . . . bit another nail . . . grunted . . . went on . . .

Rodney read another scandal and then threw his paper down with as much of a bang as the *Chicago Daily News* can achieve. . . .

"Damn it all, Rosalind," he said, explosively, "if you wont let me have some fun with you during our evenings at home, perhaps I'd better look up someone who will . . .!"

This time Rosalind closed the great book. She closed it with a

particularity and care rather disarming in its precision. She rose and put it away and then came back and drew up a straight backed chair and faced him.

"I'll talk to you . . ." she said. "Rod . . . tell me about the first day we met . . . the first time you saw me . . . why you liked me . . . what you said . . . what I said . . . everything . . ."

Rodney smiled, placated. This would be better. It would give him a chance to talk, which he never deplored, and it would infuse some nonsense into their conversation and maybe he could soften the excellent Rosalind into a petting mood . . . maybe she would come over and sit on his lap and talk baby talk to him and let him pull at the little curls that grew in the nape of her white neck . . . the most feminine part of Rosalind, those curls. . . . She was so cunning when she played . . . that was what a wife was for . . . to be cunning . . . to play. . . .

He lit a cigaret . . . settled back. . . . "The first day we met," he said, "over a year ago . . . I remember the very rain-drops and that's a large order.

It was pouring proverbial pitchforks. I was on a trolley car and the darned thing was jammed. Suddenly my attention was attracted. I heard the conductor's Neolithic accents shouting, 'You pays your fare or off you gets' . . . and I heard a very viking, a very clear, slightly strident young voice replying, 'I have paid my fare. I wont do it again. I refuse to argue with you—and I will get off in order to report you.' I identified the voice. It belonged right enough . . . It belonged to a girl with tumbled brown hair . . . charming





"You think you have bought a doll with sawdust in her veins and curls upon her head. But you haven't, you see. I don't want to be a man's mistress, Rod. I want to be his wife, his partner, his helpmate. After a while, the mother of his children. I am bored, suffocated, molested and violated."

hair, Rosalind . . . and high color and amber eyes and a splendid body and a will of her own . . . Rosy . . ."

"Go on, Rod, go on. I like . . . I like you to talk about me . . . you're rather a darling when you do . . ."

"Well, the girl got off.

She wore a muddy and a tam o'-shanter and she was rather messy and immorally pretty . . . and she got off, just as she was, without any umbrella, into the down-

pour. I had an umbrella . . . and I got off, oo. I caught up with her—not so easily. She was a young viking . . . she walked with feminine-man steps . . . long, easy, indignant steps . . . slightly amused steps . . . a sense of humor, I could see . . ."

"She didn't like it very well when I came up to her and proffered my escort and my umbrella. She said that she was used to the rain . . . that she liked to get soaked . . . and that nothing under Heaven would induce her to ride in a car again. . . . She finally decided to accept a share of my worthy rain-protector, but dared me with valiant scorn to flirt with her . . ."

"And you didn't, did you, Rod?" asked Rosalind, with curiosity, just as tho she had never heard of this episode before.

"No, I didn't," laughed her husband. "she wasn't the flirting kind. It was aggressively obvious. No nonsense there . . ."

"Rod," said the girl suddenly, cuttingly, "there isn't now."

"What?"

"Never mind . . . finish up the story . . . then I'll tell you what I was going to say . . ."

Rodney frowned a little. He had thought this was going to be a lark ending in the soft mood of Rosalind, but she wore still, upon her face, the excellent expression which was hers when she studied his law tomes.

"Well . . . I took her home," he said, a little more brusquely, "and I asked if I might come again and she said she didn't care . . . and then she shook hands with me and said after all it hadn't been bad . . . it had been 'a real adventure,' after its fashion, and then . . ."

"And then," interrupted Rosalind, taking the thread away from him, "and then you did come back . . . in a very few days, and you found the same girl reading medical books in the messy library of her messy, busy home . . . and you came again . . . and again . . . and after awhile you found a soft something in that girl . . . a very soft something . . ."

a something that, all along, before had been guarded by out-of-doors and dont-careness and fight and fun . . . and, man-like, you pressed your advantage . . . and here I am . . ."

Rosalind paused on an unfinished note and glanced about her. Rodney watched her expression and saw with something of chagrin that it was one of faint amusement. It was almost as tho she were slightly ridiculing the home he had bought for her, furnished for her . . . a finer, more comfortable home than any of their friends owned, at that. . . . She was smiling at the cushions and lamps and trifles he had bought with a view to surrounding her . . . to framing her young splendor . . . making fun of it . . .

Rosalind's voice was low . . . there was a new, a bitter note in it.

"This isn't an adventure, you see," she said, "this isn't a real adventure . . . at all . . ."

"What isn't? What do you mean?"

"Our marriage. This stuffy house. The way you talk to me. The way you expect me to talk to you. The horrible way you and your friends look, talk and expect all women . . ."

"I don't understand you."

"Of course you don't! You don't try to. You think there is nothing to understand. You take me at my curls' value, at my complexion value, at my body value. I resent it. It's not real . . ."

"You mean?"

"I mean that you met a 'young viking' . . . a girl who stood upon her own feet . . . in a storm. A girl who resented you and your stuffy, safe umbrella . . . a girl who, being human, fell in love with you and married you . . . became a woman . . . strong, too . . . What have you done to her?"

"I am sure, Rosalind . . ."

"Wait! You have bought me silks and satins and some jewelry. You have kist me and kist me and kist me. You have exploited me to your friends, in private and in public. You have taken me out a great deal and the other night when I resented the animalism in your eyes and the eyes of your friends, you persisted and made obnoxious love to me. You think you have bought a doll with sawdust in her veins and curls upon her head. But you haven't, you see. I don't want to be a man's mistress, Rod . . . I want to be his wife, his partner, his helpmate . . . after awhile, the mother of his children . . . I am bored, suffocated, insulted and violated. I . . ."

"Rosalind!" the man walked over to her. His tone was threatening: "Rosalind, don't dare to say such things to me. You talk disgustingly."

"Not 'disgustingly,' Rod . . . not really. I'm talking realities, you see. You don't want realities from me, I *do* want them from you—that's the difference. I'm not your possession . . . I'm your friend. If I can't be that . . . I won't be anything . . ."

"You don't love me? Is that what you are trying to say?"

Rosalind shook her head. A hint of weariness was in her amber eyes.

"I *do* love you," she said, "I love you very fully and completely. That's why I'm not satisfied with a lesser thing from you. Your love for me is the love a man feels for a woman . . . any woman. But I am an especial woman . . . I am an individual . . . I want to work and think and grow and struggle *with* you. If I can't do that, then I must develop and struggle and grow . . . *alone*. I don't want you to hold your priggish umbrella over my head, Rod . . . I want to feel the strong, keen rain on my own bare head. I want to be scorched by the sun, and come out of it. I want to be beaten by the winds, and survive them. I want to

" . . . Don't you remember the last diversion you thought up? Everyone getting riotously drunk . . . your pursuit of me up and down the stairs . . . the way I fell and struck my head . . . the doctor the next morning . . . what you said then . . . ? There is a scar, you know . . ."





It wasn't hard to get in the chorus. "The Girl Upstairs" was casting, and Rosalind came in among the first lot. She had some voice and her legs were exceptional.

too much alone. I must try to think . . ."

Rosalind's lips curled, but her eyes were bitterly disappointed. After all, she had hoped for something from this . . . it wasn't there . . .

"You must try, in the midst of your activities and interests, to think of some new plaything for your baby—eh, Rod?" she asked, softly. . . .

do battle with adventures and win them. . . . You see?"

"I see that you are hysterical, Rosalind, neurotic. You've been left

I'm going adventuring, Rodney. I'm going out on my own. I want to set my teeth on something solid. I want to get life between my hands. . . . And then, some day, if ever you come to feel that I'm your pal and your comrade . . . that you can talk to me, not *at* me, that you can let me read your law-books without kissing my 'cunning frowns' away . . . I'll come back."

"Rosalind . . . this is absurdity."

"Rod . . . this is going to be a real adventure."

"You'll think better of it in the morning . . ."

Rosalind turned at the door, and smiled at him thru glistening lashes. "I hope so," she said, a trifle shakily. Outside in

THE REAL ADVENTURE

Told in short-story form by permission from the Pathé release of the Associated Exhibitors' production of the scenario by Mildred Considine, adapted from the Henry Kitchell Webster novel of that name, published by Bobbs-Merrill Company. Directed by King Vidor.

The cast:
Rose Stanton Florence Vidor
Rodney Alrich Clyde Fillmore
John Galbraith Philip Ryder
Mrs. Stanton Nellie P. Saunders
Portia Stanton Lilyan McCarthy

the hall she pressed both hands against her smarting eyes. "I hope I think 'better of it,'" she muttered, "for just now it's splitting my heart in bits . . . you darling idiot . . . you detestable, most-dear thing . . . how I hate to love you!"

In the morning Rosalind was gone.

Rodney closed up the house—the pillowy, softly lit doll-house he had bought for Rosalind . . . gave it out that his wife had had a nervous break-down, smiled rather ruefully when he thought of her magnificent health, and the palpable lie his story must seem . . . and went into bachelor quarters, dismayed at the foibles of women.

Life was bleak without Rosalind. He would have given much even if he could have seen her now, biting her nails over the dusty law books. How studious and sweet she had looked! Like a cinnamon pink . . . or a dark moss-rose . . . there was something headily fragrant about Rosalind. . . . He shouldn't have let her go. . . . He must have been mad . . . just to slip from him like that . . . Rosalind! Alone in the rain . . . alone in the storm . . . her viking young spirit a clean sword in her strong young body. . . . But Rosalind had been *his*. That made her different. That made her less Rosalind . . . more his. That was what she didn't seem to grasp; didn't seem to see. But she would. She would find out that she was much less Rosalind than she was his wife. Then she would come back—back to be cuddled and petted and bought flowers for and light novels and amusing theater tickets. . . . It hurt him to think of Rosalind . . . where? Other men . . . God, but it *did* hurt! Why hadn't he compromised with her? Pretended to give in to her; agree with her? What harm would there have been in that? You always had to humor women . . . pretend to believe their little whimsies . . . pretend to take them seriously. . . . He

hadn't been able to do it . . . He had let her go. . . . Other men would know better . . . other men would pretend. She would talk about her little ambitions, her own mind, her own life and other men would nod with awful import . . . would agree with her. And then he knew, sharply, that Rosalind would pierce pretence. She was a woman, and he didn't see how it could be . . . but Rosalind would never be deceived . . . by any man . . .

Rosalind had no out-standing talent, but she had a fund of common sense and appraisal, more or less forced upon her by the exigencies of her pre-matrimonial life, with an absorbed, clever, very much older woman for sister, (Continued on page 104)

"Homes," Rosalind was saying. "Are, after all, the greatest things a woman can create . . ." Her hands stole back of his neck . . . thrilling finger-tips covered him . . . He kissed her . . .



The Westerner

By
HELEN CARLISLE

Illustrations by G. Francis Kauffman

Meet
Filmdom's Good Man
The Westerner
And *dont* laugh!

He
Is a True Gentleman
He belongs
Out in the vast
Wilderness
(Five miles from Los Angeles)
Where Men are Men
There
He rides across the
Desert on his Good Pal
And
Registers Virtue up against
The sky lines
There too he first spies
The Heroine
She is
Chasing butterflies or
Fairies o'er the boulders
Near the Bandits' Cave
She is a Good Girl

And the best Chaser
Of . . . butterflies
In all that country!
Later
Our Hero rides into
town

Little does our Hero
Suspect as he
Draws up before the O
K bar that the
Bandit Chief with his
Crêpe beard and Death-
Defying Gang makes
Merry there

Dreaming of her
As she looked with the
Wind Machine on her
Permanent Wave
He feels himself a Better
Man for that
Brief Meeting
Even his Good Pal trots
Onward with a strange
New Light in his eye

Little does Our Hero
Suspect as he
Draws up before the O
K Bar that the
Bandit Chief with his
Crêpe beard and death-
Defying Gang makes
Merry there
(Of course we knew it
All the time)
Hot words are soon
Exchanged Our Hero
Cries I know you
Salvatore
And dissolves Into a
Vision of his Little Sister
(It's a Good Thing for
All Scenario Writers that
There are Little Sisters
The Mention of one is Enough)
The fight is on



Meanwhile
 A Member of the Gang
 Spies the Pure
 Girl
 Out on the Rocks
 She all
 Unsuspecting greets him
 Gaily
 Have you a Little Fairy
 In your Home
 she cries out
 Cheerily He
 says he
 Has and she
 goes to
 Find out

You know the rest
 Our Hero re-routes sev-
 eral
 Careers then
 tracks
 The Chief back to the
 Prop Cave where
 Single-handed and alone
 he
 Proves
 How indestructible a
 Hero is!
 (Sometimes we
 wish he
 Were not bullet
 proof)

He saves
 The Heroine from a
 Fate Worse Than Death
 And leads her forth
 Into the Great Open Spaces
 Where
 Only the Camera and
 Wind Machine may view their joy
 And his Good Pal
 Casually nibbling the cactus
 Vows on a
 Truer nobler Life
 As horses will

Meet
 Filmdom's Good Man
 The Westerner
 And *dont* laugh!



Except for him we'd
 Hardly know what
 a
 Horse looks
 like
 Any more
 Except for him

The Village Blacksmith would
 Be *up* a tree
 Instead of under it
 By Now!

He leads
 The Heroine forth
 Into the Great Open
 Spaces
 Where
 Only the Camera and
 Wind Machine may view
 their joy

Scion of the Samanyagos



Photograph by Hoover, L. A.

He has a warm Latin temperament, eyes swimming full of "soul," and a tumultuous Teddy Roosevelt smile full of teeth. Rumor says he is a Spanish hidalgo of ancient and high degree. Rex Ingram says he is one of the greatest "finds" of the screen. So, there—b'gosh, you have Ramon Samanyagos

he is one of the greatest "finds" of the screen.

So there—b'gosh!

When a new comet comes whizzing into view, we might as well try to be calm about it, and begin at the beginning.

Two or three years ago—maybe it was longer—a revolution came whirling into Durango, Mexico. The leader was an ex-peon who staggered under the load of his gold epaulets—and who needed a bath. He got everything in town that he needed—except the bath.

Among other things he acquired an old Spanish mansion

HIS name is Ramon Samanyagos, and Rex Ingram found him.

He has a warm Latin temperament, eyes swimming full of "soul," and a tumultuous Teddy Roosevelt smile full of teeth. Rumor says he is a Spanish hidalgo of ancient and high degree. Rex says

painful problem of making a living.

It didn't take him long to decide. One night he went to a movie show in the City of Mexico; it cost five dollars a seat, by the way.

"It was a Pearl White serial," said Samanyagos. "I knew I could do what those actors did; so I left for Los Angeles right away to get into pictures."

He didn't find the movies waiting down at the depot for him with a band, however. He had the usual struggle to break in. Finally he gave up the battle for the time being and joined the Marion Morgan dancers. He went with them to New York and frolicked thru the usual press agent stunts out in Central Park in the snow.

Rex Ingram saw him dancing with the Morgans in one of the Metro pictures and decided that he must be classed as an astronomical disturbance—a new star dust. Waving away his lack of experience with a typical Irish sang-froid, Rex cast him at once for the part of Rupert of Hentzau—one of the most dashing and romantic villain parts in all literature. If the young Mexican had failed in this part, it would have ruined a very expensive picture.

By
SINCLAIR LINCOLN

But, if Rex is any judge of his own picture, and if I am any judge of Rex's judgment, the little marble has dropped into the right hole on the roulette wheel.

Ingram feels that he has discovered one of the great stars of all screen history and I shouldn't be surprised if he is right.

"When you pick a great screen star to pieces," says Ingram, "you always find three qualities—imagination, intelligence and a sympathetic compliance—a psychic elasticity, so to speak. If, in addition to this, your star has physical beauty and good health, then you've got something.

"This Spanish boy has all of this. He has temperament, feeling, a fine pliant, highly trained mind, natural refinement and a vivid, brilliant imagination."

Whereupon Rex took me to see him at work.

I saw Samanyagos acting in the big fight scene in "The Prisoner of Zenda" and he made it a living thing for me. He made-believe that a few bolted planks with a fat German stage hand puffing at a windlass was a real drawbridge. He made me feel the darkness and the mystery of the castle moat that just thirsted for dead bodies, altho my seeing eyes told me that there wasn't any moat at all but just an electrician with a dirty collar hugging the warmth of a studio stove that smelled like a jury room in a country court.

Samanyagos has everything that

Ramon Samanyagos didn't find the movies waiting for him with a brass band when he arrived at Los Angeles, determined to try the screen. He had the usual struggle to break in. Finally he gave up the struggle for the time being and joined the Marion Morgan dancers—



Rodolph Valentino looks as tho he ought to have. Rodolph stops at the ridge of his beautiful nose. Samanyagos has something that goes clear thru to the heart. With the paternal pride that a genius of thirty feels for a genius of twenty-five, Rex Ingram invited us to a seeing — Samanyagos — expedition.

The talented Ramon was appearing as the Italian doctor in a high-brow little-theater production of "Enter Madam."

Altho Henrietta Crosman, with the guile of long experience, always managed to smother his best speeches, Ramon did very well.

Afterward we went around
(Continued on page 93)



Photograph by Gene Kornman

Above is a portrait study of Harold Lloyd—Harold Lloyd as we have come to know him—genial, wholesome—as the Boy of his popular comedies—



Portraits - - -

Being a fine comedian means always being an actor. This, above everything else. If you would make people laugh, you must, by the same token, be able to make them cry. Harold Lloyd earned his ability by working in a stock company, where he portrayed a wide variety of rôles . . . then he created the character of the bespectacled youth and stepped into his own on the screen. Above is a character portrait in which humor and tragedy intermingle . . . At the left, another old picture, which finds Mr. Lloyd as the evil thug in whom you find no vestige of redemption

Selected from
Previous
Harold Lloyd
Characterizations



To an early characteriza-
tion of a bold bandit,
Harold Lloyd gave a
touch of braggadocio and
an unkept look—



There was the eager futilita-
rian among the stage por-
trants he created, too. The
man who had never probed
deep enough to find him-
self . . . There was the
craven, too—the moral craven
who wrecked his being by
denying himself nothing, and
who sacrificed everything to
his purpose



The pioneer who blazed the
trail is a particularly inter-
esting portrait. The pioneer
with valiant courage, and
hope in his heart; with
dreams in his eyes. In earn-
ing the stardom which he
now enjoys on the screen,
Harold Lloyd gave the stage
a number of worthy por-
trants—

Married People

By

PETER ANDREWS



So, Dorothy had progressed. She was a purposely pelt, luxuriously gowned, cold-hearted woman, who lavished what chill affection she was then capable of on a raft of priceless Chows

DOROTHY CLUER bit her full lower lip in vexation. "But I can't stay home tonight, Bob," she said. "Lord Cranston is taking a party of us on a slumming

tour. We made the appointment ages ago."

"Well, tomorrow night then," replied her husband in meek resignation.

"But I don't want to stay home tomorrow night—or any night. It's so dull, dining at home. Really Bob, what *has* come over you?"

"I want to talk to you, Dolly. Come on, be a sport. I'll buy you that old rag at Faisby's you've been yearning for, if you will."

Dorothy made a rapid mental calculation. The gown was worth at least seven hundred dollars. Well, she could spare one evening for such a love of a frock as that one was.

"Oh, all right, I will. I'll phone Faisby right away. You're a good old dear!" And Dorothy went happily away to dress herself in an appropriate "slumming" costume.

That night in Dolly's Oven, an unspeakable resort in the bowery, the kind of a place vulgarly known as a "joint," a determinedly gay little crowd of "swells"—"toffs," Mike, the English bookmaker would have called

them, gathered to watch the rude habitués disport themselves. Billy, Lord Cranston, spotted an old acquaintance from his racing days in England.

"Hello, Smith," he cried. "How'd the last Derby go? I cawn't find out a deuced thing about it, y' know."

The man called Smith, blanched and asked Cranston timidly to step aside with him. Smith, now known briefly as "Mike," it seems was a fugitive from English justice and had discarded his real name with his native country. He begged Cranston not to give him away and promised in craven fear to do any ugly little job Cranston might want done, and which he should not personally care to soil his fingers in doing. Cranston merely laughed and replied that he didn't go in for that sort of thing and dragged the man over to their table and introduced him to Dorothy. His return for this somewhat ironical courtesy was to steal Dorothy's purse. Another hospitable circumstance was the dropping of a knife thru the floor above by a Chinese attendant in order to frighten

the uptown party and discourage their further attendance. Altogether, a wonderful evening.

The next day was not a particularly happy one for Cranston or the Cluers either. Cranston had spent the afternoon at a private gambling club where, instead of recouping his diminishing fortune, he succeeded only in making his losses greater. Dorothy had so interpreted her promise to her husband as to be allowed to have as many guests for dinner that night as she could scrape up on such short notice. Naturally her husband was disappointed and irritated, and the dinner was a rather disagreeable affair. Both of them were in a bad humor. This happens more often than not when people have been married several years.

Robert was disappointed. He had a serious thought on his mind which he honestly wished to discuss with his wife. He was getting a little tired of the enormous bills she piled up monthly. Her appetite for luxury apparently increased with the hours. It seemed to him she thought of nothing else. It had not been so when she married him. Then, she was a wide-eyed trusting girl from a small country town, whose simplicity was her greatest charm, and he was a promising young real estate agent. Well, he had fulfilled that early promise. Step by step they had climbed the golden way to success—not together exactly, for Dorothy had lagged behind clinging stubbornly, as he thought, to her simple tastes and unostentatious mode of living. He was not aware that he himself had goaded her

into luxurious atmosphere in which they now lived, by his insistence that she wear costly clothes, live in an exclusive neighborhood and frequent expensive resorts. Their bedroom, bedrooms rather—were typical of their rise in fortune. From the chaste little white iron bed they had at first to the flamboyant brass one; from the inevitable twin beds to the single apartment for each of them decorated in lavish and extravagant taste. So, Dorothy had progressed, from the red checked, gingham-frocked slip of a girl who mothered all the children in the neighborhood, including the cook's little black pickaninny, to the purposely pale, luxuriously gowned, cold-hearted woman who lavished what chill affection she was then capable of on a raft of priceless Chows. Robert did not realize that his constant reproaches for her indifference to dress, her lack of social ambition, her total disregard of the importance of "our best people" and her still frugal little habits, had helped to bring about the change in her as surely as tho he had pushed her toward a concrete something with his hands. But she was selfish—and idle. She had nothing in the world to do but flit from one pleasure to another, and no one to think about but her self. Perhaps a child would have redeemed her parasitic existence. So Robert thought as he regarded the black-bordered letter in his hand, tho not without some misgiving. He had succeeded in cornering his elusive wife—that is, after the others had left, he had managed to get her on one end of her chaise-longue while he sat beside her and read the black-bordered letter.

"Have you gone completely mad, Bob?" she asked in angry astonishment when he had finished the letter. "Adopt a child! Why it is unthinkable. I don't care if she is the daughter of a classmate of yours. What has that got to do with me? The care and responsibility would be mine. I have no intention of assuming it. There are plenty of reliable institutions where she should be placed. You must be insane to suggest such a thing to me."

"Perhaps I was," replied the man bitterly, "crazy to give you credit for an unselfish heart—but I'll tell you, Dorothy, rather than put the little thing in an orphan asylum I—I'll make another home for her and you can have this one undisturbed."

"Really, you're absurd, Bob. You can just put your ridiculous propositions

out of your head. I do not propose to submit to either of them. I——"

"Excuse me, Sir," said a voice outside the door, "but an officer from the Board of Health is waiting to see you."

When Bob returned and announced that the butler had been suddenly stricken with smallpox and the house would have to be quarantined, Dorothy's petulance flamed into unmistakable bad temper.

"Stupid creature," she scolded, "Life is *too* exasperating. First your husband thrusts a perfectly strange child on you and then the servants have to go and expose you to a detestable disease. It's just one miserable experience after another and nothing to relieve it. I don't know why I should have to endure all this trouble. Well, I won't stay here anyway. We'll go to the Ritz and simply turn the house over to the servants. They'll probably all get it."

Robert Cluer kept perfectly silent before this selfish tirade of his wife's. He was ashamed of her. But they went to the Ritz—and simply continued their ever increasing marital difficulties under another roof.

Now there comes a period in every married couple's life when there are more storms than calm; when open dissatisfaction with each other is constantly uppermost; when each is wondering in his heart if their marriage is not, after all, a sad mistake. Some of them weather these conjugal squalls and some land on the rocks, but the distressing times come sooner or later to all of them.

The chief cause for friction between Robert and

When Robert had married Dorothy, she had been a wide-eyed, trusting girl from a small, country town, whose simplicity was her greatest charm. He had been a promising young real estate agent





simply resorted to guile. It lent a certain piquancy to her meetings with Cranston, the fact that they were now forbidden, and the wilful Dorothy saw more of him than ever. As for Cranston, he was only too willing, being half in love with her charming self and wholly in love with her husband's money. Even after they had returned to their own home and the meetings grew more difficult, they still managed it.

But the shoals were not yet cleared for these married people. One day in a traffic block on Fifth Avenue.

"Have you gone completely mad, Bob?" she asked in angry astonishment when he had finished the letter. "Adopt a child! Why, it is unthinkable. I don't care if she is the daughter of a classmate of yours. What has that got to do with me? There are plenty of reliable institutions where she should be placed"

talking about them and feel, that his wife, like Caesar's, must be above suspicion. He did not dream that his greater and greater preoccupation with his work contributed considerably to her wifely delinquency. He only knew that Dolly was making a bit of a fool of herself in his opinion and that it was up to him to stop it. Forthwith, he forbade her any further acquaintance with the man. Dorothy, taking the line of the least resistance,

Dorothy now was Lord Cranston. He had wanted Dorothy to train with "nice people," but really she was rather overdoing it. And moreover, there were other "nice people" in the world besides Billy Cranston. People were Robert felt, as all men

Robert Cluer's taxi was halted directly opposite Lord Cranston's. There was nothing remarkable about this, nor the fact that Cranston was leaning very close to the woman with him. Cranston was the sort of man who nearly always had a woman with him. Robert wondered idly who she was, when Cranston, suddenly becoming more ardent, seized both of her hands in his own and she leaned toward him. The traffic moved on but Robert Cluer sat like the King of the Black Isle, whose limbs were turned to stone. The woman was his wife and she was laughing.

He got back home before she did and waited for her in grim silence. She came in humming a gay little song and flung her purse and gloves and small but costly sable on the table.

"Well, what's the matter with you?" she asked, her husband's mood, which was immediately apparent, jarring her own gaiety.

"You were with that bounder Cranston, this afternoon," he replied

MARRIED PEOPLE

Fictionized, by permission, from the Hodgkinson release of the Hugo Ballin production, adapted from the original story by Neil Marie Dace. Directed by Hugo Ballin, and featuring Mabel Ballin. Photographed by J. R. Diamond. The cast:

Dorothy Cluer	Mabel Ballin
Robert Cluer	Percy Marmont
Cranston	Robert Hilliard
Timme	Bobbie Clarke
Mike	Dick Lee
The Butler	T. Webb Dillon
The Maid	Bertha Kent
The Chinaman	Charlie Fang
Fimmie's Mother	Mary Eggleston
The Little Girl	Peggie Rice

ignoring her question and yet answering it. "You know, Dorothy, I have forbidden you to have any more to do with him. He's a rotter."

"He isn't a rotter. He's more of a gentleman than you are. And I shall go with him exactly when and where and as often as I please. I trust I make myself clear Bo—er Robert."

"You do," replied the now thoroughly angry Robert. "Permit me to do likewise. I am going up to our old camp in the Adirondacks. If you choose you may come with me. I—I want you to come with me, Dolly. But if you won't—if you choose to remain here," his voice hardened, "that will just about end things between us. You can make your choice right now. I've stood all of this that I'm going to . . . Well . . ."

"Don't be melodramatic, Bob. It wearies me, really," Dorothy retorted petulantly, not in any way appreciating her husband's seriousness. "Of course I'm not going up to that poky old camp this time of the year."

"I am answered," the man said, and his face was rather white, but Dorothy did not notice this, being in rapt contemplation of a slender jeweled cigarette-holder. She knew her husband detested that and it pleased her to an-

Dorothy allowed him to take her two hands in his. "My own," the man cried hoarsely: "my own. I'll make you happy. I shall live only for you, Dorothy. Nothing shall ever come between us. We—"

noy him for the moment. But he had gone. She shrugged her shoulders indifferently and let her thoughts wander to pleasanter things—Cranston, that is.

At seven o'clock she sent up word to his study that she was dining at the Marsdon's and that he might come and get her at eleven if he found it convenient. But he was not there. So he had gone after all! She had not thought he meant it. For a moment she sat perfectly still wishing she had gone with him, and then yielding to a sudden emotional reaction called up Cranston and asked him if he cared to take her to the opera. Did he? Well rawther! He'd be right over.

Cranston was glad

She carried him to her room and laid the ragged little figure on her own bed. She watched him breathlessly for a moment. It seemed as tho her heart had stopped beating. He could not be dead. He must not be dead . . .



of any interruption about them. He was having a most uncomfortable session with Mike. True to his promise, Mike had loaned him a great sum of money to cover his gambling losses and now he wanted it back. Cranston had stalled as long as he dared and when Dorothy called him up he had an inspiration. Mike likewise had an inspiration identical in character with Cranston's, tho the two had quite different ways of going about it. Cranston would get the money from Mrs. Cluer and give it to Mike. Mike would also get some money from Mrs. Cluer - if he could—and give it to Mike. Beautiful parallel, beautifully simple.

Cranston decided long before he got to the house that he and Dorothy would not go to the opera. This was unfortunate for Mike, who never counted on the eternal changeability of the human mind and he therefore miscalculated once too often. Cranston was going to take Dorothy away with him. Hadn't her husband abandoned her? And was she not rich as well as young and beautiful? Oh, he would be properly sympathetic with her. He would pitch his mood in key with hers and he would let her think that here was one man who understood her and valued her. He had another inspiration too about her husband and the little girl he was determined to adopt. He was pretty sure of himself. Indeed, he already saw his ancestral estates now in moldy decay, restored to their former glory. He saw his racing stables full of thoroughbreds. To do the man credit, he also saw Dorothy being presented at court and outshining every one else in the room. Oh yes, divorce was easy in America. He could handle the situation. The little idea about the adopted child would turn the trick if every other device failed.

Later he dragged forth the idea.

"You are wasting yourself on a cad, Dorothy," he cried, "Yes, you are. I happened to know that this child he is so anxious to adopt is his own. Her mother is not dead, quite the contrary. She is posing as the child's aunt and she is your husband's mistress."

"Oh," said Dorothy, "oh, I can't believe it! I could never believe that of Bob."

"I would not have told you, my dear, if I had not known it to be true," the man replied with the utmost suavity.

Dorothy's resistance collapsed after that. She allowed him to take her two hands in his own and draw her close to him.

"My own," the man cried hoarsely, "my own, I'll make you happy. I shall live only for you, Dorothy. Nothing shall ever come between us. We——"

The shrill barking of Dorothy's little dogs halted the man's protestations. "My God! Mr. Cluer!" he cried. But Dorothy knew the dogs did not bark at her husband. Cranston stood stock still, making no effort to go and find out what it was. Dorothy looked at him scornfully. Could it be possible that he was afraid? Her own nerves were not quite steady, but that was due more to the excitement she had had during the evening than the thought that someone might be in the house. She went to a table drawer and lifted out a revolver. Cranston watched her, stunned. She crept warily down the hall and there on the wall before her was a monster shadow zigzagging grotesquely up to the ceiling. She closed her eyes and fired.

The shadow collapsed and there was a little moan . . . such a curious little moan . . . Dorothy moved hastily toward the sound, still holding the smoking pistol. On

the floor in a limp little heap lay a child, a little boy about six years old. It took all her strength of character not to scream aloud. What ghastly thing had she done? To shoot a little child! It

was intolerable. She stooped over the limp little body and picked it up gently, with a new found tenderness. She carried him to her room and laid the ragged little figure on her own bed. She watched him breathlessly for a moment. It seemed as tho her heart had stopped beating. He could (Cont'd on page 100)



"Children," she called suddenly, "come here, darlings, and give your daddy two good hugs!"

HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—Arrived safely, but much disappointed. Who said Wild Hollywood? Even the onions are tame out here.

Brought my mother along for protection, but had to send her back. She couldn't stand the quiet life.

Hollywood is not only quiet, it's dead. Everyone retires at ten, and likes it.

Visited the Los Angeles Athletic Club one night and discovered four wild movies stars dissipating in a game of dominoes.

Went to the beaches, but there wasn't a bathing girl in sight. Only place you can find them is in the art studios.

Every time I get discouraged with things there is wonderful comfort in perusing the beautiful post cards they sell on the stands.

Anyway, there's one thing we haven't been misled about—the Pacific Ocean is actually out here.

A scenario authority says that there are but ten original plots for stories. Then, why don't they use them.

It is reported that Joe Martin, Universal's anthropoid comedian, is going to sue Bull Montana for using the same make-up.

Would like to suggest to some maker of scenic films that a very novel and ingenious touch would be to photograph a man and horse in silhouette against the sky.

Why bother with such unnecessary things as talking pictures, when someone might very well occupy his time inventing a theater seat that would actually hold a hat under it?

Editor of a New York paper says, now that they have incorporated morality clauses in the contracts of screen stars, they should also include intelligence clauses. From many of the papers we read, it might also be a good idea to have an intelligence clause for editorial writers.

The latest novelty is for motion picture stars to make talking records for phonographs. We have compiled a list of very attractive ones for recording:

"How to Dress," by Mary Thurman.

"Beauty Hints," by Ben Turpin.

"How to Hold a Husband," by Pauline Frederick.

"The Art of the Movies," by William Fox.

"The Modern Bathroom," by Cecil B. de Mille.

"Footwear," by Charlie Chaplin.

"Recipe for a Custard Pie," by Mack Sennett.

It really is getting harder to write scenarios for the movies. Now that the film producers are getting educated and going in for reading, Shakespeare, Balzac, De Mau-



Courtesy of Harold Lloyd and Hal Roach Comedies

passant and most of the other famous old writers are practically eliminated as a source of supply for the "original" photoplay rights.

Who says the silent drama isn't improving? We saw a play the other day in which a man died, and none of the other characters solemnly removed their hats and held them over their left lung.

However, we still have the crumpled note on the floor, and the loaded-up gun in the upper left drawer.

Which reminds us of the speculation of what happens to all the dead bodies that are knocked off in the silent drama?

Now that the female vamp has about exhausted herself on the screen why wouldn't it be a good idea to let us have something about the male vamps. Think what interesting films could be made out of the lives of Napoleon, Beau Brummell and De Wolf Hopper.

Anatol Himself



attire, it would become overnight a fashion. If he would discard the conventional use of socks, we would probably see a sockless era as *le dernier cri* in men's styles.

For it is every young man's ambition to dress like Wally Reid.

He is absolutely a paradox. On the screen the most carefully groomed young man in the world—off of it perhaps one of the most careless. Two-thirds of his leisure hours find him unshaven, wearing sport shirts, golf knickers and heavy wool stockings.

Never twice the same are his motors. No one can hope to recognize Wallace Reid by his automobile, for he changes it frequently with the hapless, spontaneous rapidity of a chameleon changing its color. He has owned and driven almost every make, every model, of car on the market.

For he would rather motor than eat.

"I've never particularly wanted to be known as a so-called matinee man," said Wally Reid. "If I could do what I really wanted, I'd probably go in for automobile racing. It's a sport that instantly assumes all the hazards and quirks of a business . . ." At the left, a camera study, and below, with Mrs. Reid, or Dorothy Davenport, whichever you will

And one finds him totally—even sorely—disregardful of his God-given good looks. And he is never stingy with his famous smile. He seems to have no serious side.

He is temperament personified.

Successively has he been newspaperman, automobile racer, chemist, musician, actor,

All photographs by Melbourne Spurr, L. A.

NAÏVE . . . playful . . .
The soul of a boy in
the body of a giant . . .
Irresponsible . . .
carefree . . . gentle-hearted
. . . forgiving . . .

With malice toward none . . .
and limitless charity for all.

Wallace Reid.

Eyebrows whose temperamental sensitiveness registered in a close-up can create a universal thrill of romance . . . a mouth whose cupid-bow curvature can make a world realize that everybody loves a lover.

These are Reid characteristics.

A boyish flamboyance in exhibiting a new motor car, likened to a child's desire to show off a new toy . . . a congenial conviviality with his friends, acquaintances and co-workers wherein he insists that everyone call him Wally . . . a pride in his son that is born of a truly deep love. . . .

These are his vanities.

If he would wear, for instance, a crumpled tie with formal evening



By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

director and star. In his home he has a complete chemical laboratory in which he putters and concocts until fancy calls him to do something else. He will write reams of poetry—and discard it with sudden abandon. Or he will play his drums, his saxophone, his piano or his violin for hours and, in the wink of an eye, forget his *moment musical* for some other pastime.

You can never be sure that he will keep an appointment with the photographer, the interviewer or the studio. He is the bane of publicity men because his very habit of being irresponsible impends him to forgetfulness of detail.

Yet you forgive him the remissness, for he is so damnably charming withal.

The daily arrival of his "fan" mail looks like the city post-office at Christmas-time. Sometimes he will take the notion that he wishes to read it. Whereupon he sets himself seriously about the business of learning how much people like him, gets suddenly tired of it all, and leaves the matter wholly to his secretary.

Two-thirds of his letters are from women, most of whom propose to him even tho they know he is married.

Not long ago a flapper decided she'd ensnare him into an intrigue, so she betook herself to his home, on the outskirts of Hollywood. But it was none other than Mrs. Reid who met her at the front door, who heard the amorous one's love-lorn tale, and who finally invited her to remain for dinner. Even meeting the wife couldn't cure the girl's lovesickness, for she informed Wally that she wanted to board at the house!

(Continued on page 94)



Photograph by Melbourne Spurr L. A.



Wallace Reid is a paradox. On the screen, the most carefully groomed young man in the world—off it perhaps one of the most careless. Two-thirds of his leisure hours find him unshaven, wearing sport shirts, golf knickers and heavy wool stockings. Above, a new portrait, and at the right, with his son on the side of their swimming-pool. His pride in Bill is born of a truly deep love. . .



Amos As An Extra

By OLIVE BUTLER

"'Tain't sensible," says Amos afterward at the Barnacle Club on Main Street, "for gals to make such a tarnation fuss 'cause an eel come up on the blade of my oar for a minnit. When them movie stars git temperamint near a breakwater, Cap'n, I figger my life ain't worth much more'n a clam shell"

"The director sezs to her: 'Them lobsters have got to be put into thet pot, alive an' kickin'; I ain't a-goin' to write that scenario ag'in; what do they pay you for?' 'For bein' an ongenoo, plain an' simple,' sezs she, 'and actin' genuine; that's how my contract reads, you un-feelin' brute!'"



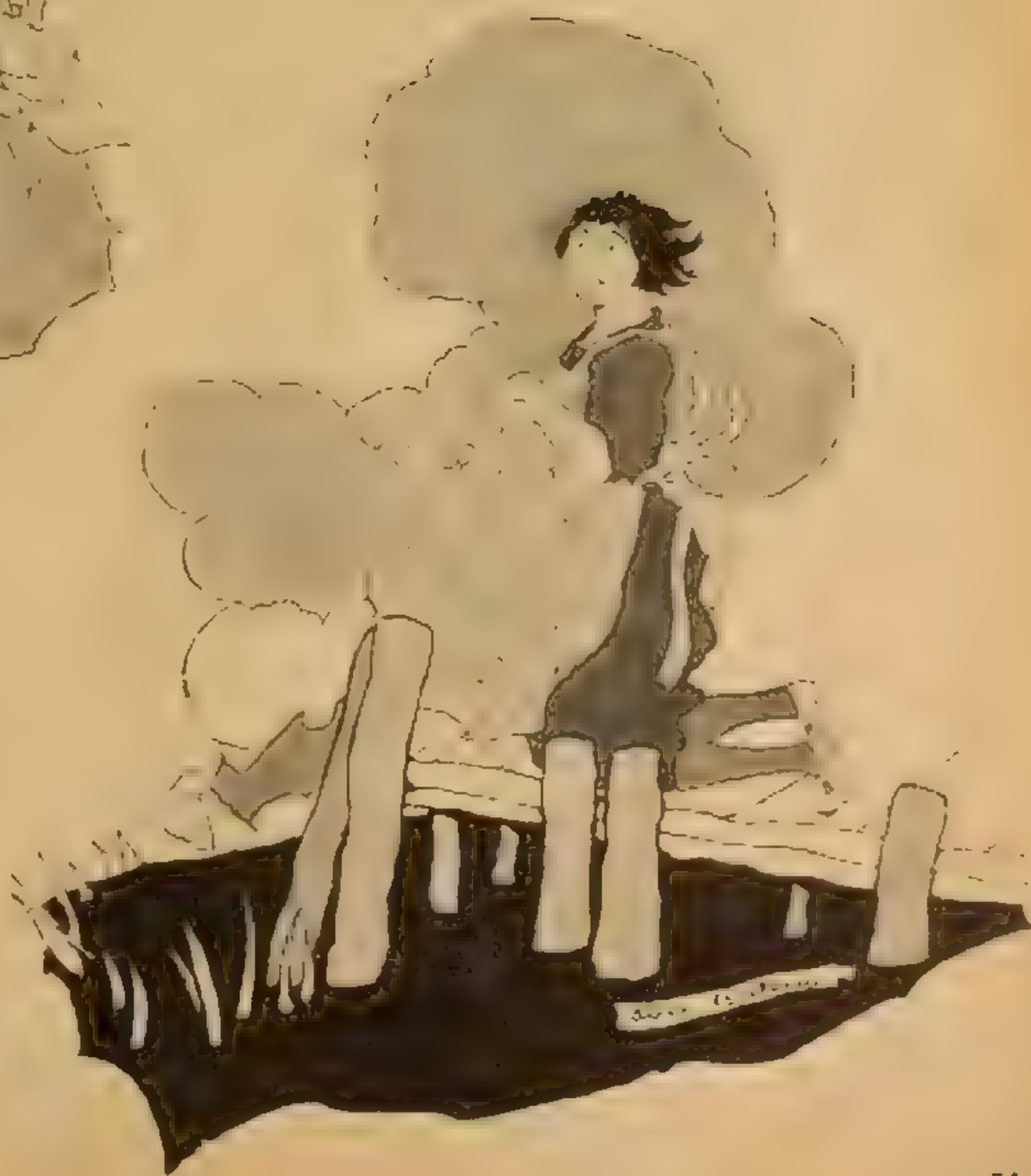
"'I'll git sholt of the gold-
dinged cow,' sezs the
cameraman. 'He ain't a-
goin' to eat you like he
was a bull. You jest got-
ter pretend to be a brave
gal, and milk a second,
while I shoot fifty feet.
Ain't my reputation an'
job worth a single thing
to you, Sweetie?' sezs he,
glaring like a house afire"



"Yessir; old Brown hired out his Sunday coat and pants
as properties for the Monday morning scene. 'Pears the
ongenod warn't very conversant at managin' clothespins
and gales alongside. 'Anyway,' sezs she, 'how can one hang
out these fishy things with her hair out of curl? The
public wont know me, this unnatural way!'"



"If you an' me got caught in our own lobster-
pots, my Maize would dish up a little less vit-
tles, and eat right hearty. Life ain't jest what
it should be, seems like, when the fillums shue
a woman ravin' an' tearin' her hair every time
her husband goes out to haul for cod in fair
weather"



Our Joy Forever



Photograph by Spurr, L. A.

"It is a great question," Leatrice Joy said, "when you have come into a little success, whether to be yourself or to be someone else. So many girls seem to find relief in accented speech and affectations—"

deftly failed to achieve, but most of all because she is proof positive that brains and beauty mix, I nominate Leatrice Joy for our Hall of Fame.

Leatrice Joy is successfully an actress, but eminently a gal. With true Southern savor she puts it this way, humorously: "Ah'm jus' as is, or—maybe Ah jus' ain't."

Print caricatures her Orleans drawl. It has the charm of suggestion rather than of fact.

I met her outside the Lasky studio, in Hollywood, of course, and in her car we sailed slowly off to roll along the boulevard, chatting amiably and aimlessly.

The burden of the interview was happiness—happiness and boasting. I did the boasting.

BECAUSE she has found true cinema success after four years of striving; because she is from New Orleans; because she has brought to Cecil B. de Mille's productions a refinement and a sincerity that he has hitherto

ened to death for the first few days lest I should lift my hand awkwardly or take an ungainly step. More than any director I have been with, he recognizes that the voice means nothing on the screen. It is not enough to say a thing. He demands pantomime. I have struggled hours before a mirror trying to express without words a paragraph picked at random from a book."

We must have rolled on in the car for a half hour or more, stopping to pick up a tiny girl-child whom Leatrice was hoping to use in "Her Man," a Marshall Neilan production in which she is working during the interim between De Mille productions. Eventually, having left the child in good hands, we landed in Armstrong and Carleton's Indian Grill, now the popular feeding ground of the stars. It was filled to overflowing with cinemen and cinemisses.

Somehow, as one will in interviews, we got upon the subject of art and marriage.

Leatrice was undecided, but inclined to be dubious.

"One might personally believe that a woman's place is really a dependent's place and yet have to face the fact that in many women there is a creative instinct that

By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

must find outlet in other ways than wifehood. Marriage is dangerous when both husband and wife are artists. But I can think of no more enviable position than that of a wife who can live her life in her husband's. It is the independence of women that is the cause of all this trouble. There will eventually come a readjustment of things to meet the situation; otherwise our social structure will collapse."

Leatrice entered pictures more thru circumstance of fate than any particular and irresistible desire. It happened down South, in New Orleans, when she outstripped all rival beauties in a contest for the position of leading lady with the Nola Film Company, a hope-

All photographs by Melbourne Spurr



Leatrice Joy has arrived. It is a high compliment that Cecil B. de Mille has chosen her as the vehicle to carry him from ornateness into an approach to realism. In "Saturday Night" he found that he could not mold her to his brilliant type. Wisely, he ceased to try. More wisely now, he is to adapt his style to her.



ful but hopeless local organization. Leatrice is neither so very tall nor so very small. She has hit that happy medium. Brown eyes and rich dark hair are the dominant notes of her beauty. It is difficult to juggle her into a serious mood. Her name, she said, has had a lot to do with it.

"I really believe that," she said. "I know that I used to come home from the studios, when a promised engagement had fallen thru, feeling considerably below zero. Then some bright person would carol across the street, 'Hello, Joy! How's Gloom?' And I could immediately burst into wild peans of mirth and merriment—ha, ha!"

"But Jeanie McPherson, Mr. de Mille's writer, tells me that I must be dignified now. That my unseemly mirth must go by the board, that I must walk sedately, as becomes a famous star—ahem."

But she was quite meek about it. Henceforth her slogan shall be, "Give me dignity or give me death!"

But dignity is not always a matter of lofty chins and guttural accents. There is in Leatrice, unless my eyes deceive
(Continued on page 93)

Who Is Lady Diana Manners?



we would probably never admit it for worlds, really and truly know who this madcap English beauty, this Lady Diana Manners, really is, this daughter of a hundred dukes, who startled England and displeased Queen Mary very much indeed when she announced her intention of taking her own lovely self and her titled name into the motion pictures.

Lady Diana Manners is the third and youngest daughter of the eighth Duke and the Duchess of Rutland. She is a descendant of the famous Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall.

"The Manners girls," as Lady Diana and her sisters Lady Violet and Lady Marjorie were called when they were all at home together, were as famous for their beauty as the Langhorne sisters, of whom Lady Astor was one, of our own Virginia.

Ever since Lady Diana Manners came out in England, she has gone a very romantic, wilful, picturesque way, breaking hearts, bringing down criticisms from the old-fashioned believers in English traditions, who have their own ideas of how a duke's daughter should always act. At the left, Lady Diana Manners in "The Glorious Adventure," and below, a new camera study

© Photograph by E. O. Hoppe



OF course we have been reading her name in the papers for years, and it is as much a household word in our broad, democratic and title-loving country as that of the Prince of Wales, or Lady Astor or the Princess Pat.

We remember that she has been called the most beautiful English girl—the most perfect type of Anglo-Saxon woman, by artists who know. We recall that ever since she came out in England she has gone a very romantic, wilful, picturesque way, breaking hearts, bringing down criticisms from the old-fashioned believers in English traditions who have their own ideas of how a duke's daughter should always act, and having a wonderful time doing it. Many of the most brilliant men of the old world have pursued her madly, and in vain.

But it is doubtful if any of us, even tho

By
BETTY
SHANNON

Everything they did was talked about, especially everything that Lady Diana did.

And tho London and the world has ceased to take much note of what the sisters of Lady Diana Manners do, now that they are safely married, Lady Diana herself has never ceased to be a good story. Everything she does, a new photograph, a shopping trip, a new style of hat or head-dress is enough to set the newspapers gossiping and tongues wagging, and the other young women to imitating.

The Duchess of Rutland is a portrait painter of considerable note. She is democratic and Bohemian in her tastes, and her home has always been open to artists and people of the Bohemian world. Lady Tree, the wife of Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, the great actor, has been for years one of her best friends. Lady Tree's daughter, Viola Tree, and Lady Diana have grown up and developed together.

As a consequence, Lady Diana has always lived in an artistic, interesting, brilliant setting, in which she herself has been a brilliant, dashing, irresistible figure.

The Duke of Rutland is the owner of Belvoir Castle, a great roomy place filled with priceless tapestries and wonderful pictures. At the end of a long baronial hall is a gallery, which does very well as a stage. Here, at a very early age, Lady Diana was encouraged to help her sisters get up and put on entertainments and plays of their own devising. Aided by a very artistic mother, they were taught to design and to make gorgeous costumes out of odds and ends of stuff from the old family chests in the attic.

Lady Diana has always been a high-strung, imaginative person. She wants to do things—interesting things, and she sees no reason why just being the daughter of a duke should stand in the way of her doing them. She loves riding, and hunting, swimming and golfing and tramping and all the outdoor sports, and she has learned them all superbly. But she likes to do unheard of things,

too. For instance, one time she went to a country fair in Derbyshire as a working girl. This was when she was very young, before she had come out into society. She was discovered and taken home in disgrace for her little prank. How shocked the servants were! Lady Diana herself loved it. And no doubt her father the Duke, who is a very jolly fellow in spite of his title, thought it was fun too, tho it was his duty to scold her quite severely.

Lady Diana—her entire name is Lady Diana Olivia Winnifred Maud Manners—was introduced to London society ten years or so ago. Immediately she became the rage. Her fair beauty, her lovely shimmering blonde

(Continued on page 86)



A Photograph by E. O. Horne

Lady Diana has become as well known for her startling and unexpected costumes and her ingenuity as for her dancing and her dramatic ability. One time she won a diamond plaque worth one thousand dollars at a fancy dress ball for her costume. And part of her regalia had been made out of an ancient towel-rack which had been for centuries in her father's London house.

Rodolph and Romance

Photograph by Donald Riddle Keyes

The whole world is hungry for Romance—
And Rodolph Valentino, bringing it to the
screen, found success awaiting him—

The stage production of "Blood and Sand"
is being filmed. Señor Valentino is creating
the colorful rôle of the toreador.



Over the Border

By NORMAN BRUCE

From the Paramount Picture produced by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation based on the story "She of the Triple Chevron" by Sir Gilbert Parker. Copyright 1922, by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. All rights reserved.

THE horse shielded playfully from a little shadow scurrying across the sunny path. Jen Galbraith found the act symbolic—so her heart was continually taking terror from shadows. Yet where there were shadows there was substance too. Tom could not love her as she spelled love if he would hurry away from a meeting with her because he was afraid of getting into trouble with his superior officers.

A hot wind of scorn fanned the tiny spark of hurt into flame. Perhaps Peter and Val were right in telling her to give Tom up, he wasn't of her world, nor she of his. That picture he had showed her of the pretty girl in the amazing dress that had made her blush, the tales he had told her of buildings high as canyon walls, and huge electric kittens in the sky putting out the stars—

"You wouldn't catch me living in a place where you couldn't tell whether a woman was going to a party or to bed when you saw her!" she cried aloud, tossing her brown mane of hair, but secretly she couldn't help wondering how she would look in a dress like that. She had even—in the discreet seclusion of her own room stripped her smooth young arms and neck and regarded the few blurred inches of white flesh reflected in the tiny mirror on her wall with the fascination of horror before she dragged the rough woolen blanket wrap about her crimson confusion.

All about her the Montana forest made a grey gloom. To her accustomed ears the silence was a mosaic of tiny sounds, dead leaves moving, pine needles falling, the stir of a little wind that ran with invisible feet across the moss. She drew rein and sat, head back, conscious as she had been a thousand times before of a oneness with the Universe—feeling the tide of Life that stirred in every twig, sweeping her own eager soul. This sense of unity with the meaning of things belonged to the forest, when she left the bare black aisles and sunlit solitudes of the trees, it was like waking from a dream world to another



existence. The Jen Galbraith who would ride into the yard of her father's tavern in a little while was not this worshipping pagan creature, holding her soul up like a cup to be filled to the brimming with awe.

Like a profane thing the silence was torn across with sudden sound—horses hoofs beating the valley road beyond the trees. From a worshiper, Jen became transformed in an instant into a little creature of the wild, wary, suspicious, immobile. Every element of her being seemed concentrated in the effort of listening.

Yes, it was the troopers! No mistaking their gait—the men of the Mounted rode their horses like devils incarnate. Jen's charming face which had been plastic, soft, grew hard, showing the bones beneath. She spoke to her horse, a single formless syllable of command. Another instant and she had swept from her covert and was plunging down the hillside amid a rain of loose pebbles and sliding sandy snow.

"There goes Galbraith's girl!" shouted Corporal Byng, clapping his spurs into his horse's sides, "—if she gets to the tavern first, we're likely to be filled as full of holes as a Swiss cheese!"

Tom Flaherty colored darkly all over his handsome young face. He had never heard of Romeo Montague or Juliet Capulet, but he could have sympathized with their plight at this moment. Yet a Mounted Police cannot hang back bashfully when ordered to arrest rum-runners and blushing confess that he is in love with the daughter of the chief offender and would like to be excused from duty. Far ahead the slight figure of the girl on horseback seemed to travel up and down some hillocks within his brain—a sweat of misery broke out on him as he remembered how, an hour or so before, he had taken that slender body into his arms, felt the warmth of her mouth against his.

A rifle, from somewhere ahead, spoke viciously, scoring the crusted snow of the highway. They were approaching the tavern which report said was the base for an extensive traffic in liquor. As the cavalcade of officers

swept about the veranda and drew up in a cloud of glittering white. Tom was aware of Jen's face unforgiving, reproachful, and gritted his teeth with helpless chagrin. As he passed her, standing very white and scornful by the steps, came her bitter whisper—"So this is what your love amounts to! I could kill myself for having kissed you!"

The Galbraiths were taken by surprise. Fifteen minutes warning, and the officers would have found nothing in the cellar but an illicit smell, and you can't arrest a man for having a corn-mash whisky smell on his premises. With black gloom on their brows, they watched the Mountain Police drag out the demijohns that would never provide cocktails for society ladies in Southampton, or highballs for New York clubmen now.

Tom Flaherty passed Jen without a word or look, but he felt her in every tensed muscle, in every wincing nerve. It was a jail-matter, no doubt about that. The Canadian government was in no mood to play accessory to those who were breaking the laws of a sister country and he was the sworn agent of the government. If he could only have been off patrolling the border when this

happened! He would rather face a red-handed Cree murderer skulking thru the brush than meet Jen after this—devil take it, why hadn't he been a plumber instead of an officer of the law? Yet two months ago before he met and fell hopelessly, impetuously, un- luckily, in love with Jen Gal-

Tom could not love her as she spelled love, if he would hurry away from a meeting with her because he was afraid of getting into trouble with his superior officer. Perhaps they were right in telling her to give him up . . . that he wasn't of her world. Nor she of his

braith, he had rather fancied himself in his uniform, as he cantered thru the sunshine that struck sparks from his bright gold buttons!

For two days Jen and the servants kept the tavern alone, and every minute, weighted with worry and grief was an indictment against Tom. On the third, Val and his father came home, freed temporarily on bail. By that curious sleight-of-hand of human nature, their own discomfort and danger had become the fault of someone else, anyone else.

"A fine fellow you picked out!" Val scoffed, trying to give plausibility to his rage. "I suppose after you and your damned Mounted Murderer get us safely locked up in jail, you'll marry and give your children criminals for relatives!"

Jen continued to turn the bacon in the skillet without answering. The heat of the fire—or the heat of some fire within her, lighted flames in her cheeks. She might blame Tom for what had passed but, inconsistently, she rebelled when anyone else found fault with him. Her heart was called upon to play both prosecutor and counsel for the defence. "He was right!" said Reason, staunchly, "he did his duty. You would have despised him if he had not done his duty." "He can't love me much or he would have forgotten a little thing like duty!" Pride argued hotly.

The older Galbraith lifted his shabby head. "The question isn't what's been done, but what we're going to do" he said sullenly. He was a big man, of the type women love to their sorrow, usually little timid, gentle women such as Jen's mother had been. In another, older age he would have been a pirate, an outlaw, an adventurer fighting for the pure savage love of danger. His great, gnarled

hands could strangle a wolf, had done so more than once. When he rose, as now, and moved about the kitchen, his great shoulders made it seem small and mean, dwarfed it.

"Do!" said Val hotly, "we'll go to jail and rot there!" His look, at the sunny winter world beyond the tiny-paned windows was hungry, awful with finality. With a snarl like some wild thing who sees the trap closing, he sprang to his feet and hurled his huge bulk toward the door. "Well I'm going to get



drunk, that's what I'm going to do!"

The door crashed to behind him. Jen dished out the food she had been cooking and set it on the table, but her father shook his head. "Four generations of Galbraiths opened their eyes in this house," his tone brooded, "and now we've got to go among strangers—"

The knife clattered from Jen's fingers, "Strangers! You mean—"

"I mean we'll get what we can across the border and jump our bail," Peter nodded. "When I die, my soul ain't going to worm its way 'tween bars if I know it! If it comes to that, there'll be some other souls that start for Hell first—"

At dusk with the long arms of the pines beginning to lash themselves to fury on the rising wind, Jen, sewing by the fire, started to her feet. On the snow outside footsteps crunched with a sound of fear. Peter Galbraith rose slowly to his great height as

Pierre, the half-breed, burst into the room, bringing an icy breath with him. Even in his haste and terror, it was noticeable that his eyes went to Jen's face first, as a needle to its pole.

"Trouble?" Galbraith snarled, gripping his henchman by the shoulders and swinging him to and fro, "not—Val—"

Pierre dragged a mackinawed arm across his hair, reeking with sweat and beaded with snow. "Him fight with Snow Devil. Snow Devil ver' drunk, showum locket, say Miss Jen give it to heem—"

Jen cried out in anger, "he stole it! The lying Canick—"

"Your brokder tak' out gun," Pierre continued, enjoying his moment of importance, "Snow Devil tak' out hees gun. Both shoot, Snow Devil fall dead!"

Peter Galbraith was a different man in the presence of a danger that called on all his resources of cunning and skill. Courage seemed to flow into him like water into a drained vessel. His eyes shone, he almost laughed as he spat out questions and command. Where was Val? Hiding at the saloon? But what was one half-breed more or less!

Pierre had saved his choicest morsel of sensation for the last. His heady black eyes gleamed. "Snow Devil, he not just half-breed. He b'long to Mounted Police, yas please!"

Jen caught at her father's arm. The daredevil smile slid crookedly from Peter Galbraith's lips. Val had killed a Mounted Policeman—if



he were caught he must hang. The jauntiness left the older man. His clothes seemed suddenly too large for him, but he spoke steadily "Get the horses and sleigh. He must be across the border by tomorrow morning."

In the silence that followed the tavern was shaken with the giant fingers of the storm. The moonlight flapped like a tattered curtain across the floor at their feet. "Him ver' bad night," Pierre muttered, but he turned, nevertheless, to obey. Bad as the storm was, Peter Galbraith's rage was more to be feared.

Crouched at the window, Jen stared into the maelstrom of snow with a queer, savage thrill of exultation in spite of her fear for her brother. After all, she was of wild folk, and the blood that pounded under her white flesh was

At dusk, with the long arms of the pines beginning to lash themselves to fury on the rising wind, Jen, sewing by the fire, started to her feet. On the snow outside footsteps crunched with a sound of fear. Pierre, the half-breed, burst into the room . . .

wild blood. What a night to ride on horseback thru the dark, in the teeth of the wind's rage, one with the storm! And now, quite suddenly out of the welter plunged a dark figure. A brand in the fireplace fell apart, filling the room with a red glare and she cried out a name—"Tom! Tom—sweet-heart—"

Outlined in the doorway against the fire glow, the gale whipping her skirts about her, her voice

OVER THE BORDER

Novelized, by permission, from the Paramount Picture of the scenario by Albert Shelby Le Vino, adapted from the Sir Gilbert Parker story, "She of the Triple Chevron." Directed by Penrhyn Stanlaws, and starring Betty Compson. The cast:

Jen Galbraith	Betty Compson
Sergeant Tom Flaherty.....	Tom Moore
Peter Galbraith.....	J. Farrell MacDonald
Val Galbraith	Casson Ferguson
Snow Devil	Sidney D'Albrink
Corporal Byng.....	L. C. Shumway
Pretty Pierre	Jean de Briac
Inspector Jules	Edward J. Brady
Borden	Joseph Ray



Jen caught up the packet and thrust it beneath her blouse. She knew, in a flash of understanding, too, that she loved Tom because he would do the right thing, whether it lost him his heart's desire or no

guided the snow-blinded man to safety. Tom Flaherty sank down on the bench before the hearth, unable to speak until she brought him hot coffee.

"My horse stumbled back on the hill—I had to shoot him," he mumbled thru blackened lips. "I'd have gone by if you hadn't called me, Jen! Listen, little girl, I haven't cared much about living since the other day when I could see you blamed me."

Jen drew back. In her joy at seeing him again she had forgotten that it was her duty to hate him! Then, as he stumbled to his feet, picking up the oilskin covered packet he had been carrying, her resentment was swallowed up in terror. "You're not going out into that—" she flung her arms out to the window where the snow whirled in devil's dance and the wind was full of the cries of lost souls, "on foot—you'd die before you went a mile!"

The big policeman shook his head. "I'm taking scaled orders to headquarters, and take them I must if I can, or if I can't either! 'Tis me duty, girl! A man's got to do his duty or he can't go on living with himself."

In a lightning flash of understanding Jen looked into the big, clean heart of the man, knew that the reason that she loved him was because he would do the right thing whether it lost him his heart's desire or no, whether it slew him or no. Her heart rose on a tide of tenderness but she only said, "Wait, Tom! I'll have one of the men saddle my horse for you." As she ran out of the room she passed her father, seeing him with her eyes but not with her brain. The storm was in her blood, whipping it to ecstasy.

"Where are you going, Jen?"

She stared at Peter Galbraith, and he received the uncanny impression that she saw him from a great distance. "To get my horse for Tom."

Galbraith gazed after her. So Tom Flaherty was here—a policeman and therefore a menace to Val's safety. Jaw jutting like granite thru the harsh skin, the boot-legger strode into the kitchen.

When Jen returned ten minutes later, it was to find her lover sprawled across the table. At her cry of alarm he lifted his head and looked at her stupidly with filmed, opaque eyes. "—got—get on—" he muttered, the sweat beading his forehead with the agony of his effort, "—got—take—letter—"

She pressed her cold cheek to his, trying to rouse him by

every tender cajolery in her woman's repertoire but he felt like dead flesh to the touch. On the

table, under his lax fingers lay the oilskin packet. Jen caught it up, thrust it in beneath her blouse and kissed the brown head once more fallen on the outflung arms. Working swiftly, she drew off the sodden overcoat with its official brass buttons and dragged it over her slender shoulders, tucked her bright drenched hair into Tom's cap and wrenched the door open. The newly saddled horse, a dim bulk in the whirling snow complained shrilly. In the saddle Jen bent and whispered in his ear, "if the letter doesn't get to headquarters Tom will be disgraced—"

Snow! It blotted out the world, clogged the senses. It seemed to Jen in half an hour that she had been riding endlessly thru a storm that had no beginning, would have no end. Time and space were meaningless words and the only things that were real in the universe were the winds baying like unleashed dogs across the sky, and the harsh feel of the packet against her soft bosom. The blizzard erased all landmarks, but when—now and again as the curtains of white were blown apart an instant, she caught a flash of the landscape ghastly with the blue play of boreal lights, she saw that the horse had not left the road.

Dawn was opening, blear-eyed in the east, when Jen Galbraith stepped into the tavern kitchen again. Hunched over the table, Tom Flaherty still slept stertorously. The other two occupants of the room, Pierre and Peter Galbraith, stared at her stupidly. "Where have you been?" asked her father with sagging lips.

"To headquarters!" the lift of triumph sang in Jen's voice, arousing the sleeping man, "I carried Tom's message for him. Tom! Do you hear, dear? I carried your orders to headquarters—" the words broke off in a scream of

terror as Galbraith leaped from his seat upon the swaying officer.

"What was in those orders? Damn you! Tell me the truth—here, Pierre, he's still groggy with the drug I gave him! Give him a dipper of water."

Tom Flaherty spoke slowly, punctuating his words with long pauses. "Some drunken fellow—shot a half-breed on the police force. The post asked—headquarters to send—a posse to capture him—"

With a cry Jen thrust herself between her lover and Peter Galbraith's convulsed face and menacing fist. Her lips were colorless, her eyes were like those set in some drowned face looking up thru grey water. "Whatever has been done I have done it," she whispered, "if Val has been captured, it was I who sent them on his trail. I—or God—"

"Val—" Tom Flaherty groaned, "now Heaven be thanked I didn't know who it was I was tracking down or maybe I wouldn't have had the strength to do my duty."

"Damn you and your duty!" blazed Peter in white fury, "where's my boy? Tell me that! Where's my boy?"

As if in answer, the door opened, hesitantly, and Val Galbraith stood before them, panting thru slobbering lips. "The posse—" he labored, "right—behind—" then, knees giving way, he pitched forward on his face by the bench. Tom Flaherty wrenched the rifle from Peter's hands with a stern gesture; tossing it aside. Something in his demeanor as he took his coat and cap from Jen and put them on stilled the old man's rage and he slunk into a chair in a far corner, watching the swift unfolding of events with smoldering eyes.

In the dingy light beyond the snow-crueted windows a group of Mounted Police had drawn rein, and their leader, gesturing his men toward the shelter of the stables, dismounted and approached the door. Tom Flaherty answered the preëptory knock, saluting. "I have the prisoner, sir! And I'll turn him over to you, for I'm resigning from the force at eight thirty this morning, if you please, sir!"

Jen flashed a startled glance at the clock—eight to the minute! In half an hour Tom would be freed from his sworn oath, and—

"But why, Flaherty?" Lieutenant Jules was asking puzzled, "have you considered carefully? Have you made your plans?"

A muscle twitched the corner of Tom's lips. "I've made me plans, sir."

"Well," the Lieutenant hesitated, "I suppose there's nothing to hinder my taking the prisoner back to headquarters now." He moved toward the heaving figure by the hearth. Jen cast an agonized glance at the clock—still twenty five minutes before Tom was a private citizen with a list at his sweetheart's service. She had a brilliant idea.

"You wont be going without breakfast?" she moved toward the stove trying to keep the coffee pot lid from jiggling with the trembling of her hand. Then, with a second inspiration, she flashed the Lieutenant an arch smile.

The clock drawled out the passing of the moments, the leaden hands crawled about the dial. Lieutenant Jules finished his second cup of coffee, smirked respectfully at Jen and rose, tapping Val on the shoulder. "And now my man, I'm sorry but I'll have to take you along with me!"

Tom stood rigid as the clock struck the half hour. "Begging your pardon sir," "but is that clock right by your watch? Yes? Thank you sir!" He stepped about the table to Val's side, facing the astonished officer of the law. "Being no policeman (Continued on page 99)

Tom Flaherty colored darkly all over his handsome face. He had never heard of Romeo Montague or Juliet Capulet, but he could have sympathized with their plight at this moment



Out From the Yesteryears - - -

It was in the living-room of the Kenyon's New York apartment that she served me with fragrant tea a few weeks ago. It was a lovely room, the walls book-lined—a cabinet holding such war trophies as shells, helmets and one or two decorations in a shadowy corner, her piano by the long windows—

"Mine is such a vaulting ambition," Doris Kenyon told us. "Grand opera—imagine! Still, I keep planning my whole life toward just that end. An operatic career may come late in life, you know. On the other hand, your success on the stage and on the screen, particularly, must be earned with youth. So you see . . ."

There are scores of people easier, by far, to interview. Doris loves to talk about yesterday—about tomorrow. She loves to regale you with stories of an Atlantic City fortune-teller who told her that she would not

Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

OUT in the West where high civilization has not enervated the timbre of men, there lived a Methodist preacher and his wife. A high heart beat beneath the shabby black of his garb and from the dreams he dreamed, caring for his flock, sprang fragile poetry.

To this preacher and his wife, a daughter was born—a daughter with soft curls and smiling violet eyes, lovely as one of the father's poems. They called her Doris.

Summers drifted by with orchards in fairy bloom.

Autumns when the sheaves were gathered in and the hay pitched in stacks of pale-beaten gold, gave way to white winters.

And the daughter, Doris, grew to girlhood.

Then came a day when the mother and father agreed that the silver voice which caroled about their house belonged to the world. So Doris was sent to a boarding-school where French and music precluded other studies.

Victor Herbert, chancing to hear her voice, offered her a stage engagement. And the Kenyons, knowing that this was a beginning, wisely gave their consent.

Everyone knows the rest—how Doris Kenyon proved to be endowed with other things in addition to her voice, with personality and dramatic ability—how one stage portrayal followed upon the heels of another—how the screen bid for her fresh beauty—and how she finally combined her work on the stage and

By
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

make her great success either in acting or writing and that she would be married twice. She lets you talk a great deal, too. That is always pleasant.

She seemed happy. People seldom do nowadays, we have noticed. It seems to be the times. So we asked her about it, whether she really was happy——

She laughed at us.

"Sometimes," she said. "Most of the time when I come to think about it. I keep busy and that leaves no time for self-pity. Self-pity is a destructive thing. Everyone has periods of discouragement and depression. That's natural. They make for comparison in our lives. They dispel monotony. I think the world is restless today. Perhaps it is an aftermath of the many disrupting things which have gone before. It will pass."

"What is your ambition?" we asked her.

She laughed and flushed.

"I would like to avoid answering that," she said. "Mine is such a vaulting ambition. Grand opera—imagine! Still, I keep planning my whole life toward just that end. An operatic career may come to you late in life, you know. On the other hand, your success on the stage and on the screen, particularly, must be earned with Youth. So you see——"

We remembered her frequent combining of stage and screen work; we remembered the new book of verse "Spring Flowers and Rowen," upon which she collaborated with her father. And



Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

There is a lack of formality about her which is charming. Hers is a cheerful and sane acceptance of the unpleasant as contrast to the pleasant. Her hair is girlishly bound with a soft green ribbon, and in her violet eyes you may still find the light of the visionary and the idealist.

we asked her how she found the time for all these things and musical training as well.

"I don't always, just the way I should," she confessed. "But when you like doing a thing better than anything else in the world, it is not difficult to find time for it. I really love my music. If I hadn't I would have had to give it up ages ago."

(Continued on page 97)





Bringing the Medieval Ages to Hollywood



These photographs give some slight idea of the stupendous way in which the Douglas Fairbanks' production of "Robin Hood" is being brought to the screen. At the top of the page may be seen the filming of a scene in which hundreds of mounted crusaders participate. Directly above, Douglas Fairbanks is giving instructions to the scores of assistant directors distributed over the huge scene by the means of a master megaphone which was erected on the lot. And, at the left, he illustrates a peculiar point of wrestling craft to one of his mailed colleagues



The medieval age is renaissant in Hollywood!

An army of technical directors, architects, carpenters, painters, plasterers and other workmen have been employed for months transforming a section of Hollywood into a scene of medieval England.

There are turreted castles, canopied stands for tournaments, moats and drawbridges, there are hundreds of crusaders amont, coats of mail and spears gleaming in the southern sunlight, there are cavaliers in brilliant satins and sweeping plumes; there are fair ladies in soft velvets and laces.

And the beauty of these countless scenes will find its way to the screen in the early fall in Douglas Fairbanks as Robin Hood.



At the top of the page and just above, you see two of the gigantic castles in the course of construction. Thanks to great research work, these are authentic to the smallest detail. And, on the right, is a camera study of Robin Hood Fairbanks in the valiant and colorful role he essays in this production

Fine Feathers



The shimmer of silks . . . the sparkle of gems . . . the color of plumes and paradise. These things all women desire. These things some women call their own. And there are other women whose heritage almost seems to lie in their ability to wear these things as they should be worn . . .

Not among the least of these is Gloria Swanson

We herewith reproduce three scenes from her forthcoming "The Gilded Cage," to prove our point.

Across the Silversheet

The New Screen Plays In Review

By

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

BECAUSE an actor must have a definite personality, there are but a very few who are able to keep their own individuality subservient to the individuality of the character they are creating. John Barrymore, however, achieves this with the same success with which he achieves other things. So it was Sherlock Holmes which we enjoyed more than John Barrymore as Sherlock Holmes.

If we nurtured a belief in witchcraft we would believe that Barrymore transmitted the psychology of his characters to his audience by supernatural means. He sways his audience as the winds sway slender reeds— But his magic is that of the artist and of the craftsman. His technique is colored by the great imagination with which he endows his work. By a hundred and one subtleties he portrays that which others fail to capture even after going to great lengths in their desire to achieve it.

Even to those rare souls who have not read Conan Doyle's story of the great detective whose lightning deductions astonished the greatest minds of England, Sherlock Holmes is not a stranger. And in stepping from the covers of the novel to the screen, the character has lost no interest.

The production, possessing a very definite artistic quality, also is interspersed with sensational episodes which jog the senses. The



Above is John Barrymore in "Sherlock Holmes." This is, by far, the finest production of the past month, and, for all of that, one of the finest productions that has come to the screen this year. At the left is Constance Talmadge in "The Primitive Lover," a production which is an improvement on the recent offerings in which she appeared.



thread of suspense is maintained at something of a tension thruout the story of how Holmes foils the fiendish ends of Moriarty. Moriarty is forced to seek his dwelling farther and farther under ground—first in cellars and then in sub-cellars in order to escape the persecution of Holmes.

The love interest, with Carol Dempster playing the girl Sherlock eventually marries, was the creation of the scenarist, for Conan Doyle did not bless his detective with an innamorata.



Harold Lloyd is shown above in his first long subject, namely, "Grandma's Boy." At the right are Agnes Ayres and Conrad Nagel, in "The Ordeal," and below may be seen Vera Gordon and Dore Davidson in "The Good Provider," which is, in truth, a bit of life



Women occupy a great deal of time, thought and consideration, and it is not likely that Holmes would have been romantically inclined. His days were well filled. However, they had to do something about the fadeout and the love interest is not permitted to dominate at any time.

Gustave V. Seyffertitz plays Moriarty and his portrayal bears a semblance to Barrymore's depraved Jekyll in "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." As a matter of fact, several people thought that Barrymore was creating a dual rôle. Certainly the portrayal deserves praise and commendation. Seeing it, we stop to wonder why the Vitagraph officials permitted this actor to depart from their studios.

Many of the exteriors for "Sherlock Holmes" were filmed in England. There are several shots of extraordinary beauty—particularly one scene, which finds Holmes standing at twilight on London Bridge, the Parliament buildings misty in the distance. There were scenes of the Limehouse district, too, with the arched and curving byways and the huddled houses dripping in the fog.

"Sherlock Holmes" is, by far, the finest production of the past month and, for all of that, one of the finest productions which has come to the screen this year.

While "Sherlock Holmes" was a pleasure, "The Ordeal,"

on the other hand, was something of a disappointment. The writings of W. Somerset Maugham have long intrigued us. He has charm, imagination and color. When we heard he was going to write for the screen, we rejoiced. We waited. Alas for our illusions.

Either W. Somerset Maugham is writing down to the screen with condescension or else his stories are being shorn of any qualities in the screen adaptation. Whichever it is, it is a pity.

If you attempted the murder of someone by re-

fraining from giving them heart drops when they needed them, it seems to us that you would ethically be a murderer, whether death was occasioned by your neglect or another unknown cause. This is ignored entirely in "The Ordeal." When the heroine learns that she did not kill her husband, even tho that was her intent, she steps out once more even as a lily.

That, however, was consistent with her character thruout. Never have we felt less sympathy for a heroine. Perhaps she was supposed to be a noble soul, sacrificing her love and her happiness that her brother and sister might go on squandering the wealth of the man she had loathed. She loses the money if she remarries. The surgeon with whom she is in love is far from penniless—her brother is grown and the sister recovered from the affliction which once made money a necessity. Yet she refuses to marry. She continues to go on, building her sacrifice on shifting sands. Freud would probably

(Continued on page 113)

Anent Ultra-Violet Rays

By
CORLISS PALMER

IN our endless, age-old search for beauty, we have until recently ignored the greatest factor of all for the production and preservation of health, and therefore beauty. It is the sunlight, the very fountain source of life. Is it not strange that ages ago, having recognized the sun as the source of all life and that without the sun there could be no life as we know it, people did not realize there must be a tremendous healing power in the rays of the sun?

Yet we know they did not. Quite the opposite. We are familiar with many superstitions about the sun. Even in this enlightened day there are people in the mountainous districts of Tennessee and Georgia who think that invalids and babies should be protected from the sun and air. They keep their windows, shutters and doors tightly closed. They even wrap their babies from head to feet in blankets, leaving no opening for the nose or mouth. Consequently the rate of mortality is very high in these districts.

And there are the emperors of China and many of the rulers of ancient countries who chose their brides and had them kept in utter darkness for a period of months and sometimes years before they considered them fit to consort with kings. In reality, they must not have been fit for anything but the hospital after this long term of exile from the sunlight.

Now for many years people have known that sunlight is healthy, that it is a germ-destroyer and a tonic. We build porches with many windows, porches and sun parlors. We "sun" our bedding and our clothes and our homes and what is more important, we are learning to "sun" our bodies. For we have discovered in the spectrum of the sun the ultra-violet rays and that they are a two-edged sword, fighting disease and death, healing, restoring. Like radium, their potentialities are a never-failing source of wonder to us. What marvels may they not work in a world that has been blindly suffering and dying since the beginning of time!

Tuberculosis, that dread disease, has found its deadly enemy! Where the ultra-violet ray penetrates, unfiltered



Photograph by Spero

Corliss Palmer says: "Now, for many years people have known that sunlight is healthy, that it is a germ-destroyer and a tonic. Try a sun-bath every day and you will find that the sun is like a two-edged sword, fighting disease and death; healing, restoring"

by glass, the germs of this disease cannot live. And this is only one of the many things the ultra-violet ray does. It is being used to cure diseases of the skin, the scalp, dandruff and so forth.

In fact, if you are suffering from a disease or a nervous breakdown, or if you are in a run-down condition, you will do well to try the healing power of the sunlight. Go to a place where the sun shines all day every day and lie uncovered in the hot rays. The hotter and more direct the rays, the stronger is their healing power.

There are several ways of arranging a little private sun-bath that are within the means of all. If you possess a tent, have it opened at the top and lie on a cot with the sun streaming down upon you. Do not wear clothes or have any covering whatever on the body. The ultra-violet rays must come direct, unfiltered.

The first day it is best to lie in the strong sunlight for only fifteen minutes; the next day twenty, increasing five minutes a day until the bath has reached the length of an hour. After that, increase more rapidly as the skin

(Continued on page 98)

Valli of the Shadows

By
GORDON GASSAWAY

"I suppose you want to know all about me," she said, in a low tone, when I had returned, "who I am and where I came from and whether I am worth being interviewed. I'll tell you I'm not, and then you can go ahead."

In the dim light of a few incandescents burning high up in the rafters, I could see that she was studying me with eyes which were big and blue like Sierra lakes at sunset. In the midst of a temporary studio calm she seemed to embody calm. Her long, slender hands were clasped in her lap, and if she moved at all, it was with no apparent effort.

"Where," I asked, to settle a popular Hollywood question.
(Continued on page 102)

"I think we are all selfish about our careers and about ourselves," said Virginia Valli. "In this business you have to be, if you ever expect to get ahead. There are too many others behind you on the ladder—snapping at your heels . . . And yet selfishness is the thing I dread most in life"

LIKE a lily of the valley I found her blooming in the midst of piles of junk! There was junk to the right of her, and junk to the left of her.

It volleyed and thundered as property men set the scene on the big studio stage.

"Is this Miss Valli?" I asked, introducing myself, having been turned loose by a trusting publicity department to wander at will about the maze of stages.

"Yes. I am Miss Valli," the lily blooming among the shadows and the junk replied, in one of the sweetest voices I think I have ever heard. "Won't you sit down?" and then she laughed, realizing the absurdity of the invitation, for there were no seats except the one she occupied, unless I should choose a broken spinning-wheel which looked steeped in dust. "You can bring up a chair from over there." She indicated some unused stools a short distance away where Bert Lytell and his director, Maxwell Karger, stood in a pool of light discussing something interesting, but private. So I did.



A Boom for Beauty

HERE are the photographs of two young beauties who have been placed on our honor roll. Miss Lola Galsworthy is a vivid brunette of the gypsy type; with sparkling brown eyes, and black hair; this with a peachlike complexion, unusual in one of her type. Miss Pearl Adelaide Howell is a young slip of sixteen with grey-green eyes, hair the color of golden corn, medium height, and weighs 128 lbs. Both are New York girls.

So many pretty girls have sent in their photographs that it was very difficult to make a selection. Yet it isn't always the purely classical type which wins our favor; it is a little "something different"—a light in the eyes, a droop of the lips, a bend of the head, which any lovely girl might have, and never know that it was fascinating. Some of the greatest beauties in history, women for whom poets have died, for whom kings have jeopardized their thrones, have had beauty of a kind that was captivating, intriguing, with what the French call *beauté du diable*. There are lots of beautiful women in America; it is the land of lovely girls; and The BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS wants to have their

Photograph by Nash, N. Y.



Photograph by Apeda, N. Y.

Above is Miss Lola Galsworthy, of 135 West Sixteenth Street, New York City. At the left is Miss Pearl Adelaide Howell, of 1306 Ocean Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Send in your picture. Who knows but you may be the Cinderella whom the Prince of Good Fortune will choose as the Most Beautiful Girl in America?

photographs. **SEND IN YOURS.** Who knows but you may be the Cinderella whom the Prince of Good Fortune will choose. You have all the chances in the world; and think of the wonderful prizes that we are offering. It is open to all; girls from Texas, New

Mexico, California, or from Brooklyn. As to the judges they have been selected from all fields of endeavor so that the winners will be efficiently chosen. On the last page you will see the dazzling prizes that are **YOURS FOR THE ASKING.**



Photograph by Paul Grunbeaux

Bubbles - - -

Posed by Jacqueline Logan

On the Camera Coast

By
HARRY CARR

BY the time this appears in print, Hollywood will doubtless be all cluttered up with famous authors. Jesse Lasky has gone to Europe in search of another crop, unappalled by the fact that famous authors seldom seem to "jell."

If he captures all upon whom he has designs, the Vine Street studio in Hollywood will look like a melting pot. In England he expects to accumulate Rudyard Kipling, Sir James M. Barrie, Arnold Bennett, Edward Knoblock, Joseph Conrad and Robert Hichens. If he doesn't get them in person, he expects to persuade them to write stories for the screen.

In France he will go gunning for Andre Rivoire and Henry Duvernois. In Germany he will seek Melchior Lengyl; in Austria, Arthur Schnitzler who wrote "The Affairs of Anatol," and Ernst Klein; in Hungary, Franz Molnar, who wrote "Liliom" and "The Devil," and Andreas Nagy. In Spain, Mr. Lasky expects to see Vicente Blasco Ibañez, author of the "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," "Blood and Sand," etc., and Martinez Sierra; in Italy, Dario Nicodemi, Geni Rocca and Enrico Beretta.

Interviews with these authors, however, only represent a part of Mr. Lasky's mission in Europe. He also intends to put in some of his time studying methods of European production, especially in Germany. The Germans have some extraordinary methods of making "sets" out of papier-mâché which reduces the cost to a fraction of the money spent in the American studios.

The business of being a young Lochinvar doesn't seem to pan out very well in real life—so Rodolph Valentino discovered.

Some two months ago, the fascinating Rodolph was divorced from Jean Acker. Only an interlocutory decree having been entered by the court however. Rodolph apparently wasn't quite sure what an interlocutory decree



Jackie Coogan agrees with Wally Reid. He prefers taking care of his own machine. And the photograph above shows Jackie putting this theory into effect.



Helen Ferguson would seem to be as popular on the studio lot as she is with her public. The little boy photographed above with Mrs. Ferguson was one of the players in "Hungry Hearts." At the left is Mrs. Cecil B. de Mille, wife of the famous director of silken women.





Who could it be in the circle above but Mickey Daniels, lately come into prominence in Vitagraph productions. Mickey's freckled face knows no rival. Mary Pickford is enthusiastic over her new dressing-room bungalow these days. Here she is showing Doug how famously the erection is getting on. And below, an interim during the filming of "Blood and Sand." Signor Rodolph Valentino serves as camera-man for Lila Lee



meant, but he knew the meaning of love. While acting with Nazimova in "Camille," he had met and fallen in love with Nastacha Rambova, the art director. Mme. Rambova was really Miss Winifred Hudnut, daughter of the New York perfume manufacturer. Quite overcome by his affections, Valentino and his innamorata eloped to the little Mexican town of Mexicali just across the border line where, with Douglas Gerrard as witness, they were married by a Mexican Justice of the Peace. The happy couple motored to Palm Springs, a health resort on the edge of the desert.

After a day's wedded bliss they were horrified to learn that the District Attorney frowned heavily and intimated that Valentino had put himself in danger of prosecution, either on the white slavery law or as a bigamist. You see the trouble was the interlocutory degree, which meant that Rodolph could not legally marry for a year.

He and the new Mrs. Valentino at once parted, she starting for New York with only a paper bandbox for baggage. And that's not all. The District Attorney is now inquiring into the similar marriages of Henry B. Walthall and Frank Mayo and Dagmar Godowsky.

Katharine MacDonald has three leading men supporting her in George Kibbe Turner's story "White Shoulders," which is the story of a young Southern girl who was placed upon the matrimonial market. Bryant

Washburn, Nigel Barrie and Tom Forman are all in the cast. Mr. Forman not only plays one of the leads but is also directing the picture. That was not the original plan, but they encountered so much difficulty in finding an actor to play the part of the tempestuous young Virginian that Forman got out the old make-up box and played the part himself. Little Richard Headrick, who attracted attention in a child's part in "The Song of Life," is also in "White Shoulders." "Itchie," as Richard calls himself, recently celebrated his fifth birthday at which he surprised his friends by playing a violin solo.

Elaine Hammerstein, who was desolated by being dragged away from New York to make pictures in Hollywood when the Selznick studios moved across the continent, has evidently decided to console herself in the usual manner of stricken heroines by "plunging into her work to forget." At this writing she has already finished "Under Oath," an original by Edward J. Montague, and is well advanced in another one by the same author. George Archambaud is directing her pictures.

Myron Selznick will personally supervise three special productions to be made in the near future;

(Continued on page 110)

Blue Monte

By
GLADYS HALL

SOMEONE said to me, "Today's Monday."

"I know it," I said inexplicably, "Monte . . ."

My vis-a-vis stared at me, in some trepidation. "Beg pardon?" he said.

"Oh, it's all right," I said, pleasantly. "Monday is called *Blue Monday*. I know - but blue means simply nothing in my life so far as color is concerned. It means Monte - Monte Blue. Late Danton in 'Orphans of the Storm,' etc., etc., *ad gloriam*. You know. What you don't know is that I am to have dinner with him this evening—that's why I'm a bit vaguish in my conversation."

I did have dinner with him.

I had had dinner with him once before - oh, some two years ago. A different sort of dinner. Monte has changed. Then, on the occasion of that first dinner, he was brand new to New York. He had just arrived on his first visit. He was wearing a sombrero, or a hat to that effect. His neck had the skyscraper bend. His eyes held the Woolworthian look of sheer disbelief. He was flapper-shy and rather un-metropolitan. He was a bit crude, and his Indian blood was more in evidence than it is now that New York has stamped him.

For it has. He is easier in his talk. He doesn't shy at a personal question. He says, with aplomb, that "New York is the place to work in—one is in touch." That sort of thing. He has lost the sort of prairie gait he had. He wears a conventional hat and smart clothes. Skyscrapers mean no more to him than California bungalows. He has become acclimated. Of course, he has done it charmingly. The rough stone has become polished—that is all. And as the rough stone is sincerity, and as that substantially remains, all is well.

Monte is a particular favorite of mine, anyway; indeed, of all of the staff of the Brewster Publications, particularly the feminine quota. We always flutter forth into the night to see a picture containing Monte Blue. We always gush and enthuse and pinch one another ecstatically in the romantic dark of any projection room. He is our chief claim to a vicarious romance.

And then, too, he has done things.

Apart from the menu-lug, Monte talked about the exceeding great pleasure it was to do Danton in "Orphans of the Storm." He was enthusiastic about Griffith's way of doing things; of handling his people and getting, in-



Photograph by Donald Biddle Keyes

variably, just because they want to give it, the best they have to give. He is, said Monte, always encouraging, always persuasive, and, like all truly great persons, unfailingly ready to take suggestions and adopt the ideas of others.

He told of how everybody in the studio loved Lillian Gish and of the response one got in working with her.

"When we did the scene in which Danton says goodbye to Henriette and thanks her for hiding him," Monte said, "the actual tears nearly blinded me—and Miss Gish, too; and when we had finished, we found that Mr. Griffith and even the cameramen and other members of the company were crying, too."

Such is the stuff of art, parent of living dreams . . .

Monte says that such people and such work teach one a more fundamental truth than the work done. It teaches one what real people are and how they act and react under given circumstances; how genuine they are; how invariably willing to learn a lesson, to give generously of themselves, to share and share alike.

"One has to be a real man or a real woman," Monte
(Continued on page 107)

"One has to be a real man or a real woman," Monte Blue said, "before one can be a real artist. That, of course, has been the trouble and the deficiency of the screen up to the present time. There has been so much extraneous human material. Inflated values . . . all that sort of thing"



A Roman Holiday

For years the screen was handicapped. The World War made it impossible to film stories on their native ground. Continental scenes were, therefore, erected in America, often at an appalling cost. Sometimes the desired atmosphere was secured; sometimes it was not. But those days have passed



At the top of the facing page is Jacques Gretillat's conception of Nero, in the William Fox production of that name. And at the bottom of the page is a scene photographed in the Circus Maximus, one of the historical structures of Europe



Now, in truth, the world is a stage, in so far as the cinema is concerned

When William Fox decided to film "Nero," he had J. Gordon Edwards and his company journey to Italy, where the brilliant and hectic tale was filmed with the original setting as a background.

All of the characters were cast over there, with the exception of one of the important roles, to create which Violet Mercereau was taken abroad.

At the top of the page is another photograph, showing the splendor with which "Nero" has been filmed. Just above are Alexander Salvini, descendant of a long line of famous Italian actors, and Mlle. Paulette Duval, the famous French actress. Mlle. Duval is entrusted with the rôle of the infamous Poppaea. And the photograph at the right shows a Roman legion encamped in the shadow of the snow-capped Alps. The company was taken to the Alps especially for the filming of this scene



Greenroom Jottings

Harry Millarde, beloved of all manufacturers of large-sized handkerchiefs, is on his way to London, there to confer with William Fox and A. S. M. Hutchinson on the screening of that fine novel, "If Winter Comes," which he will direct. Richard Bennett is mentioned as a possibility for the part of Mark Sabre; but the casting is still shrouded in seven veils of secrecy.

Clara Beranger, author of many of William de Mille's scenarios, has returned to Hollywood and is to immortalize Tarkington's "Clarence" for the screen. Wallace Reid, May McAvoy and Agnes Ayres will head the cast.

Wallace Beery, whose villainies have caused many a delicious shudder to agitate many a dainty spinal column, is to play a very different rôle in Douglas Fairbank's "Robin Hood." They wanted someone to play the part of Richard I—"The Lion Hearted," and they decided upon the erstwhile wicked Wallace.

George Hackathorne, whose performance of the Little Minister in Paramount's version of that whimsical classic endeared him to so many, is now playing in "Kentucky Days" for Fox, under the direction of Jack Ford.

Seems quite like old times to see the ebullient Mabel Normand featured in a picture with the cheerful title, "Head Over Heels."

Bebe Daniels and Anna Q. Nilsson are keeping their dressers busy getting them in and out of the exquisite dresses which are a feature of "Pink Gods," the Paramount picture in which they are to be featured, and which is now well under way at the Hollywood studios.

Lillian Gish, pending the formation of that Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to her, for which there is such a crying need—no pun intended—is about to wield the megaphone again. She is to direct the production of the stage success, "Three Wise Fools."

From Universal comes the announce-

ment that Goldwyn's prize story, "Broken Chains," is to have a rival with the same name; this being the title of a story in which Frank Mayo is to be starred. Lambert Hillyer, who used to park his megaphone at the Ince studios, is coming to Universal City to direct.

Von Stroheim is at it again. All those who wisely shook their heads and predicted that "Foolish Wives" would prove to be his swan song, as it were, will be interested to hear that his new production, "Merry Go-Round," dealing with life in gay Vienna, is keeping the adding machines busy in Hollywood. This time, however, Mahomet is going to the mountain—in other words he is taking his company to Vienna instead of bringing Vienna to California.

Alice Calhoun's next picture for Vitagraph is to be "The Gamin Girl," directed again by David Smith. Alice is a truthful girl, and when she tells us that this picture gives her a part which she loves as much as that of Babbie in "The Little Minister," we make a mental note to see this picture the moment it is released.

D. W. Griffith, back from his European trip, is preparing the ground for his next United Artists picture. Details are still lacking, but we understand the subject is a comedy-drama by a Kentucky authoress, Irene Sinclair, and the working title is "At the Grange."

For the first time since she became Mrs. Owen Moore, the lovely Kathryn Perry will appear opposite her husband in the Selznick comedy-drama, "A Previous Engagement," now in active production. Marjorie Daw will also have an important part in this picture.

"Nero," Fox's latest contribution to history, is remarkable for two things, apart from its undoubted spectacular splendor. It is called, simply, "Nero" because it deals with the life of that hectic emperor (they might have called it "Sins of the Cæsars"), and not one blurb has reached us as to the cost of the production. Good for you, Mr. Fox.



There's a stranger in the Lloyd home these days—Gaylord Harold Lloyd. Needless to say, he is a prime favorite with his uncle



Why you cannot cut the cuticle *without actually injuring it*

SKIN specialists tell us that we cannot cut the cuticle without actually injuring it. For it is almost impossible to trim off the dead cuticle without cutting through to the delicate nail root 1-12 of an inch beneath.

Quickly Nature builds up over these tiny cuts a new covering that is tougher than the rest of the cuticle. This gives the nail rim a ragged uneven look, and is also the cause of hangnails.

Dr. Shoemaker, a famous specialist in skin diseases, says "Some persons are so obtuse to the beauty of the delicate edge of skin at the base of the nail that they actually *trim* it away, leaving an ugly, red rim like the edge of an inflamed eyelid."

It was to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover that Cutex, the safe liquid cuticle remover, was prepared.

In all Cutex sets you will find an orange stick and absorbent cotton. Wrap a little cotton around the end of the stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Carefully work the stick around the base of the nail. Then



rinse the fingers, and the dead surplus skin will simply wipe away.

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City and State.....



Greenroom Jottings

The Famous Players Studio on Long Island, which has had the shutters up for so long, is once again resounding to the cheerful racket of stage carpenters and others of his breed. **Alice Brady** is making "**Missing Millions**," under the direction of **Joseph Henabery**, and she will be joined soon by **Elsie Ferguson**, who is to start work shortly. Other Paramount stars are also hitting the transcontinental trail.

Holmes E. Herbert, favorite "heavy" of the screen, and **Sadie Mullin**, to play opposite the star, have been cast by **Herbert Brenon**, who is directing **William Farnum** in "**The Miracle Child**," for leading parts in that picture for Fox.

Tom Forman is a glutton for work. In addition to directing **Katherine MacDonald** in her next picture, "**White Shoulders**," he is playing one of the leading roles himself. **Bryant Washburn** and **Nigel Barrie** are also to be featured in this production of **George Kibbe Turner's** story.

Earle Williams in a blond wig, with **Patsy Ruth Miller**, and South American atmosphere, *ad lib.*, are promised to us in the Vitagraph special, now in course of production in the West Coast studios.

Ben Turpin and **Phyllis Haver**, after completing a vaudeville engagement with the Pantages Circuit, are back on the old Sennett lot, with **F. Richard Jones** at the megaphone.

Elaine Hammerstein, whose pictures till now have all been made in the East, is rapidly forgetting her home-sickness for the haunts of Manhattan under the California skies, where "**Under Oath**," her first West Coast production for Selznick is nearing completion. **Niles Welch** is again playing opposite the star.

In case any producers have on their shelves any old pictures which might possibly be released anew under the title of "**Robin Hood**" and there are doubtless some old costume plays in existence which could as well be called that as anything else—**Douglas Fairbanks** is taking the pre-

caution of releasing his production under the title of "**Douglas Fairbanks in Robin Hood**." He does not intend to have a repetition of "**Three Musketeers**" incident—so there!

The R-C studios in Los Angeles are a hive of industry these days. **Harry Carey** has almost finished his first picture for R-C, entitled "**Combat**," which sounds very exciting to our movie-trained ears; the **DeHavens** are busy on their second two-reel comedy, under the direction of **Mal St. Clair**; while **Jane Novak**, **Ethel Clayton** and **Doris May** are all busy.

Cecil B. de Mille has been accorded an honorary degree! Yessir—and not from the National Association of Lingerie Manufacturers, either—but from his *alma mater*, the Pennsylvania Military College, "in recognition of the producer's distinguished services in the field of dramatic art" to quote from the president's message.

Walter Hiers, "that funny little fat man," famous in many Paramount pictures, will appear as a negro in **Wallace Reid's** feature, "**The Ghost Breaker**," which **Alfred Green** is to direct. **Lila Lee** will be seen as a beautiful Spanish princess.

We knew it was bound to come. Selected portions of that classic, "**The Book of Etiquette**," have been incorporated into the "Urban Movie Chats."

Charles Ray's new production is again based upon a poem by **James Whitcomb Riley**. You will remember the success of "**The Old Swimmin' Hole**," one of the few pictures ever made without subtitles. Well, this time it is to be "**The Girl I Loved**."

Albert E. Smith and his wife, **Jean Paige**, are planning to visit Europe, according to word from the West Coast studios, combining pleasure with business, as Mr. Smith is to look after some foreign contracts for Vitagraph.

George Walsh, after six strenuous months making serials, tells us that he is thru with serials for ever, and that there is a new contract in the
(Continued on page 108)



Anita Stewart is spending her vacation days at her Long Island home. Casey agrees that it is better than California for the summer.

Washing tests made by nation's biggest manufacturer of yarns

Show safe way to
wash knitted goods

Wool is more easily harmed by poor laundering than any other fabric. A strong (or alkaline) soap, for example, will harden, yellow and shrink wool. Rubbing takes away the fluffiness and gives a board-like appearance.

It is as important to the manufacturer as to the wearer to find the safe way to wash woolens. For this reason the makers of the Fleisher Yarns had careful laundering tests made. The letter from this company tells the interesting things these tests showed, and why, as a result, it is recommending Lux as the safe way to wash woolens.



S. B. & W. FLEISHER, INC.
MANUFACTURERS OF
WORSTED YARNS

Lever Bros. Co.
Cambridge, Mass.

Gentlemen:

We had different colored garments of light, medium and heavy weight yarns washed in Lux. Each garment was given the number of washings it would normally receive.

The wools kept their fluffiness and shrank so little that it was hard to believe they had received such frequent washings. A harsh soap not only takes the "life" out of wool, but shrinks and mats it so that all the softness and fluffiness disappear.

The very satisfactory results obtained with Lux are a striking testimonial to the way it cleanses. We knew, of course, that Lux was pure, but we had no idea that a product which cleansed so thoroughly could be at the same time so absolutely mild. We are glad to recommend it to our customers.

Very truly yours,

S. B. & W. Fleisher, Inc.



Send today for our booklet of expert laundering advice. It is free. Address Lever Bros. Co., Dept. T-8, Cambridge, Mass.

How to wash knitted things

Measure knitted and crocheted garments before washing. Remove knitted buttons as the wood may stain the material. Whisk two tablespoonfuls of Lux into a thick lather in half a bowlful of hot water. Add cold water until lukewarm. Press suds repeatedly through garments; do not lift them out of the suds as the weight of the water will stretch them. Do not rub. Rinse in three lukewarm waters. Squeeze water out — do not wring or twist.

Lay on towel to dry, pat into shape, stretching to the right measurements again. Dry in even temperature.

LUX

The Answer Man



This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

SUNBLAM.—Welcome into the sanctum. No indeed, the more the merrier. When a woman looks into her mirror, she sees her favorite work of art; a man his favorite topic of conversation; but when I look into my mirror, all I see is a question mark. Wait till you see Constance in "Primitive Love" and you will not think she is going back.

DR. FARNUM. I enjoyed your lengthy but able dissertation on the benefits of osteopathy, but my opinion is unchanged. I am not yet ready to throw all the drugs in the ocean and to chloroform the regular physicians. Undoubtedly, osteopathy has its place, just as has Christian Science, but I do not think it will cure all of the ills that flesh is heir to.

Y-TO. Mae Murray played in "Fascination." I think it is one of her best pictures. She surely screens well, and young, and I like her personally. You liked Harrison Ford in "Smilin' Thru." So did I. I saw the stage play the night after I saw the picture, and there was no comparison, the picture being much the better. Norma Talmadge was splendid. Here's one case at least where the movies proved superior to the speakies.

BEATRICE.—So you are attending night school during the summer. More power to you. Our schoolmarm says that the art of love making is usually taught at night schools. Watch your step. He is not directing now. James Kirkwood opposite Bebe Daniels in "Pink Gods." Vincent Coleman opposite Corinne Griffith in "The Divorce Coupons."

DONALD FAX. At last you will see Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks playing together. Mary is playing in the mob scene of Doug's "Robin Hood." Don't miss her. Alice Calhoun in "Blue Blood."

BLONDY, DALLAS. Hey, hey, don't be too harsh on the men folk. Men are like wine; age sours the bad and improves the good. Anna Nilsson was Ivas and Norman Kerry was Billy in "Three Live Ghosts." You're right, she is done for, but she may come back. Write me again.

AN INQUIRER.—Here you are, all done up in tissue paper—born 1882, on the stage since 1903, address Lamb's Club, New York.

ANNE MAE.—So you felt shaky about writing to me. Fear me not. I am perfectly harmless, because they do keep me in a cage here in my hall-room. Visitors are allowed to view me free of charge, but no nuts, I mean peanuts. "do not feed the animals," the sign reads. Yes, Claire Windsor is married and has a son Billy four years old. Wallace Reid is playing in "Nice People" and after that in "The Ghost Breaker." Now, next time, don't be afraid.

RTOP. Yes, this information is as free as the air, except the air you get in an ardome, and you have to pay for that. Most players like to receive letters telling about their work on the screen, particularly if you say something nice. Elaine Hammerstein is playing in "Borrowed Wings," on the Coast right now.

FRANK MAYO FAX. I don't know exactly why Will Hays deserted the government for the movies, but I suppose he heard the call of duty, and of a \$100,000

salary, and he seen his dooty and he done it. We had an article on Frank Mayo, by his wife, in the July, 1922, issue of this magazine.

PEARLIE. The only man I fear these days is the rent collector. And, as Ovid says, "Every man wishes that the man whom he fears would perish." I wish him worse, for he had the nerve to raise me twenty-five cents a week. Robertson-Cole are going to revive the old Griffith picture with Lillian Gish and Wallace Reid, "The Fatal Marriage." (Sounds like Laura Jean Libbey.) It was taken several years ago. Not playing now.

CELIA.—You say you wish you didn't live so far away, so you could send me a hot water bottle or some Sloan's Liniment. The way I fell now I wish I was encased in an iceberg. Thanks for your warm sentiments. Wow! Pola Negri's pictures are being shown, but we don't hear so much about her. I understand she is coming to this country soon.

THE SHUK.—I make obeisance. Gordon Griffith was Sam in "Penrod." Your letter was a gem, and I enjoyed every bit of it. Send me some more gems?

R. V. ADMIRER.—How mysterious! O. Henry was the pen name of Sidney Porter, the famous short story writer. You are wondering why someone doesn't produce fairy tales. Well, Ince is going to do a series, the first of which will be "The Pied Piper," in two pipes.

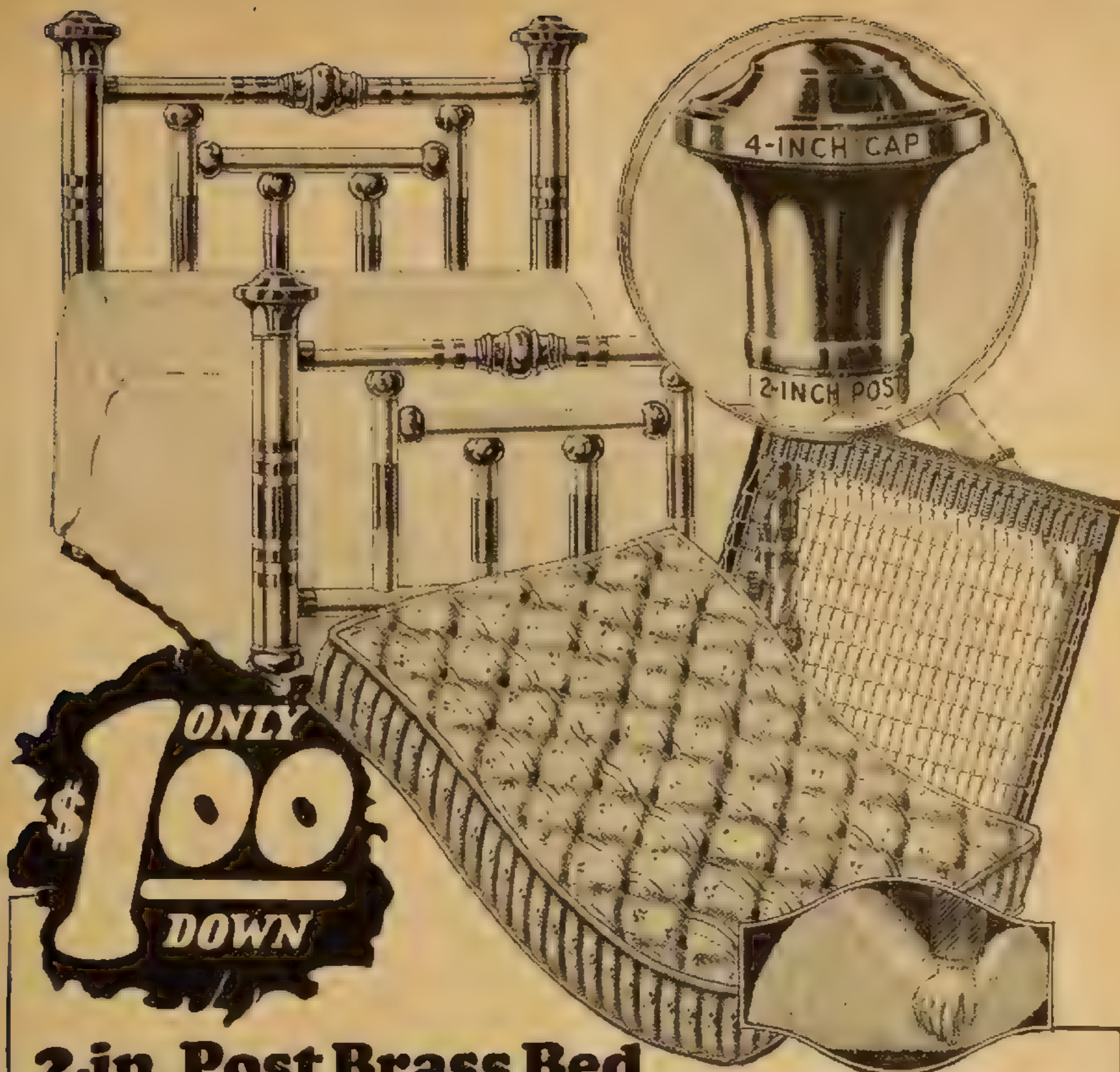
PALLO.—You can't understand why she loves him. Byron explains—"Why did she love him? Curious fool he still—is human love the growth of human will?" They tell me for burning feet wear kid shoes—if your feet get too hot your corns may pop. Wyndham Standing and George Fawcett are playing in "The Isle of Doubt."

SISTER SUSIE.—So you don't think I am as old as I look. Well, I don't feel that old, anyway. The Woolworth building in New York City is the tallest building in the United States. Made out of nickles and dimes, you know. Ruth Stonehouse is not playing now. You say the Australians like the Western pictures better than society dramas. Lind Bennett was born in Australia. You're very welcome.

R. V. FANLETTE.—You say the average man firmly believes that when a woman promises to "love and honor" him, she should go right on doing it, automatically, no matter what he may do to discourage her. Yes, men are like that. Betty Compson in "To Have and to Hold." Don't be discouraged, as Ernest Truex says, "Everything is going to be all right."

TONTS.—That's right, you've got the right idea. Try to make the world better for your having lived in it. Then the whole world will be square, even if nature did make it round. Wallace Reid is thirty. Richard Barthelmess has raised a brand-new mustache for "The Bond Boy," and Mary Thurman and Mary Alden have important parts in this picture. He evidently likes the name of Mary. *Tails out.*

JOHNNY CAKE. You should stick to the straight and narrow way—not to the straight and flush way.



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Send the coupon and only \$1.00 today and we'll ship this complete, 3-piece brass bed outfit to your home on 30 days free trial. A beautiful, full-size brass bed, steel mesh, sagless spring, and all cotton mattress at almost half price on this special factory sacrifice offer. Nothing so magnificent in a home—nothing adds so much richness and splendor as a luxurious and elegant brass bed. Always clean and sanitary. Harmonizes with most any other furnishings. Get this outfit on approval on this sensational offer.

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Link Fabric Spring Spring is made with heavy angle iron side rails, with fine mesh, strong link fabric body, joined at each end with 25 helical springs; will not sag. Wt. entire outfit about 195 lbs.

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The Answer Man

Yes, you may send in your candidate for the American Beauty Contest, but I think you should get her consent. Please read the rules on another page of this magazine.

DWYER.—Oh, I always use an Underwood. No fault to find with it. It's a bad workman who quarrels with his tools. As Oscar Wilde says, "Enthusiasm for beauty is the secret of Hellenism, and desire for creation is the secret of life." Cullen Landis and Madge Bellamy in "Someone to Love."

U. M. G.—No, I don't use Silverize or Mesmerize on my hair. Say, look here, what hair do you mean. Can't you see I'm bald? They tell me sour milk is good to make the hair grow. They might just as well say cream cheese would do. Yes, Eugene O'Brien is quite popular these days. He isn't married, but Milton Sills is to Gladys Wynne, and they have one daughter.

PHYLLIS.—So you think I'm smart, knowing about so many things. That's nothing, I know lots of things I can't tell you about, too. Gloria Hope is Mrs. Lloyd Hughes, and they are both playing in Mary Pickford's "Tess of the Storm Country." So you think Leatrice Joy reminds you of Norma Talmadge. I can't see it. So you want Miss Fletcher to interview Barbara Castleton. She'll see this, you know, because she reads everything before it goes into the magazine, but since she is now managing editor of all our publications, I doubt if she will be able to accommodate you. Richard Headrick is five years old. Richard Dix is playing in "The Christian," to be produced by Maurice Tourneur abroad.

MATHEW, MARK.—Well, I am always truly sorry for the man with an empty sleeve, but more so for the man with an empty hat. No, Corliss Palmer is not related to any other Palmer on the screen, and she is not married. I don't know much about them, but the Aztecs were one of the races dominant in Mexico and parts of South America prior to the Spanish invasion in the sixteenth century. Hail, hail, William Desmond is going to brave it by starting his own company after he finishes "The Perils of the Yukon" for Universal. He has a new leading woman from Canada.

THE NIGHT OWL.—You want to send me a crazy quilt tie. Thanks for the good thought, but I never wear a collar or tie. You say when my chin is bald I might be glad to have it. These 'ot days, what's a little 'air between friends? But too much prosperity makes most men fools. Texas Guinan is starring for Metro in "A Quiet Little Time in Mexico." I wonder!

ARTIST.—So you have talent—don't get discouraged. There is more delight in hope than in enjoyment. Alice Brady's son was christened Donald Brady Crane. She will play in "Anna Ascends," for Lasky. I saw her recently in a vaudeville sketch and she was excellent, playing a strong emotional rôle.

MADON.—No, no, he wasn't a musician, Aristotle was a famous Grecian philosopher who lived in the fourth century B. C. Address, Claire Windsor, Goldwyn, Culver City, Cal.; Phyllis Haver, Semett Studios, Hollywood, Cal., and Mrs. Vernon Castle, Ithaca, N. Y. Better join one of the correspondence clubs.

MARGARET D.—The duration of our passions no more depends on ourselves than the duration of our lives. Peggy Hyland is not playing now, and you can reach Jackie Coogan at United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, Cal. I don't know who is the most popular actress. Many think that Mary Pickford still holds her own, while some think that Norma Talmadge is a rival! While Billy Burke recently won a popularity contest in New York City, that does not mean much. I really wouldn't like to give my opinion.

FT. WILLIAM GIRL.—Glad to know you. I'll send you some stamps. What if anything has become of Crane Wilbur, Mary Fuller, Florence Lawrence and Florence Turner? I'm sure I don't know if anything unusual has happened to them. Is it not a shame that all real artists cannot remain on the screen for fifty years, like Sarah Bernhardt has on the stage, selecting parts that are adapted to their advancing years? Oh, yes, Crane Wilbur deserted the movies for the "speakies" a few years

ago and has never returned. Let me hear from you some more.

ETHEL P.—But men carry their superiority inside, animals outside. There were two "Three Musketeers." Once did one about five years ago with Louise Glaum, you know. Alma Rubens is playing. You sure do write a witty letter. Write again, won't you, it helps me in my years.

C. T. M.—How many times must I tell you that I am not the Answer Man for BEAUTY magazine. What do I know about paint and powder? You really hurt my feelings.

BETTY COMPTON FAN.—So you think I'm divine! How heavenly! Betty Compton is twenty-four and not married. She is five feet two and weighs one hundred and fifteen. Blue eyes, brown hair. Is there anything else?

MARY K.—I don't know what that has to do with me, but I'll see if any of my readers can *comprenez vous*. You say "The mind of man is at first like wax, which, while it is soft, is capable of any impression, till time has hardened it. And at length, death, that grim tyrant, stops us in the midst of our career. The greatest conquerors have at last been conquered by death, which spares none from the scepter to the spade." Will somebody please play the death march from Chopin? Warren Kerrigan isn't playing now. Alice Joyce is playing the part of a mother.

ALAMO GIRL.—Have no fear, I know too well the joys and sorrows of the human heart. Joseph Schildkraut is playing in "Lilliom" on the stage, and Eric von Stroheim is producing for Universal. Yes, I like the old masters, too. Write me again, won't you?

ALAMO M.—George Eliot was the pen name of Mary Evans Cross, the famous English novelist. May MacAvoy is with Lasky, and Katherine MacDonald is with her own company in California. Owen Moore and his wife, Kathryn Perry, will play in "A Previous Engagement." Monte Blue was born in Indianapolis thirty-two years ago.

TAIL BLONDE.—No indeed, there's no make-believe about me, I'm the real thing. You refer to Clyde Fillmore.

DAISY.—You hit it right when you said you've got to have enthusiasm in order to have success. Look at me, I'm never so enthusiastic as when I start answering questions. Can't you see me bubbling over? Ethel Clayton has signed with Robertson-Cole to make six pictures this year, and have also signed with the Carter DeHaven's to make twelve two-reel affairs.

A SCHOOL GIRL.—All you want is some new faces on the screen. That isn't asking too much.

CONSTANCE D.—Yes, but each time that one loves is the only time one has ever loved. Difference of object does not alter singleness of passion. It merely intensifies it. Write Constance Talmadge, United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal. I understand she and her husband are separating. Thanks for the snaps, and write again.

SUNNY SOUTH AFRICA.—Aha, you're down where the diamonds grow. Yes, the Prince of Wales said he was rather crowded while in New York. Fancy, Marlborough House, his future residence, contains one hundred and eleven rooms. Goldwyn are doing Elinor Glyn's "Six Days," and they will probably finish it in three weeks—more or less.

MOVIERRE.—Thanks for the check, did you think this was a pay-as-you-enter car? Why the admission to our Strand, Rivoli and other theaters is seventy-five cents evenings for orchestra seats. It's well worth it tho. Alice Terry in "Hearts Are Trump." Gladys Hulette played in Anita Stewart's last picture. Robert Agnew was the brother in "The Wonderful Thing." It is true that Antonio Moreno has raised a mustache.

CRISS CROSS.—You ask, are silk stockings high in New York? Naughty, naughty. Are they for your wife or do you want something more expensive? Marion Davies is going to play on the stage this fall for A. H. Woods, a comedy written especially for her. Marshall Neilan will direct for Goldwyn.

(Continued on page 109)

New Discovery Removes Cause of Gray Hair

Restores Natural Color Quickly and Surely

SCIENCE has discovered why hair turns gray! It is not because of advanced age, as so many seem to think. A wonderful discovery proves that if it weren't for the fact that certain cells in the hair roots become affected, the hair would always retain its natural color. It would never become gray.

The hair derives its color (black, blond, brown, etc.) from the presence of coloring matter, or pigment, in tiny cells at the root of the hair. Through the natural process of pigmentation this coloring matter is sent up into the hair. But when shock, sorrow, ill-health, or other causes interfere with this natural process, pigmentation ceases. No coloring matter is sent up into the hair, and it blanches—or becomes gray.

Since the reason why hair becomes gray has now been discovered, science has been directing its energies towards removing the cause of gray hair—and has succeeded! An amazing new element has been found that enables you to remove the cause of gray hair, and the moment the cause is removed, the true, natural color of the hair returns. Through this wonderful scientific discovery the full lustre and beauty of your natural color is quickly and naturally restored.

Don't Dye or Discolor Your Hair

Gray hair is not really "gray" hair at all—but hair without color! The grayness simply indicates an absence of pigment in the cells.

If only one hair in your head is gray, it is a signal that your pigment cells need nourishment. If your hair is beginning to become streaked with gray, *instant action is necessary*. If your hair is entirely or almost entirely gray, there is only one sure way for you to restore the original color—and that is by stimulating the cells of pigmentation so that they function properly and supply the hair with natural coloring matter.

Tru-Tone, the new discovery, is not a dye, a stain, or a tint. It does not act on the hair at all, but on the tiny cells that supply the hair with color. These cells can supply the hair with only *one* color—and that is the *natural* color.

Guarantee Backed by Million Dollar Bank

It was only after countless laboratory tests that Tru-Tone was discovered. It is a pure, delicately scented liquid. It is positively harmless and cannot injure the most delicate hair. In fact, Tru-Tone will not only restore the natural color of your hair, but it will make it glossy, thick and beautiful.

Our guarantee of Tru-Tone's harmless purity and satisfaction to every user is backed by this guarantee from a Million Dollar Bank:



Although gray hair is not always a sign of advancing age, it cannot help but make you look older. Restore the natural color of your hair and take on a new youthful appearance. Tru-Tone has found the way to restore the original color without artificial aids of any kind.

In other words

—gray hair is simply hair without color.

Science has discovered further that when only one single pigment cell begins to fail, it is only a question of time before extinction of them will fail to function, as pigment cells have a tendency to affect the other cells surrounding them. One gray hair is an indication that the particular cell in which this hair is rooted has failed to function properly, and that shortly the remaining cells will become affected. Unless immediate and proper action is therefore taken, the whole head of hair will soon turn gray.

This is an exact illustration of a gray hair magnified many hundreds of times. A substance, the hair shaft which springs from the follicle. The pigment that supplies the hair with color is given off at the tip of the papilla.

you a full-sized bottle of Tru-Tone. Don't send any money—just the coupon. When the postman delivers Tru-Tone to your door, give him only \$1.45 (plus postage) in full payment. This is a special introductory price—Tru-Tone ordinarily sells for \$3.00.

After a fair test of Tru-Tone, if you are not delighted with what this marvelous discovery will do for your hair, just return what is left of it, and your money will be refunded at once. This special free-proof offer is very unusual and is made for introductory purposes only.

State Bank of Philadelphia

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that DOMINO HOUSE has deposited in this Bank \$10,000. Out of this special fund this Bank is authorized and does hereby guarantee to return to any customer of DOMINO HOUSE the total amount of his purchase at any time, within thirty days, if the goods purchased are not entirely satisfactory in every way, or if DOMINO HOUSE fails to do as it agrees.

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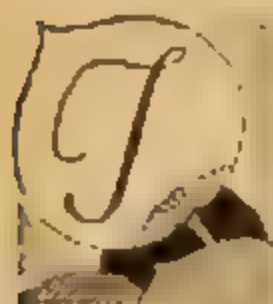
You may send me a \$3.00 bottle of your Tru-Tone. I will pay the postman \$1.45 plus postage. After 30 days I am to return the bottle at a special introductory price. I am nevertheless purchasing the first bottle with the absolute guaranteed privilege of returning it after a fair trial and you agree to refund my money if I am not delighted with the results in every way. I am to be the sole judge.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
If you wish, you may send me a \$3.00 bottle of Tru-Tone.



To complete the underarm toilette

A really pleasant way to
remove hair—perfected by
the makers of Odorono



THE friends of Odo-
rono told us we
had only half
completed under-
arm daintiness
when we gave
them Odorono.

"Please, now, Ruth Miller," they
wrote by hundreds, "A pleasant way
to remove hair; a method as pleas-
ing for its purpose as Odorono!"

This meant it must be dainty,
pleasant, unquestionably safe and
effective; for the removal of hair
from the underarm, forearm and
limbs must be done very gently as
well as very thoroughly. So after
long experiment the chemists in the
Odorono laboratories found it—the
Odorono Company's Depilatory.

And it is dainty; it is pleasant;
with its delicate fragrance. It is
safe; as perfectly so as pure soap
suds. Effective? Yes! It effaces
every trace of hair and leaves the
skin white, soft and smooth.

With the Odorono Company's
Depilatory the underarm toilette is
delightfully completed. Try this
correct, feminine, pleasant way and
you need never again have to resort
to blades or strong irritating chemi-
cals. At toilet counters everywhere,
75c, or sent by mail postpaid. Send
for a complimentary sample of the
new "After Cream"—for use after
the depilatory or after Odorono.
Address Ruth Miller, The Odorono
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Ohio.



The
ODO-RO-NO
Company's
Depilatory

Who is Lady Diana Manners?

(Continued from page 55)

hair, her cornflower-blue eyes, her white
skin and her slender grace made her much
sought by the most noted portrait painters
and photographers. She was called "the
snow maiden," and wherever amateur the-
atricals, charity entertainments, or fancy
dress balls were given she was in-
vited to take part. No social function was
complete without this dazzling young crea-
ture, with her brilliant conversation and
her whims.

Lady Diana became as well known for
her startling and unexpected costumes and
her ingenuity as for her dancing and her
dramatic ability. One time she won a dia-
mond plaque worth one thousand dollars
at a fancy dress ball for her costumes.
And part of her regalia had been made
out of an ancient towel-rack, which had
been for centuries in her father's London
house in Arlington Street! Her costumes
were so totally different that no one knew
what she would wear next. Oftentimes
they shocked the more prim and straight-
laced ladies of the nobility.

In the summer of 1913, King George
and Queen Mary were to be guests of
Lord and Lady Derby at Rowsley in Der-
byshire. Lady Diana was requested to
dance, on a program which was being espe-
cially arranged for the entertainment of
the royal pair by the hostess.

As it is the custom when any one of the
royal family is to be present at any af-
fair, the program was submitted to Queen
Mary for her approval—or disapproval—
several weeks before the scheduled visit.
On it was a number described as "A dance
in costume by Lady Diana Manners." When
the Queen came to this number she
had a letter written at once, asking that
a photograph be sent her immediately,
showing Lady Diana in the costume in
which she proposed to dance.

When Lady Diana was informed that
the Queen wished to censor her costume,
she withdrew her name from the program,
and did not appear at Rowsley during the
royal visit.

There are countless stories of the
escapades of the madcap Lady Diana.

There is the story of the house-party
given by the Duke and Duchess of West-
minster at their country place, at which
Alphonso, King of Spain, was present.
The Duke and Duchess entertained their
guests one afternoon by outdoor games and
contests and races. In one of the races
Lady Diana took part. She found that her
shoes annoyed her, and, much to the en-
joyment of the King of Spain, she took
her shoes off, flung them from her, and
ran on the greensward in her stocking-
feet.

There are the tales of broken-hearted
swains enough to fill a book. Among
them a Duke of Italy, who made a pro-
longed visit to the Duke and Duchess of
Rutland, in the hopes of capturing their
light-hearted daughter; without avail.

In 1919 Lady Diana married Captain
Duff Cooper, the son of a London physi-
cian, a poor young man who fought with
the Grenadier Guards, with whom she fell
romantically in love during her work in a
hospital near the end of the war. The
family pocketbook of the Rutland family,
as that of many of the members of the
peerage, was greatly impoverished. Lady
Diana designed and made her own wed-
ding dress. And the world was once more
set agog.

Why should Lady Diana Manners marry

for love when she could marry so bril-
liantly for money, if she only wished to,
society asked?

But the young woman in question went
merrily on, as she had always done. She
and her husband acquired a rambling old
house in Bloomsbury, a quaint and old-
fashioned and fascinating part of London,
tho not a fashionable one, and Lady Diana
proceeded to make it over into one of the
most individual and artistic homes in Lon-
don. To it come today the most interesting
people who are doing things. Lady Diana's
entertainments, while they never cost a
great deal of money, for the simple reason
that she has not unlimited money to spend,
are the most unique in all the city. She
always has something new up her sleeve.
Everyone knows that they will not be
bored if they go to Lady Diana Manners
in Bloomsbury.

Shortly after her marriage, Lady Diana
went in seriously for writing. She became
an editor—the editor of *Femina*, the Eng-
lish version of a French magazine devoted
to the interests of the modern woman.
Lady Diana acquired a desk in an office
in the heart of London, and proceeded to
write. Among the most interesting of her
contributions was a series of articles on
beauty.

Lady Diana retained her job as an edi-
tor almost up to the time when she decided
to go into the motion pictures, which was
a little over a year ago. At that time she
signed a contract with J. Stuart Black-
ton, to appear in a series of pictures, the
first of which was to be the first natural
color photodrama to be produced, "The
Glorious Adventure." The second is to be
"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," parts
of which will be taken in Haddon Hall,
which is still in the possession of the Duke
of Rutland.

Lady Diana had numerous offers from
theatrical and screen producers, as every-
one knows, before she finally agreed to
sign a contract. She was offered a fabulous
sum immediately before her acceptance of
Mr. Blackton's offer, if she would appear
in a London review.

And, altho she finally succumbed to the
lure of the screen and its remuneration,
Lady Diana took a long time making up
her mind to appear as a professional actor.
She knew the English temperament. She
knew better than anyone else in the world,
no doubt, that the English people are, for
the most part, extremely conventional and
tradition-bound, and that they like their
Dukes' daughters to behave as it is their
notion that traditional Dukes' daughters
ought to behave. It is certainly not to the
liking of the older members of the nobil-
ity, nor of the untitled snobbery, to see
the daughter of a Duke go in for profes-
sional acting. Lady Diana, no doubt,
waited a long time before she could quite
make up her mind that she was willing to
run the risk of bringing real displeasure
down on her head. But now, that she has
taken the plunge, and the people have seen
that she really does very well on the screen,
they have decided that it isn't such a bad
thing after all for a Duke's daughter to
appear on the screen. She is forgiven.
And all the girl screen fans have taken to
wearing their hair the way Lady Diana
wears hers in the picture, with a row of
ringlets across the forehead, as ladies used
to wear their hair in the seventeenth cen-
tury. Could there be any greater sign of
forgiveness?

Matter of Fact

(Continued from page 21)

which, in itself, is a necessary aid-to-beauty on the screen. Miss Chadwick was supposed to look ill in the first part of the play. The make-upless make-up gave that impression.

"I usually look so disgustingly healthy," she half apologized.

"A director told me I should never attempt to play anything else than comedy or comedy drama. Yet I prefer heavier things, like 'The Sin Flood,' for instance. Why do they say I am a comedienne?"

She asks the question with frank regard. To me, however, there is an explanation. Comedy is the art of exaggerated pantomime which springs from a sense of humor in the portrayer. And Miss Chadwick has a sense of humor.

"But it's much easier to see a joke than to create one for someone else to see," she explained.

Essentially she is an actress. But she is not one of those people who made their living by wearing grease-paint and talking about it. Acting is her ambition; she confesses to no other desire.

Romance? Ah . . . !

"Of course I am romantic!" she said. "Who is young and isn't? When you're very juvenile you suffer from puppy-love. When you're older, however, romance comes into your life as a marvelous, mellowing influence—and furnishes a soft padding, as it were, against the bumps of the world."

"If I were married I shouldn't believe in making it a public display. Perhaps, if I married someone very well-known in the theater I shouldn't mind then, but if I were to marry only a plain, nice, conservative man just because I loved him I shouldn't feel like embarrassing him by always having him photographed for publicity."

She has funny little old-fashioned views about the so-called illusion supposed to surround actresses. In the long run they are only *hired* to portray characters. Their professional joys and sorrows are generally simulated. If their private life isn't their own business, it *ought* to be.

Miss Chadwick confesses to having a great fondness for the plaudits of the public. That's why she'd like to go onto the stage—to be nearer her audience.

"It must be wonderful to hear an audience applauding your work," she mused, "but, at the same time, it must be *awful* to hear them hiss if they don't like you!"

Some months ago Miss Chadwick went West from New York, where she had been with Pathé, to play opposite Tom Moore in "Heartcase." On completion of that picture she signed her Goldwyn contract, and made "The Cup of Fury." But "Scratch My Back," "Dangerous Curve Ahead" and "The Glorious Fool" established her as a light comedienne, altho it is her work in both "The Dust Flower" and "The Sin Flood" that gives her a chance to act.

Probably Miss Chadwick will not like it when I say that she has had her romance already. But yet I do not like to confess that I am a terrible dumbbell, either. When I met her I noticed that on the ring finger of her left hand she wears a slender, diamond-studded platinum band I thought that, perhaps, the wedding ring might be a "prop" one she wore for a scene in a picture.

"Ah!" she countered, and smiled, "They're *real* diamonds."

Whereupon my imagination tells me that *real* diamonds are not used in prop wedding rings.



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Millions of people daily now combat the film on teeth. This method is fast spreading all the world over, largely by dental advice.

You see the results in every circle. Teeth once dingy now glisten as they should. Teeth once concealed now show in smiles.

This is to offer a ten-day test to prove the benefits to you.

That cloudy film

A dingy film accumulates on teeth. When fresh it is viscous—you can feel it. Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. It forms the basis of cloudy coats.

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. Tartar is based on film. Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film, and very few escape them.

Must be combated

Film has formed a great tooth problem. No ordinary tooth paste can effectively combat it. So dental science has for years sought ways to fight this film.

Two ways have now been found. Able authorities have proved them by many careful tests. A new tooth paste has been perfected, to comply with modern requirements. And these two film combatants are embodied in it.

This tooth paste is Pepsodent, now employed by forty races, largely by dental advice.

Other tooth enemies

Starch is another tooth enemy. It gums the teeth, gets between the teeth, and often ferments and forms acid.

Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits, but with modern diet it is often too weak.

Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant with every application. It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. That is Nature's neutralizer for acids which cause decay.

Thus Pepsodent brings effects which modern authorities desire. They are bringing to millions a new dental era. Now we ask you to watch those effects for a few days and learn what they mean to you.

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Only one tube to a family

Griffith: Maker of Pictures

(Continued from page 25)



**There are times
when you want to make
a good impression**

*Then you will suddenly realize that freckles
and frocks do not look well together*

Well, much to regret, to play in forest
and sunshine, to enjoy summer

But there will come a time when you will
wish to make a good impression. Your face
should shine like a flower, and you
will be sure you neglected it.

And yet it is not too late to remove those
freckles with

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causes no skin growth. Well known of girls
always keep it on their dressing table.

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or get it at a drug store. Price 50c a
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for the man who draws it. And all you need to
become a cartoonist is a little practice.

The cartoonist is a man who can draw a man, a
woman, a child, a dog, a cat, a bird, a fish, a
monster, a machine, a landscape, a scene from
history, a scene from fiction, a scene from the
world of sports, a scene from the world of
science, a scene from the world of the future.
The cartoonist is a man who can draw a man, a
woman, a child, a dog, a cat, a bird, a fish, a
monster, a machine, a landscape, a scene from
history, a scene from fiction, a scene from the
world of sports, a scene from the world of
science, a scene from the world of the future.

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to the Cartoon." Some of the things you will
learn in it are: How to draw a man, a woman,
a child, a dog, a cat, a bird, a fish, a monster,
a machine, a landscape, a scene from history,
a scene from fiction, a scene from the world of
sports, a scene from the world of science, a
scene from the world of the future.

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Minneapolis, Minn.

which itches him with emotion at all the morning rehearsals; and saddens him all the rest of the afternoon after the race has been run.

The Gish girls are there faithfully and punctually. Dorothy is usually kidding the performance. I remember that she rehearsed most of the part of Louise the Blind Girl, pretending to have hare lip and cross-eyes. She is the infant terrible of the Griffith company.

But when it comes to a close decision between two actors—a decision which may mean the success or failure of the play—D. W. depends much upon Dorothy's opinion. She has a keen, incisive mind and a fearless way of blurting out her opinions. Having been on the stage since she was two years old, she has had a wealth of experience.

Griffith is a great hand to ask advice. He needs the least and asks the most of anybody in the motion picture business. You can go to him in the middle of a huge mob scene, with two thousand extras on the set, a half dozen cameras clicking and a mob of assistant directors bellowing around, and he will stop everything to listen to your suggestions.

The rehearsals are interrupted from time to time by flying trips out to Mamaronock to make photographic tests of the actors. Some of the most superb pictures ever made are these tests, which will never be seen by the public, but are filed away in the studio vaults.

Finally the cast gets selected, and one day everybody moves out to the studio and real rehearsals begin in the room that was formerly the dining-room of the Standard Oil king, Flagler.

Even then the cast is usually in doubt. Griffith dreads to turn away the actor who is unequal to the part. Sometimes he is paying salaries to three or four of them for the same part. But when he has to hand someone his walking papers, he always does the job in person; never hands the painful task to some assistant director. When the time comes when one of two or three contesting actors has to be thrown overboard, Griffith leads the victim to the end of the room or out into a hall and explains—and another heart is broken. But, for some reason or other, the victim always swears devotion to D. W. for the rest of his days. Such is the force of diplomacy.

I remember one young lady, aged nine, who went into hysterics and yelled bloody murder for two hours when she couldn't have a part. To soothe her grief, Griffith gave her twenty dollars and loaded her with all the dolls from the prop room that she could carry.

To see a Griffith rehearsal is a marvelous experience. It is to sound the most subtle depths of acting. Griffith goes over the play over and over, until the actors are ready to commit suicide—but each time it grows a little under his hands. The gorgeous little touches of art which have been planned there in the old dining-room with a couple of kitchen chairs for stage-coaches and a chalk-line for a mountain chasm, are among the masterpieces of American drama.

Every once in a while, D. W. will leave his chair by the little kitchen table and act one of the scenes himself. Sometimes he is a little, sixteen-year-old girl, screaming with fright; and again a maiden, fancy-free, flirting with her lover. But somehow it never seems grotesque or funny. That's how good an actor he is.

At last, one morning you go out and D. W. is walking in front of a new set, with Huck Wortmann. Huck is the man who built Babylon in "Intolerance," and all the other marvels of Griffith pictures. Huck is a stocky, steel-eyed old stage carpenter. If you asked him to build an exact reproduction of heaven, he would merely take another chew of tobacco and say, "All right; it'll be ready a week from Monday." Nobody would ever know how he found out; but the set would look just like the place.

And so the picture begins.

It is like watching a sculptor molding a beautiful statue to see Griffith directing. He has an arm chair, raised on high legs, like stilts. There are no puttees in his young life. He always comes onto the set beautifully dressed—the perfect turn-out of the best tailor in New York. Only as he works, his derby hat goes sliding back onto his head and an eye-shade comes down over his forehead. I don't know what power it is that he has over actors. He doesn't say much of anything to them. But somehow he catches them in the grip of his finely tuned sympathetic mind and lifts them over the bog of artistry as tho he were a pair of wings. He is never impatient with their failures. He is always courtesy itself to his actors. I never remember to have seen him lose his temper over their stupidity, which used to make me long to lead a lynching party against them. An actor can be more kinds of stupid than other humans.

Griffith treats children just as he treats grown-ups. He never talks goo-goo talk to the child actors who have done such wonderful work for him. He treats them with the same grave, quiet courtesy that he does the grown people.

It gives you a thrill to see him directing Lillian Gish in her big scenes—as, for instance, the baptism of the baby in "Way Down East."

Dear, patient Lillian. I can see her now, waiting quietly for the lights while the cameramen are nervously fussing with the lenses. There is a tense feeling in the air, like waiting for a battle to begin.

"Are you ready?" says Griffith.

"Yes, sir," says the cameraman.

"Camera," says Griffith.

And Lillian begins. Scarcely a word is spoken. Once in a while Griffith speaks a word of caution in a low voice. "Slower, slower." Then he will speak the lines for her—"My God, he is dead." She is like some wonderful sensitized instrument, vibrating to a master impulse.

"Cease," says D. W., at last, to the cameras. And he nearly always at such moments turns to the group around him with his eyes filled with tears. He is very easily affected, very easily driven to tears by art such as hers. It is only Lillian Gish who stands there, quietly waiting to do it again. Even the stage carpenters are frequently in tears.

D. W. sets great store by the opinion of "Blondy," a veteran stage carpenter who builds the sets.

"Blondy," said Griffith one day, "I wish you would come around here and give me your opinion of this scene."

"Who's doing it?" asked "Blondy," pausing with his hammer upraised.

"Miss Gish."

"Nope," said "Blondy." "No use my going over to see her. She's a mechanic. She knows her job. She does everything right."

At other times, however, "Blondy's"

opinions have a frankness that is appalling.

And so the picture goes on to the end.

Every night we all went to the projecting-room to see miles of film run off. Every scene for a Griffith picture is taken three or four times by three or four cameras. The consequence is, we would absolutely go to sleep from exhaustion looking at these "takes." Even now I can hear Griffith's voice coming to me across a chasm of sleep; I can drowsily make out that he is asking, "Do you like the second shot or the fifth shot best?"

Griffith shot over eighty thousand feet of that ice scene in "Way Down East," and used only twelve hundred feet.

Finally the picture comes to an end; then we write the sub-titles. Griffith has the strength and endurance of a prize-fight champion. And, by the way, he is a very fine boxer and all-around athlete. In these terrible days, at the end of a picture he will shoot close-ups all morning, arrange music with a professional conductor all afternoon, have financial conferences all the early part of the evening, and write sub-titles all the rest of the night. These sub-title conferences take place over the length of a big table, formerly used by the directors of the Standard Oil Company when they used to foregather at Flagler's.

D. W. smokes interminable cigarettes—that is to say, he lights millions of them, takes a puff and lights another one. At the end of a title conference the place looks like a jury room.

He never gets thru writing titles. I have seen him dictating them, sitting in the dark theater, two hours before the first performance was to begin.

The try-out of a Griffith picture is great fun. He gets his staff into a flock of automobiles and we go trundling up-State to some queer country town, where we fill the hotel. Wondering crowds stand around the street corners to see him pass. You scatter around thru the audience and hear what the people say. Then the local manager comes up full of mysterious importance and we are all invited up to the Elks' Club to a midnight supper of lobster a la Newburgh—and other things.

And then we go trekking back to town again. When I think of these trips back in the auto, it makes me laugh, contrasting them with what a movie party in an auto is supposed to be. Our brand of ribald wickedness used to consist of teasing D. W. to talk about history.

With his wonderful memory, his sympathetic insight, his knowledge of drama and his glowing power of words, he tells stories from history in a way that would put H. G. Wells to shame. I remember one day, riding back from Middletown, N. J., he talked all the way about the Empress Theodora. And another time he told us stories of Oliver Cromwell; we would never let him stop.

Coming back from the try-out, Griffith always proceeds to tear the picture all to pieces. He never gets thru taking a picture. Sometimes, months after it has appeared on Broadway, he is still taking new shots, to be cut-in.

At last the big night—the Broadway opening—dress suits—critics—actors in boxes—personal appearances—a speech before the curtain—D. W. in a darkened box with a little row of electric buttons where he can signal to the orchestra leader or the stage hands.

Then at last, at three or four o'clock in the morning—the society people and critics gone—D. W. and his little "gang," as he called us, with the morning papers still damp from the press, somewhere in a little soiled restaurant, eating scrambled eggs—talking it over.



When Summer Challenges Your Skill

When ardent exercise like tennis or golf or riding—when even sitting on a country veranda—tests all your skill at looking flower-sweet and cool, remember that

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dainty glass containers*



Letters to the Editor

Letters to the editor cannot be used in this department unless the name and address of the writer is given. If the writer desires that only initials be used in publication, please specify.

Do serials confuse children's minds?

DEAR SIR: I have often heard that remark. On the contrary, I think that there have been by far too many serials produced of late. The average movie fan is intolerant of this serial stuff. The question is: do serials confuse children's minds? That is a very hard question to answer, but I have often heard remarks to that effect.

Personally speaking, that is, from an intellectual standpoint I think that children are too young to understand these films, as scenes depicting struggles between a gang of thugs and one poor, innocent victim, who, according to plan, has the advantage over the gang, and carries thru for fifteen weeks of thrills, stunts and impossibilities, are far too vague for the average child's mind. In fact, practically all these serials are an insult to human intelligence.

The constant use of weapons, clubs and knives do not tend to give the desired training to a child's mind thru the medium of the motion picture. There is no doubt that serials are a delight to these small minds; but why?

Actions speak louder than words to the average child. If there is action in a scene, there is action in the child's foresight also. What is in the child's mind at the time of a thrill? Oh! I wonder what's going to happen next, and so forth. Sub titles and cut-ins do not count, as one half of the children that attend these serial shows cannot read one word; therefore they look only for something with action.

The more daredevil stunts the more thrills the more fights—the more impossibilities, the more a child is interested. Are serials produced for grown-ups? Are they merely for the younger generation? If they are produced for both old and young alike, there is no doubt that these films are not suitable for children, as it tends to corrupt their minds.

Comedies are the most suitable form of films for children's entertainment. Serials, educational films and society dramas are of no avail; but Western stories are also very instructive to children—something with action, but sensible.

Wishing you every success with your magazine,

Yours sincerely,

ALFRED W. BOWKER,

20 McGill St., Toronto, Ont. Canada.

Stars who are not worthy of shining

DEAR EDITOR: It seems to me that today the producers discover stars in quantity rather than quality. Why go to all this "mess"? Real actors with real talent and ambition will make themselves known anyway. Of course, it's a hard route to success, but those who travel by that route gain two valuable assets, namely, experience and tenacity of purpose. They make our greatest stars.

Most of these "phenomenal successes" that spring up over night come straight from the "hollies," where they have been chosen for their beauty rather than acting ability. These are a feast for the eyes, and, as such, remain popular for a month or so. It is with real relief that the fans welcome a production with one of our old actors starring. It is a wonderful thing to have both beauty and acting ability, but where

we can't have both, I believe most of us prefer an actor instead of a beauty.

Many think acting is the easiest thing in the world, but let them try it. Some of the San Francisco newspapers held contests. Contestants were photographed registering sorrow, fear, hate, happiness and coquetry. These tests were shown at some of the theaters every week. From the sounds of agony in the theater, one would have imagined that Chaplin or Harold Lloyd or Buster Keaton, or all three, were being shown. However, those contestants deserve praise because they have nerve. I couldn't make faces at myself in the mirror without feeling silly. But, anyhow, all this nonsense means three cheers for the old favorites, when the others have traveled that far they also will be stars in the real sense of the word. Who seconds the motion?

Very sincerely,

DOROTHY WILSON,
San Bruno, California.

In praise of "Foolish Wives" and Eric von Stroheim.

DEAR EDITOR: I have read your department with great interest, from the time it started, altho I have never written.

The thing that makes me write to you is something which I cannot understand, and which makes me exceedingly tired—it is about "Foolish Wives."

With the possible exception of "Broken Blossoms," I don't know when I have ever seen a picture so wonderful, and I cannot understand why it is so criticized. The amount of dirty, unjust criticism I have read about this picture would fill a volume, and yet I rate it as one of the three best pictures I have ever seen, the other two being "Broken Blossoms" and "Humoresque."

I cannot see what is wanting in this picture—the acting is splendid; Von Stroheim is altogether the most fascinating, heart-breaking villain on the screen; Mae Busch is delightful; Margaret Armstrong (why do they call her Miss Dupont?) is exceedingly pretty and charming; but to Dale Fuller, as the little maid-servant, go the chief feminine honors. Her portrait of little Maroushka was one of the most pathetic I can imagine, and I doubt if there is anyone on the screen who could have done it any better.

The Monte Carlo scenes, with the exception of a few trifling mistakes, were correct to the minutest detail. Having lived in Monte Carlo a year, I ought to know it! There was even the street-car, marked in white letters, "Nice-Eze-Monte Carlo," and in a certain scene there was even a poster advertising the "Cote d'Azur." The position of the Hotel de Paris relative to the Casino was perfect. It is such details as these that no one but a person who knew Monte Carlo well would pay attention to, that makes Eric von Stroheim such an artist.

There were, however, a few mistakes. The street-car was not in quite the right position. There is no such place as in that scene showing the little flower-covered boats. The hall in the hotel was not at all European, and the people who play at the Casino do not each have a rake. There is a man stands at each table and rakes up the money, and other things lying about, but the people do not touch it.

With the exception of these few mistakes, it was perfect—the acting, the photography, everything. Also, von Stroheim has done something entirely different—he has broken thru the old traditions, and has come thru with one of the most wonderful things ever filmed. He is a great artist.

Wishing you and your department all success, and hoping you will publish this letter, I am,

Yours very truly,

MARJORIE JAMES,
600 St. John Ave., Pasadena, Calif.

Directors are more important than they are usually credited with being. These views regarding several of them are interesting.

DEAR EDITOR: I have long been an ardent reader of your magazine, and I have always found great pleasure in reading the letters by the fans. There is invariably something of interest in each one. I don't expect everyone to agree with what I have to say, but we all have our likes and dislikes.

In most cases, deliver me from the movie stars. I have never yet seen one who continued to be good after being elevated to stardom. Pola Negri is another one to suffer in this way. I should think that Ernest Lubitsch would have hung onto her at any cost. He is the one director to bring out her best qualities. After all, the director is the person who counts. I don't mean that every one who springs up overnight is a director. I can name but five who thoroly understand the art of picture making: David Wark Griffith, Ernest Lubitsch, John Robertson, Rex Ingram and Eric von Stroheim. Yes, Eric, too. I predict that some day he will be our very greatest directorial genius. I have just witnessed his "Foolish Wives," and it impressed me deeply in several instances, but from all appearances of the film, von Stroheim must have lost his head after the first half, for there was no finished climax. Nevertheless, many of the scenes were directed beautifully and with most consummate care. In no other picture have I ever seen such wonderful detail. It was perfect in that respect, as were all of the characters. Maude George and Mae Busch will probably continue to be good until some producer comes along and offers to star them. I hope Mr. von Stroheim stages a come-back, after all this splurge of "Foolish Wives" is over, and shows the public what he really can do.

Cecil de Mille seems to be falling by the wayside. He grows worse with each succeeding picture. I don't think he deserves any sympathy, either, after putting over such brainless stuff as "The Affairs of Anatol." Why cannot producers and directors follow the play or book from which their picture is derived? I think the weary public would be better pleased if they would do so. Pictures like "The Affairs of Anatol" are an insult to the public. It is an insinuation that we do not appreciate good literature. Some time, producers are going to wake up and find that the public, which is not so simple, after all, has advanced and left the movies far behind.

Wishing you every success for your magazine, I am,

Sincerely yours,

HELEN E. GARRY,
908 W. 57th St., Los Angeles, Calif.

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INEXPENSIVE, COMFORTABLE, HYGIENIC and SAFE — KOTEX

Scion of the Samanyagos

(Continued from page 39)

behind the scenes and waited for Ramon to take off his make-up. When he opened the dressing-room door and came out, with a beaming T. R. welcome, we could scarcely speak for the shock: we discovered that the fuzz worn on his chin as Rupert and also as the Italian doctor is not transferable, so to speak. He is the only actor in the world from whose chin this vegetation actually sprouts.

Mr. Samanyagos said he knew where there was a new café, so we all got in a couple of automobiles and rode down.

Some one had, without our knowledge, planted a Greenwich Village sort of café in our respectable city.

One instinctively ducked as, after climbing a long black stairway, the place burst upon us in all its glory.

Rex Ingram explained that the scheme of decorations was futurist: it looked to us as tho a terrific life and death struggle had taken place between a couple of thousand fried eggs.

Dining with Rex Ingram and party is largely a matter of the supply of menu cards.

Rex takes out a pencil and turns over the menu card and begins to draw pictures of a fat woman he once saw in a tough café on One Hundred and Thirty-fifth street in New York. Mrs. Ingram, side-stepping the Alice Terry part of her life, takes the other menu card and the other pencil and draws pictures of gents—very handsome gents.

Mrs. Ingram only recently discovered that she could draw and Rex is properly excited over the matter.

With a budding artist in the family on one side and the budding star being interviewed on the other, Rex could only find refuge by taking another menu card and drawing some Balkan soldiers. Once in a while Mrs. Ingram would peek over the edge of his card and say: "Rex, let's see how you make eyebrows."

This left us to Samanyagos, or would have, had it not been for the "mysterious guy."

The M. G. was about seven feet tall with a bushy head of hair that skated down over one baleful eye. That eye! It was red around the rims. It looked like a calamity looking for a chance to happen. He sat at a distant table down at the other end of the room where a jazz orchestra was struggling demoniacally. He sat there craning his next neck to look at us.

Every once in a while, he would get up and stalk down past our table. We never could decide whether he was meditating murder or kidnapping. Perhaps he just wanted Rex to put him in the movies. Whatever it was, a convention of head-hunting cannibals would have choked from nervousness in his presence.

It didn't affect Rex; he went on drawing until there weren't any more menu cards. It didn't affect Samanyagos. He went on telling me stories about Mexico with the charm that only a cultured Spaniard can put into a story.

Only I never could keep my eyes in the boat. Every time we got in the middle of a story about his grandfathers—or something that had to do with romance, haciendas and castanets—that baleful gent with the red blood-shot eyes and the slicked-down hair would come like a wolf looking over a fat turkey and I never could follow the story. We only remember that Samanyagos had a couple of grandfathers who were boys together

in El Paso. They couldn't have married each other. So they must have married other people. Anyhow they parted as boy playmates and years afterward found themselves grandfathers of the same children. Something or other like that.

It was a grand story: if that red-eyed pirate head-hunter hadn't always happened along.

Ramon told about another ancestor who was so brave in battle that his family name was changed by the people to Galavan—meaning brave warrior or something.

When the menu cards had been used up, we got up to go. Down in the street we waited while the crowd was being distributed among the autos; Rex explained Samanyagos.

"Good-looking, isn't he," he said with his infectious Irish smile.

"Very," we said. Which indeed he was.

"Has a real brain, hasn't he?"

"Very much so."

"Humor, too?"

"Touch!"

As a matter of fact, I remember that Samanyagos started to tell me some very funny stories. But before he got to the point, that mysterious guy with a face like a hard winter always came along and breathed down my neck. But I'll bet they were funny and charming stories.

"Cultured too! Huh?" said Rex.

"My Gawd, yes; culture!"

The fact is I incautiously and in a slightly superior manner mentioned the noble arts, music and painting, to Samanyagos. In about three seconds, I was clear under, over my head, gasping for my esthetic breath, watching his animated hands gyrating round in circles and wondering what he was talking about also wondering how long I could get away with it, just using my distinctly superior smile and trying to look as tho pleased that he had grasped my idea. The mysterious guy saved me.

I don't know what other enthusiasms Rex might have had about Samanyagos down on the curb, but I heard a mysterious, stealthy foot-step that I knew. It was creaking down the stairway.

"G'night," I said hastily and stepped on the gum.

If my recollections of the new genius of the screen are a little mixed up with a bleared eye, a swipe of hair that looks as tho a cat had licked it—am I to blame?

And, incidentally, the latest reports as we go to press have it that Mr. Samanyagos will be known on the screen, in the future, as Ramon Navarro. We shall see!



When Listerine meets halitosis

THE distressing thing about halitosis (scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) is this: You're usually not aware yourself of whether you are guilty—whether or not your breath is just right.

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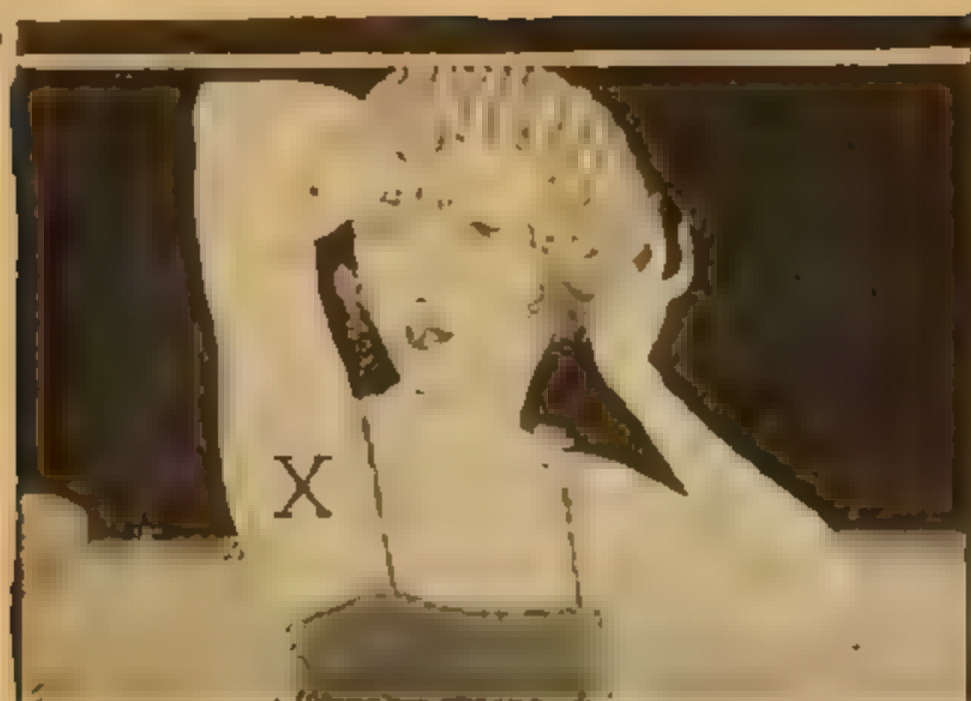
Listerine, by virtue of its peculiar antiseptic properties, halts both putrefaction and fermentation and removes disagreeable mouth odors.

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THE smart American woman is now using X-BAZIN, because for more than a hundred years, discriminating Parisiennes have found it the cleanest, safest, and most effective way to remove superfluous hair. It is a faint, rose-perfumed powder that leaves the skin smooth, cool, and white.

It is Absolutely Safe

Unlike the inconvenient razor, it effectively discourages the future growth of the hair, and it is so thoroughly pure that it can be used with perfect safety on the face as well as on arms and under the arms.

At all drug and department stores, 50c and \$1.00 in the U. S. and Canada. Elsewhere 75c. and \$1.50.

Send 10c for trial sample and descriptive booklet.

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Dull Hair

The difference between beautiful hair and ordinary hair is very slight—usually something about its shade, a little something which makes it attractive in present or just ordinary of looking. Whether your hair is light, medium or dark, it is only necessary to supply this elusive little something to make it beautiful. This can be done. If your hair is dull or lacks lustre—if it is not quite so rich in tone as you would like to have it—you can easily give it that little something it needs. No ordinary shampoo will do this, for ordinary shampoos do nothing but clean the hair.

Golden Glint Shampoo

NOT an ordinary shampoo. It does more than merely clean. It also brings a rich, golden glow to the hair from the inside. It is a rich, golden glow that makes the hair look like a golden gleam. It is a rich, golden glow that makes the hair look like a golden gleam. It is a rich, golden glow that makes the hair look like a golden gleam.

—J. W. ROSS COMPANY, 119 Spring St., Seattle.

Anatol Himself

(Continued from page 49)

The intrusion caused Wally no considerable annoyance, and finally the Studio Club—Hollywood's branch of the Y. W. C. A., exclusively for girls in the movies had to be appealed to.

The Reid home in question is, by the way, one of the show places of Hollywood. It is of Renaissance type, built in a crevasse below the automobile highway to the various beaches, and in its spacious grounds are a swimming pool, a gymnasium and a film projection room.

The interior is particularly exotic, particularly the billiard room, which Wally himself decorated, with the help of his wife. And Wally has a natural artistic knack of making old furniture look new, thru the deft application of oil paints and bizarre designs, having done this in the case of an antiquated piano, which now, in the billiard room, resembles a fugitive creation that might, perhaps, have been inspired by Erte.

Yet, however, this ecstatic state of matinee-idolship will not last forever, and Wally, I believe, realizes it. Right now, he is the kingpin of leading men, the arch-idol of myriad screen devotees. In a few years, however, he will have outgrown his present type—and he knows it.

"One can't expect," he said thoughtfully, "to keep going on in the same track forever. And I've never particularly wanted to be known as a so-called matinee man."

"If I could do what I really wanted, I'd probably go in for automobile racing. It's a sport that instantly assumes all the hazards and quirks of a business—it's something that makes you realize you have to be fit every moment."

"And, as an actor, I've always had the idea in the back of my head that I'd like to play tragedy, and I'm just conceited enough to believe that I could do it."

"On the stage?" I inquired, for Wally has the voice, the poise—everything—that goes to make the ideal stage player.

"Of course!" he said simply. "No matter how hard you work in pictures, your audience is too far away from you. That's what makes pictures seem more like work. They lack inspiration, because, in the long run, the only inspiration an actor gets is from his public."

"Some day I'm going to direct. I'd like to direct my own pictures now, if I didn't think that there'd be too much Reid in them—and, in the long run, you can't both direct and act successfully at the same time."

"But directing is what I'll do exclusively some day, when I shall no longer act."

He is very worldly—yet, at the same time, there is about him an air of the poet. His humor is whimsical and omnipresent—and, at times, a bit satirical.

He hates to be interviewed. A mere columnist can get nothing at all out of him, for he talks about everything in the world except himself—and he can't be pinned down.

It is this very elusiveness, this very care-free quality of his, that makes him—just Wally. He is an extreme individualist, rather bohemian. He rarely criticizes anybody, and maintains a total disregard of any criticism any catty person may cast in his direction.

"It always amuses me," he mused, "how outsiders would like to regulate someone's life; when, really, it's none of their business. We all have a destiny to fulfil. Being more or less a fatalist, I feel inclined to follow my own moods. Today, perhaps, I am very happy and feel like passing the

joy on to someone else. Tomorrow I may be equally as unhappy—and then I want to seclude myself."

"And if you happen to be called a star, no one on earth can ever understand why you should ever be anything else than happy. The public forgets that an actor is human, even if some of his pictures don't make him appear so."

"We actors are born, live and die like any other mortal. We suffer from, perhaps, the very same ill humors of the body as anyone else, and we all have our heartaches."

"But, because we have once registered a smile in our work, it is demanded that we all be like *Pagliacci*—the clown who must laugh when tears are in his eyes."

That doesn't sound like Wally. Personally, I doubt that he ever succumbs to tears, altho he may have his disappointments. If he would at all times take himself seriously rather than unconcernedly, he could probably rise to any heights. For his very cleverness, his innate artistry of soul, proclaim him a man in a million.

There is nothing the least effeminate about him. He is all muscle and brawn, and very much a man's man. But what, probably, inspires women in all parts of the globe to write him love-letters are his fascinating eyebrows. His mannerism of arching them and of wrinkling his brow plaintively is not cultivated—and when he smiles he seems instantly to inspire sympathy.

He is distinctly the *Anatol* of the screen—and it was extremely subtle of C. B. de Mille to cast him in a rôle that precisely fitted him. For Wally, big, good-natured, boyish, exemplifies romance.

He is a modern knight-errant—a subtle Don Juan, who goes thru life playing for the real joy of it. He is the spirit of the eternal boy.

THE SOLUTION

By BLAINE C. BIGLER

I'd like to sail a long-boat
Across a blue lagoon
And hear the breaker's song float
Where tropic breezes croon;
I'd like to go but I must stay
At home and work from day to day.

I'd like to drive a dog team
Along Alaskan miles;
I'd like to see a bog gleam
Where Erin calls and smiles;
I'd like to sail o'er oceans blue
But can't because of work to do.

I cannot tread the far trails
And across the desert sands,
But I can skim the star trails
And roam thru foreign lands;
For in my movie magazine
I wander on from scene to scene.

TO LILLIAN GISH

Heaven smiles—earth smiles—I smile to
see you pass,
O Petaled Bird, O Bubble-feathered
Flower,
O Child of Glowing Mist, O Sun-bright
Lass,
You'll dance upon my heart-strings
from this hour.

Our Joy Forever

(Continued from page 53)

me basely, a dignity beyond mere poise. New Orleans, perhaps, is the cause of it; that background of the South where, we have been taught, dignity was the common lot.

Anyway, if I were Leatrice, I shouldn't worry.

I should go on laughing, and occasionally skipping, and frequently joking and steadily progressing.

And I think Leatrice will.

"It's a great question," she said, "when you have come into a little success whether to be yourself or to be someone else. So many girls seem to find relief in accepted speech and affectations. But I think that they do not realize that in remodeling themselves to fit success they may be destroying the very qualities that gained it for them. It seems a little silly, and such a lot of trouble.

"I want to continue to be myself. I'm happier for doing so; the other sort of thing would mean a continual hypocrisy."

We rolled suavely up to the curb again in front of the Lasky Studio.

We entered—Leatrice walking in stiff dignity, according to instruction. Very stiff.

We met Julia Faye.

Leatrice and Julia walked off, whispering as women will.

Leatrice called me

"I've saved half a caramel for you," she said, proffering a severed sweet.

I gulped it, gratefully.

A new star is Leatrice Joy. A brilliant one. May she be our joy forever. She is already a thing of beauty.

BALLADE OF A HOLLYWOOD MOVIE QUEEN

Picture me now in the Picture Game

Toiling steadily night and day,
Sundays and Saturdays much the same.

Life, I find me, is far from gay,
Not in my line is the "primrose way"
The while I wander from scene to scene,
More time for work than there is for play

I am a Hollywood Movie Queen.

At eve I sit with my Persian cat

Before the glow of my gas-log fire,
Sometimes I knit, or crochet, or tat

For domestic virtues I much admire,
The very peak of my heart's desire
Is to lead a life that is all serene,
Making both ends meet on my modest hire

I am a Hollywood Movie Queen.

No "gentlemen friends" are allowed to call,

And grape-juice, only, I deign to drink,
I carry no gay-hued parasol

And wear short skirts—did I see you wink?

If you did, it was very wrong, I think,
And you'll ride no more in my limousine.

I never powder, nor paint, nor "prink",
I am a Hollywood Movie Queen.

Envoy

Prince! I have broken no rules nor laws
And never have "gambolled on the green,"

But the ministers think I am wicked because

I am a Hollywood Movie Queen.

PETER PAN.

Thousands Who Don't Dream They Can Write Really CAN!

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks,"
"The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

YOU may consider the above a broad statement. But is it? Is writing a magical art set aside as the special province of certain gifted dreamers?

I do not think so. I think that the vast majority of stories and photoplays are made up of characters, emotions, and reactions that you and the rest of the world know all about. I have discussed this subject to great lengths with a number of persons. Invariably, they have agreed with me that fiction, in its sensible phases, is

nothing more than an interesting picture of certain characters revealing themselves by their actions and their words. Thus, when a writer has certain characters to write of, he merely makes them do things that will show clearly and interestingly what kind of people they are.

The life of the most commonplace individual is chock-full of stories. A woman, in reporting to a friend the little rumors, anecdotes, and gossip she has heard, has at her finger-tips plots and ideas for any number of interesting stories and photoplays. There is something interesting about every man and woman. Our daily existence is a history of blunders, hopes, surprises, privations, meetings, partings, adventures, journeys, accidents, romance, thwarted hopes, burning desires, and the like without end. Any of these phases of life can be made into splendid stories and photoplays. And, by certain methods that have just come to light, great numbers may now learn how to turn their knowledge, ideas, and experiences into salable stories and photoplays far easier than they ever dreamed it could be done.

I have enjoyed the privilege of considerable travel, and as a consequence have had the opportunity of meeting hundreds of aspiring writers. And always I have been eagerly asked for advice. How do I do it? What are the secrets of my success? Who started me off? Did I have a pull? How do I know what to write about? And the like in many varieties.

And always I answer: The art of writing is not such a horribly complicated thing as you seem to think. I myself am merely a receptive medium upon whose mind life, experiences, and characters make certain impressions. I then put these impressions into stories, novels, articles, and photoplays. Your instincts, emotions, joys, and tribulations are not greatly different from those of myself or any well-known author, for that matter. Then, most assuredly, your impulses, impressions, and the ideas peculiar to you and your life should be made into stories and photoplays. You know how you have acted under certain

circumstances. Why can you not put story characters in like situations and make them do the same?

You perhaps are not aware that the greatest stories and photoplays have been based upon the simplest, most primeval passions and emotions brought up-to-date and arranged in such a manner as to create suspense. When a story or photoplay is thus based on truths and elements of human nature that are the very essence of homely, every-day existence, it is no more difficult to drive home a convincing and sincere effect than it is for water to run down hill. You know your niche

of life, your occupation, your surroundings, your friends, and all the elements of your existence, far better than anyone else knows it. And, if you have taken the time and trouble to become interested in the people and the world about you, you certainly ought to write a far stronger story or photoplay of that life than anyone else could.

The fiction which I have written has been successful because it has been about the life that I know—and I feel assured that hundreds would obtain equal success if they would only stick to picturizing phases of existence with which they are thoroughly familiar.

I have pointed out this very truth to struggling writers in past years, and I have been greatly amazed at the speed with which they have progressed when thus fortified with the confidence that in their little world were myriad plots which they and they alone were capable of digging up, brushing off, and presenting to the public.



Elinor Glyn

The reason so many ambitious writers fail is because they struggle too hard to attain what is not half so difficult as it is made to seem. So many aspirants puff and fret and cast about frantically in hidden places for the secrets of success which all the while fairly stare them in the face. Their work is rejected because it is too obviously manufactured for the occasion, like a country boy attired for a city dress ball. They overstrain, they overstep. Had they written naturally of real life as they know it, they might have astonished the world.

Perhaps I have brought a new light to bear upon this subject of story and play writing. If so, I am very, very thankful. There is more to be said, however—some vitally interesting things concerning writing and writers that I would like to tell you if the space permitted. But it doesn't, so I have arranged with my publishers, The Authors' Press, of Auburn, N. Y., to send you a book which tells you a great many more things about my methods and secrets of writing, how to get ideas, how to succeed, and so on. It is a delightfully engaging little book and will be mailed free of charge to anyone really interested in learning how to write stories and photoplays by newly revealed methods that make writing so very much easier. This little book is named "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing." It is very aptly named. I can assure you that its pages reveal the promised short-cuts in a very charming manner. I know you will be vastly pleased and instructed after having read it. It contains information that it is a shame to have kept from the public so long.

Simply fill out the coupon below—mail it to The Authors' Press. "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing" will be sent to you by return mail—ABSOLUTELY FREE.

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They may be dainties once, French, White, Pink or Cream, but a box of Lablache is a box of distinction. It will give you the most beautiful complexion and 100 for a complete set.
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Mother O' Hollywood

(Continued from page 29)

Gishes, Gertrude Bambrick and Mabel Normand.

"They were nothing but kids," she reminisced. "All of them. Just babies! They used to come in to see me at noon and ask me if I would make them something to eat, and it got to be a habit for me to fix little things they'd like for lunch."

"And Mae Marsh! She was just a child. Sometimes at night, when her mother'd want to go out for an evening's diversion, Mae used to stay with me."

"But Gloria—Gloria Swanson, y'know—is my baby. I've seen her grow up, it seems. We used to be together at Keystone when she was hardly old enough to have her hair out of a braid. Then she came on this (the Lasky) lot the same time as I, and I've watched her bloom out like a wonderful rose."

"When Bebe Daniels was ten years old she used to recite poems to us at the beach. Her mother and I are great friends. I always think I'm dreamin' now, when I see Bebe's name in electric lights. She's still just a youngster to me, bless her!"

For hours can "Mother" Ashton go on telling storylets about people now luminant in the picture industry. It is C. B. de Mille, however, whom she calls her "pet."

For it seems that when she went onto the heavily dramatic Lasky "lot" from her erstwhile comedy fortress, the Keystone, Miss Ashton was terribly afraid that he'd find out she had once been in the pie comers. She took every pains to hide her comedy "past," and trembled hourly lest someone disclose it.

But it happened, however, that C. B. knew it all the while. And after she had made her first picture with him he went to her and told her he was happy that she had been in comedy, because it gave her a certain dramatic perspective that he likes his actors to have.

Being presented on the screen, usually, in some sort of "mother" role, has placed Miss Ashton in the position of receiving a deal of confidential mail from mothers who would like to get their daughters in pictures, and from daughters who would want to get on the screen against their mothers' wishes.

"In the show business," said she, "the more broadminded you are, the better you get along. And after you've been in it as long as I have, you don't look for other people's faults."

"I often advise girls to stay out of pictures—not from a moral standpoint, but because I sometimes don't think they have the real ability."

"Pictures are not meant for the girl with a champagne appetite and a beer pocketbook."

"And a lot of girls want to get into them because they think they'll have a chance to wear fine clothes and not have to work hard. They're all wrong. That kind of girl hasn't the right stuff in her to make success."

"Morally, the picture business is O. K. I've been around studios for thirteen years."

"It's the people and their remarks that make girls bad nowadays."

"I love to see girls look pretty and have pretty clothes. God bless 'em, it's only the natural woman's pride that makes 'em want to be attractive. It isn't because of any desire of theirs to be vampires."

"Show me a girl's foot and I'll tell you all about her."

We on the outside of the studio gates have an idea that everybody in pictures—no matter who—is rolling in wealth and

humousness. Again is ignorance bliss, for this isn't the real case at all.

"Mother" Ashton, for instance, keeps boarders, and thereby hangs a tale.

For, while her heart is of gold, while her nature is as sunny as the land of Spain, and while her philosophy is the doctrine of "do unto others," there have been persons who haven't known the meaning of reciprocity with her.

And one of her own relatives is in this category.

After a life in the "show business," she had managed to save a few thousand dollars, which she was prevailed upon by said relative to invest. And, at a time in life when she should be enjoying more or less ease as the reward of hard work, her "investor" absconded with her little nestegg.

That was two years ago. Almost anybody else than the gold-hearted "Mother" Ashton would have sought redress, but she—well, she cried a few tears to herself, perhaps, and outwardly started out again as a worker.

While it is her three hundred or more pounds avoirdupois which, perhaps, makes her a unique "type" actress, "Mother," like all other women, would prefer more svelte lines.

"I used to go into the projection room at Keystone and cry," she said ruefully, "when I saw how they made fun of me. But," and she sighed, "I got used to it. I suppose what is to be, is."

"But it's kinda ironical to think that you've got to make your living out of a real deformity, isn't it?"

"Mother" Ashton's little blue moments, however, are never very long superimposed on an auditor, and seldom has anyone ever heard a recitation of her troubles. Inwardly, she may be as blue as indigo, but her cheery "Hello, darlin'!" rings, nevertheless, from one end of the studio to the other.

She's invaluable at Lasky's. Whenever they want someone to put a bit of comedy relief into a picture, they write in a part for her. She has played in vast dozens of pictures, yet the following are those in which she has liked herself the best: "Old Wives For New," "Why Change Your Wife," "For Better, For Worse," "Don't Change Your Husband"—all C. B. de Mille specials—"Jack Straw," with Robert Warwick; "Her Sturdy Oak," with Wanda Hawley; "Is Matrimony a Failure?" and "Saturday Night."

As she says, she "done a little of everything in the show business." She started her career in "The Milk White Flag," some years ago, and subsequently was in stock, musical comedy, vaudeville, burlesque—and even was a member of Watson's famous "Beef Trust" company, in which she was a "pony" and weighed one hundred and seventy. After three seasons in repertoire with Blanche Walsh, three more with Junie McCree in vaudeville, several seasons in stock in Denver, and another "rep" show, she went to pictures. In the early days she played with nearly every film company extant—and that's how her "family" came into being.

She has a tangible ambition—one that anyone might expect from knowing her. She has an adopted daughter now, a little girl with poetic eyes and sweet manners. But she isn't satisfied.

She wants to adopt a whole world of homeless girls.

She wants to found a school for orphan girls where they will be taught the right way of living.

Dorothy Dalton's Beauty Chat

Miss Dorothy Dalton, the actress famous the world over for her beautiful complexion, says:

"Any girl or woman can have a beautiful, rosy-white complexion and clear, smooth, unwrinkled skin like mine if she will follow my advice and use Derwillo in combination with Liska cold cream. Both are simple but very effective toilet preparations. I use Derwillo for the instant beauty it imparts, and Liska cold cream to cleanse the skin, and make it soft and smooth."

It is easy to apply, absolutely harmless, and has a marvelous effect upon the skin. One application proves it. Try this combination to-day on your face, neck, hands and arms, and you will be delightfully surprised. Derwillo comes in three shades: flesh, white and brunette. At toilet counters everywhere.



Dorothy Dalton



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Restores Color and
Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
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They have read it page by page, critically and with that discernment for which they are famous, and they have set upon it the seal of their enthusiastic approval. We had almost said "unqualified approval" but that would not have been accurate. Among the hundreds of letters received by the editor each week, in which this approval is voiced, there have been many excellent suggestions for the improvement of the magazine, and each succeeding issue will endeavor to incorporate as many of these suggestions as are feasible. In the meantime, not only will next month's *BEAUTY* be a better and brighter number than ever, but it will be a much bigger number—16 PAGES BIGGER.

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On the News-stands July 8th

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS, Inc., Brewster Bldg., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Out From the Yesteryears - - -

(Continued from page 63)

"If you should marry," we asked, "what then? Would it interfere with your ambition?"

"That would depend upon the marriage," Doris told us surely. "If it was right, it would be fulfillment, wouldn't it? That should help me. If it were not a wise marriage, I suppose it would hurt everything in my life—I hope for marriage, I think."

She laughed and her eyes sparkled. "I believe in it, you see. All my friends have married happily. Many of them are professional people, too. Wouldn't that surprise the radical reformers tho?"

There is a lack of formality about her which is charming, and hers is a cheerful and sane acceptance of the unpleasant as contrast to the pleasant. Her hair is girlishly bound with a soft green ribbon, and in her violet eyes you may still find the light of the visionary and the idealist. Doris Kenyon has not squandered her heritage.

Talking to her, we remembered the little Western parsonage. We remembered some lines from one of her poems, "The Living Past":

"The past still lives; its tendrils creep and clasp
About our lives forevermore, and hold
Our days and hours within their tender grasp,
Like chains of steel or links of beaten gold."

Out from the yesteryears Doris has come. She has come with a high heart and from her dreams, even as from the dreams dreamed long ago, spring fragile poetry.

THE LAMENT OF A MOVIE VAMP

By DOROTHY QUICK

I am so tired of heaving sighs,
And wearied sick of making eyes;
I hate these naughty, flimsy clothes,
And simply loathe immoral shows.

I really like to sew and cook,
To quietly sit and read a book;
Or perhaps go to a proper show,
With a real old-fashioned beau.

But I must vamp by night and day
If I wish to earn my weekly pay—
So I continue on my wicked path
For fear of my director's wrath.

TO A MOVIE STAR

By MARY CAROLYN DAVIES

Chief cicerone of Fairyland!
You lead us slowly by the hand
Past all the landmarks that we know.
The daily frettings fade and go
And all the world of pressing care.
By magic path and magic stair
You take us, until hand-in-hand
With you, we enter fairyland.

With sleepless night and toiling day
You bravely build this winding way,
But never do you let us see
The cost you paid to set us free.
Your laughter fills the fragrant air.
By magic path and magic stair
We wait tonight. Oh, reach your hand
Once more, brave guide to fairyland!

"It is a great plague to be too handsome a man," says Plautus. Many a woman has found it a great plague to have one.

Every Superfluous Hair— There with Your Full Permission

Why Famous Beauties are no longer
troubled with the problem of
Superfluous Hair

NO longer need you suffer from the embarrassment of superfluous hair, nor are you obliged to resort to painful electricity for attacking the roots. The discovery of **ZIP** has solved—without question the most serious and obstinate of personal problems. By simply applying **ZIP** and easily removing it, the **roots are eliminated** as if by magic, and in this way the growth is **destroyed**.

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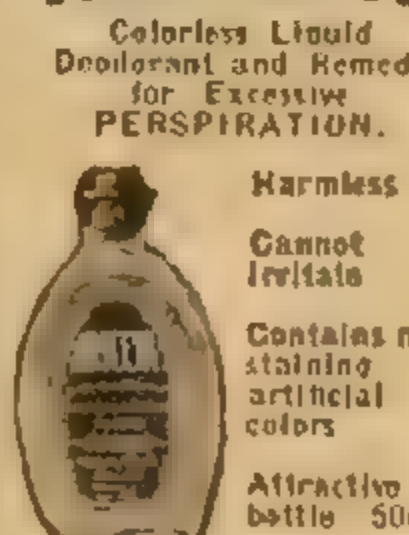
Which of the Three Types of Superfluous Hair Have You?

Write for **FREE BOOK**, "Beauty's Greatest Secret," which explains each type. I shall also send a "test" sample of my Massage and Cleansing Cream, guaranteed not to grow hair. When in New York, stop in to my Salon and let me give you a **FREE Demonstration**.



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for Excessive
PERSPIRATION.



Harmless
Cannot Irritate
Contains no
staining
artificial
colors
Attractive
bottle 50c.

Also Madame Berthe's
Massage and Cleansing
Cream

Cannot promote hair
growths 60c

Antiseptic Talc
Delightfully fra-
grant 25c

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face, softens the
skin, excellent for
sunburn and as a
base for powder. .50c

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Cleanses lashes and
makes them long
and lustrous 50c

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sample of your Massage and
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to promote the growth of hair.

Name

Address

City and State

Anent Ultra-Violet Rays

(Continued from page 69)

has now become immured to the burning sunlight. Make the sun-bath as long as your condition warrants it. Six hours a day is not too much for a tubercular patient, if the heat of the sun is not so intense that it makes the patient weak.

If you do not possess a tent, a male member of the family or a carpenter can easily make a little sun-room for you. All he needs to do is erect four poles around a space large enough for a cot and fasten canvas from pole to pole, using hammer and nails. One corner of the canvas must be left free for entrance and exit. Tape may be attached to the flap and tied to the pole to keep it closed. There is no covering over the top, thus allowing the hottest sunlight of the day to pour in. Of course, the larger the space enclosed and the lower the sides, the more the sunlight.

In some famous sanitariums in the mountains, and at certain places on the seashore, special arrangements are made for the sun-bath, so that it is possible for the patients to get all of the day's sunlight every day. It is in these places that wonderful cures are being effected, which were thought impossible until recently.

Most of these places are too expensive for the person of limited means. So, as usual, it is up to the great majority of people to discover something just as good. The tent, the canvas-built enclosure, or a screened-off end of an upstairs sleeping porch is the best substitute.

If you are one of those people who do not seem to have any specific disease and yet seem to be chronically ill, you would do well to try the sun-bath. Also to spend a large part of each day in a bathing suit, lying on the hot sand if you are near the beach. The sand bathers are conspicuous on the beaches of Florida and California during the entire year. And thousands return to their inland homes with cause to be eternally thankful for nature's great gift, the ultra-violet rays of the sun.

KING RICHARD'S CASTLE

AT THE DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS STUDIO

By LESLEY BATES

Beyond the tree-tops loom long castle walls,

Vast piles of stone with heaven-pointed towers.

Within, King Richard's knighthood surge thru halls,

Boasting of jousts and ladies pale as flowers.

In shining armor, proud with nodding plumes,

They throng each stately court, each climbing stair.

Casement and balcony and lofty rooms,

With harp and minstrel voices thrill the air.

A glory blazes here beyond all dream,

A dignity, a grace, no man may know.

Like flaming souls, a thousand banners stream

For noble deeds, the herald trumpets blow.

Is it the majesty of heights and spaces

Makes knighthood bold, ennobles stalwart faces?

There are more people who wish to be loved than there are who are willing to love. —CHAMFORT.

WIN \$10000.00

OR A
**HUPMOBILE
TOURING
CAR**

GEE BUT
IT'S FUN

I'VE GOT
NO. 6

NO. 1 IS A
HARD ONE

WHO ARE THEY?

- ① YOU ALL BANK CLAM RIG
- ② I RACED ALL WE
- ③ DO NOT THRO LADY
- ④ GE HAM IS HOT MAN
- ⑤ MAD MAN GORE TAL
- ⑥ NO GUD BAR IS A FLASK
- ⑦ WET ART IS A TAN
- ⑧ ALL CHEAP IN RICH
- ⑨ LORSA WIN A SONG
- ⑩ RUN EAT TOBSEK

Can You Answer This Movie Puzzle?

On the Movie Screen above are the names of 10 movie stars rearranged. The Operator played a joke on the audience and you'll admit it was a good one.

To Solve the Puzzle rearrange the letters in the sentences on the screen so that they will spell each actor's or actress' name. For example: No. 1 is Clara Kimball Young. If you can name all 10 stars, you can win the Hupmobile or \$1,000.

Probably you know the names of the Most Popular Stars, but just to refresh your memory, we are mentioning below a few of the Most Famous Players:—Norma Talmadge, Otis Skinner, Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels, Dorothy Dalton, Thomas Meighan, Beverly Bayne, Anita Stewart, Douglas Fairbanks, Blanche Sweet, Charlie Chaplin, Clara Kimball Young, Buster Keaton, Pearl White and Gloria Swanson.

185 "Points" Wins First Prize

For each name you arrange correctly you will receive 10 "points" toward the Hupmobile Touring Car or the \$1,000 in cash, or you receive 100 "points" if you arrange all 10 names correctly. You can gain 60 more "points" by Qualifying your answer. That is, by proving that you have explained the 10 "Superior Features" of the Wallman Self-Filling Fountain Pen to five people. The final 25 "points" will be awarded by 3 Judges to the person making up the largest and nearest correct list of words from the name of the first Movie Actor listed on the screen above—CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG. It's easy! Can you make out 10-20-30 words like you-young-ball-all, etc. Send in your list of words right away with the names of the 10 Stars. Number each word and in making up your list Don't use prefixes and suffixes, or obsolete, archaic, foreign or compound words if they are so listed in a New Standard Dictionary. Use each letter only as many times as it appears. For example: There are 3 a's. Therefore "a" may be used 3 times if necessary in forming a word.

The answer gaining 185 "points" (which is the maximum), will win the Hupmobile or the \$1,000. In case of a tie, all tying contestants will receive the same prize. Send in your answer TODAY. As soon as it is received, we will send you a circular telling about the 10 "Superior Features" of the Wallman Self-Filling Fountain Pen, FREE, to assist you in qualifying.

Costs Nothing to Try

You will not be asked to buy a Wallman Self-Filling Fountain Pen nor to spend a penny in order to win. Just write your answer to the Puzzle on one side of the sheet of paper and PRINT your name and address on the upper right hand corner. Do your best and you can win. Contest closes July 29th. Answer the Puzzle NOW.

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YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE?

IN THIS DAY and AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your well-being. Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. What is to be your ultimate destiny?

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Also For Sale at Riker-Hegeman, Liggett's and other First-Class Drug Stores.

Over the Border

(Continued from page 61)

now, sir, but a private citizen, I take the liberty of saying that this man isn't going with you if I can help it!"

The Lieutenant crimsoned. "Don't be a fool! 'Stand aside there! Stand asi—" He paused, for Tom's fist had struck him squarely on the point of the jaw, and he forgot what he had been going to say. The struggle was ludicrously brief.

"Sorry, sir!" Tom apologized, as he tied the officer to a chair and stopped his lips with a handkerchief. "But if all you want is a prisoner to take back with you, 'tis like enough we can oblige." He took off his coat with the brass buttons, tossed it aside and turned to Val. "Give us your cap and coat, lad!"

Jen ran to him. "Tom! They'll shoot you!" she wailed. "I couldn't bear it—it would be an empty world without you. Don't go, Tom!"

Tom put her gently aside. "Val only did the same to Snow Devil as I would have done!" he said, "and if they get me 'twill be the matter of a few weeks for assaulting an officer instead of an uncomfortable business o' hanging! Pierre, you hitch up the sleigh and take Val and his father and Jen across the border as soon as I lead those law-hounds yonder on a false scene!" He strained the girl to him in a fierce embrace that belied the lightness of his words, opened the door—and slammed it behind him violently, with a noise that echoed thru the snowy morning atmosphere like a pistol-shot!

Thru the window Jen saw Tom clamber onto the back of the tired horse she had ridden last night and gallop away, while the stable spewed troopers. As the last of these vanished in hot pursuit down the road, she turned back into the room and picked up the blue coat with the brass buttons, looking down at it with desolate eyes. "You were too good for me, Tom"—the past tense slipped from her lips unconsciously, with awful significance.

But there was a future tense for Jen and Tom Flaherty after all, thanks to Pierre—Pierre, who had worshiped Jen hopelessly ever since he had first swung her, a pink, gleeful baby, to his broad shoulder; Pierre, whose love asked only a chance to serve.

It was Pierre who, when the sleigh came abreast of Tom's tired horse as he floundered in a drift, ran to his rescue and received the shot meant for Jen's lover in his own breast. It was Pierre who gasped out to the troopers that gallant lie that he, and he alone had killed Snow Devil, and made his mark to the confession he had dictated with a hand already stiffening in death. Then, with a little smile on the lips that Jen had kissed, Pierre's soul stepped jauntily forth on its last journeying.

"I killed Snow Devil," said Val Galbraith slowly. And—

"I killed Snow Devil!" insisted Tom Flaherty

Corporal Byng looked from one to the other, then his glance strayed to Jen's face. Even corporals of the Mounted Police are human. "We was told to bring in one murderer, not three of 'em!" he said. "Come on, boys, help me get this poor fellow's body strapped onto this horse, and, remember—if anybody asks any questions—*we haven't seen a soul but him all morning!*"

Perhaps, owing to this peculiarity of vision, Corporal Byng did not see Tom and Jen clasped in each other's arms. But his round face was wistful, and under his breath he hummed the strains of an old Irish love song.



Rice-Nuts

Just your morning Puffed Rice doused with melted butter

Children eat Puffed Rice like a confection if you crisp and lightly butter. For the grains are like nuts puffed to bubbles.

They are used in candy making—as garnish on ice cream. Millions mix them with their berries, to give a nutty blend.

Yet these enticing tidbits are just whole-grain foods, with every food cell blasted.

Steam-exploded grain foods

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are far more than dainties. They are Prof. Anderson's creations. They are steam-exploded—shot from guns. All to blast the millions of food cells, so digestion is made easy and complete.

Mere cooking never does that, so this process was invented to make ideal whole-grain foods. If you believe in whole-grain diet, serve Puffed Grains in abundance, morning, noon and night.

Puffed Wheat

Ideal at night

Whole wheat puffed to 8 times normal size. Every granule is fitted to feed. All 16 elements in wheat yield their nutriment in full.

Puffed Wheat in milk forms the utmost in a food. Yet children count it a luxury dish. You cannot serve too often.

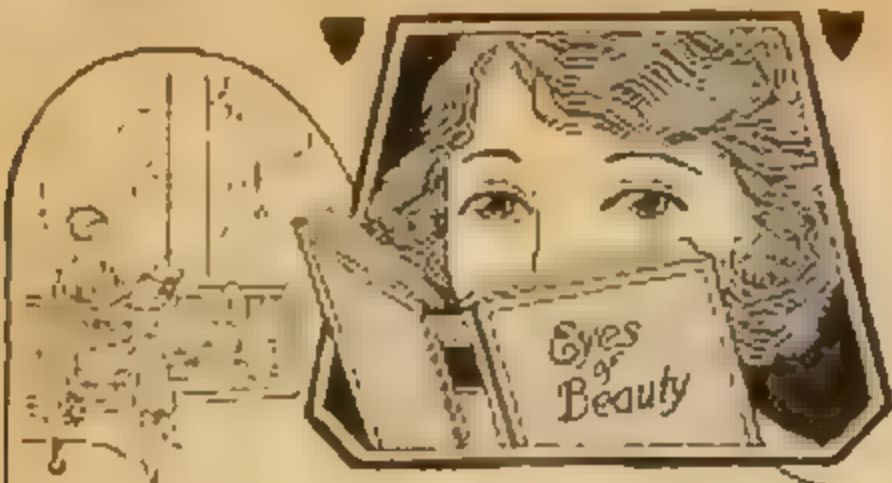
Puffed Rice

The morning dainty

Bubble grains, as flimsy as snowflakes, as savory as nuts.

They crush at a touch and melt away into fascinating granules.

No other process ever created a grain food anywhere near so delightful. Mix them also with your berries.



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Their answer always is—Murine. This time-tested lotion is used in beauty parlors everywhere to enliven dull, tired eyes and make them radiantly beautiful. Use it night and morning, and also after motorizing and outdoor sports. Contains no belladonna or other harmful ingredients. Sold and recommended by druggists everywhere.

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away in due time.

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Please send me full information about your 52 easy lessons and **FREE** GUITAR ORDER

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Address _____
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Married People

(Continued from page 46)

not be dead. He must not be dead. As if to reassure her, his eyes opened slowly; opened and closed and opened again. "Mommy," he whispered weakly, "something hurts me. Oh, it hurts! Hold me, Mommy; hold Timmie," and two little round arms went feebly up around the woman's neck.

Something welled up in her heart and gathered in her eyes. Was it tears? Something deep within her seemed to snap and she felt the old hardness and cold selfishness slip away. She was a tender woman again; warm, vibrant, human. Potential motherhood claimed her for its own. Such a wealth of feeling flared up in response to that childish delirium that, when the hospital ambulance came to take him away, she could scarcely let him go, finally compromising by going with him. She had not given a second thought to Cranston.

It was just as well. He had taken an unobtrusive departure—that is as unobtrusive as possible. But someone saw him. It was Mike, waiting in the drive; a furious and baffled Mike, who had heard the shot and stood his ground, maddened by the miscarriage of his plans. For the craven brutality of the man who would force a child to rob a house, while he remained outside in a position of comparative safety, nothing can be said. But that is exactly what he had done. He had not fathered the orphan Timmie for four years for nothing. That was what he had been trained for. Mercifully for Tim, this was his first job—and last. But Mike was in a condition of bitter and unreasoning anger. He felt as tho he had been betrayed, that Cranston and Mrs. Chier had stayed at home from the opera simply in order to frustrate his plans. Well, he hoped Cranston had succeeded with his. That would mean some money at any rate, and Mike's ever-fluctuating funds were getting pretty low. So he watched him leave the house in sullen silence. A little way down the street, Mike followed him and accosted him.

"Come on, shell out, me friend," he snarled in an ugly voice.

Cranston wheeled angrily. "You're crazy, Mike," he said; "you know I haven't anything."

"Tell it to Doc Cook," Mike retorted, madder than ever. "Didn't the little lady come across wit' anything?"

"No, she didn't. She—"

"You dirty liar!" the enraged man shouted, and swung at him viciously with a blackjack. Cranston crumpled up at the first blow, but the man kept on beating his defenseless head in a senseless rage. So died, appropriately, a worthless scion of a waning aristocracy. Mike, muttering wildly, walked into the arms of a policeman.

Up in the mountains, a lonely man with plenty of time and solitude to think, changed his mind slowly about his wife. After all, was it not nearly all his fault? His was the stronger nature, and he had insisted on their climbing, step by step, up the path of luxury. He wrote her a long and penitent letter, asking her to make just one more try for happiness. After it was mailed, he was almost happy again.

But that first flush was short lived. An item in the little country paper he had sent to him announced briefly that the wealthy Mrs. Robert Chier had shot a child. Such was the man's disturbed frame of mind that he immediately jumped to the conclusion that his wife had shot the little girl he had wanted to adopt. It was incredible, but—but—he must find out the truth.

It was a changed Dorothy who received the letter—not changed exactly, but just slipped back into her young, sweet self. Tim had come into her heart to stay, and after those first few terrible days at the hospital, she had brought him home. She was happy with him, but nothing had quite compensated for Robert's absence. Her thoughts turned to him over and over again—to the old Robert, not the harassed business man he was now. Then, to prove that her regeneration was complete, she did a beautiful thing for his sake. Timmie was in on the surprise, and it only awaited the return of Robert. She could not make up her mind whether to wire him or let him come of his own free-will. She was still trying to decide when she got his letter. It was, therefore, doubly welcome.

When he did arrive, she ran to him with outstretched arms, her face alight with reborn love and sweet humility.

But his expression stopped her.

"Wha—what is it? Oh, Bob, what is the matter now?" she cried, stupid with fright and disappointment.

He looked at her sternly, altho his heart was racing like a flywheel, and everything in him cried out for her. No, she could not have done the horrible thing he had thought.

"Dolly," he said brokenly, "Dolly, darling, tell me you didn't do it. Oh, I know you couldn't have done it. Tell me with your own lips you didn't do it."

"Didn't do what, Bob? Oh, how you have frightened me. I don't know at all what you are talking about. I've been a mean and selfish woman, Bob, but I haven't done anything criminal. Tell me what you mean, and let me defend myself."

"I want to hear you say you didn't shoot poor old Jim Macey's little girl. I read in the paper that you—that you—"

Dorothy smiled, a smile that was nearer tears than laughter; but that she could smile at all completely mystified her husband.

"Children," she called suddenly, and two little faces peeped out from behind the portières. "Come here, darlings, and give your daddy two good hugs!"

And Tim came over toward them, pulling gently by the hand a shy little girl—Jim Macey's daughter. This was the beautiful surprise, and when Dorothy saw the light that shone from her husband's face, and felt its glory reach her heart, she knew that happiness for them all had well begun.



The American Beauty Contest

"Mirror, mirror, on the wall,
Am I the fairest of them all?"

We all know the famous fairy story of the Queen who thus addressed her mirror—and now there is a reason and an opportunity why every woman should seek similar counsel from her mirror.

Then—if her mirror is encouraging—she should send us her photo at once.

We are looking for beauty and only beauty. This is NOT a movie contest.

The American Beauty Mirror
Whose Face Will It Reflect?



The Loveliest Woman in America

You may think it's a tall order to find her among so many beautiful women. It is—but the Brewster Publications, read thruout the length and breadth of the land, are determined to find her—and find her they will!

Somewhere, as you read this page, that fortunate young woman may be reading the same page, unconscious of the fame and rewards that await her.

Is it you? Is it the girl next door? Is it that lovely girl you met last summer?

Read the simple rules, and the splendid rewards that await America's loveliest girl!

Is It You?

Here are the names of ten distinguished judges who will award the prizes to the most beautiful girl in America. They are people with international reputations in the artistic and literary world, and have been most carefully selected.

MRS. CLARE SHERIDAN
Beautiful and celebrated English sculptor

MISS NEYSA McMEIN
One of the best-known women artists in America

CARL HOVEY
Editor of the *Metropolitan*

ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON
Department Editor of the *Woman's Home Companion*

IDA CLYDE CLARKE
Associate Editor of *Pictorial Review*

HEYWOOD BROWN
Distinguished Art and Literary Critic of the *New York World*

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD
Who knows more about beauty and beautiful girls than any one in the country

MRS. CORA COPPINGER
Beauty Specialist

HOWARD C. CHRISTY
Best known of all America's artists

CLARENCE H. WHITE
Vice-President of the Pictorial Photographers of America

These Will Be the Rewards of America's Beauty:

1. A trip to New York, properly chaperoned, and a chance to take in the pleasures which only that great city affords: the opera; the theaters; our wonderful library; the famous "East Side"; great museums; the celebrated Greenwich Village; all the luxurious and beautiful shops on the most luxurious and beautiful street in the world, Fifth Avenue; and so on.

2. A well-known American artist will paint her portrait.

3. A representative American sculptor will model her head.

4. These works of art will be exhibited in one of the leading art galleries in New York City and elsewhere.

5. She will have her picture on the cover of *BEAUTY* magazine.

There will be a second prize and a third prize, and possibly more. These will be announced later.

In view of the fact that the American Beauty may be found in New York City, or its immediate vicinity, the prize in her case will be \$1,000, instead of the visit to New York. Just think of that—

One Thousand Dollars! (\$1,000)

This is an unprecedented offer. Do not fail to take advantage of it. Send us your photograph. That is all that is required of you. Think what you may win just because you happened to be born beautiful. Scrupulous care will be taken of every picture received. ALL of them will be examined by the contest judges.

Notice

Photographs that are submitted to us in our Beauty Contest will be turned over to the *Metropolitan Magazine*, from which they will select photographs to be used on the *Metropolitan Cover Contest*.

THE RULES

1. No photographs will be returned.
2. No exceptions will be made to this rule.
3. Winners will be notified.

4. Snapshots, stop pictures, or colored photographs will not be considered. Outside of these, any kind of picture will be accepted; full length or bust, full face or profile, sepia or black. You may submit as many photographs as you wish.
5. Photographers, artists, friends and admirers may enter pictures of their favorites. Credit will be given photographers whenever possible.
6. Do not ask the contest manager to discuss your chances. He has nothing to do with that end of it.
7. Do not write letters. The close of the contest will be announced in

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC SHADOWLAND and Beauty

at least three months in advance. There will be a contest story every month in all four magazines, with all necessary news and information.

8. The most beautiful picture received each month thruout the operation of the contest, will be published in a monthly Honor Roll in all four magazines. These girls will be notified when, and in which magazine their picture will appear. This does not mean that they have necessarily qualified for the final award, nor that those whose pictures are not published have failed. The winner will not be decided upon until the end of the contest.
9. Such a coupon as the one below, properly filled out, must be PASTED on the BACK of every photograph submitted.
10. Be sure to put sufficient postage on your photograph.
11. The contest is open to any girl or woman sixteen years or older, professional or non professional, in America. That means the whole continent!

NOTE—Any infraction of these rules will cause a contestant to be disqualified from the contest.

Address your photograph Contest Manager, Brewster Publications, Inc., Brewster Building, Brooklyn, New York.

THE ENTRANCE COUPON

This is a portrait of:

Name.....

Address.....

Age..... Weight..... Height.....

Color of Eyes..... Hair..... Complexion.....

It is submitted to the American Beauty Contest, subject to the rules thereof, by:

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation (optional).....

Valli of the Shadows

(Continued from page 70)

"did you get the name 'Valli'? Are you any relation of Valli Valli's?"

"No," she answered, with easy candor, "I don't even know of her. I just liked the name, and so I took it. My family objected to me using my own. Just as in the case of a great many girls, my people did not want me to go into pictures; but I persisted until I had won my place with the S. & A. company in Chicago. Chicago is my home, you know, and it was only recently that I went to New York."

I was fascinated by her poise. It was as if the Mona Lisa was speaking.

Virginia Valli has dawned rather suddenly on the picture horizon, despite the fact that she has been on the screen for three years and has been leading woman with George Walsh, Bryant Washburn, Taylor Holmes and, most lately, with Bert Lytell. In fact, it was while she was with the irrepressible Bert in "Junk" at the Metro studios that we met. Her two previous releases with him have been "The Man Who," which was made in New York, and "A Trip to Paradise," for the production of which she was brought to the California studio—along with her new husband.

Yes, boys, Virginia is married. But don't stop reading. Whom do you know in films who isn't married? In Hollywood they say that matrimony only begins to make things interesting, and Virginia and her husband, George Lamson, are the most noted recent additions to California's honeymoon row. They were married only one day before she left for the Coast, and now they have settled down in the tinnest bungalow in Hollywood, half hidden under the shadow of the Hollywood Hotel, where Elmor Glyn spends her home hours while in the West. Elinor has been keeping a weather eye on the domestic happiness of the Lamson household.

A silence fell upon us as we sat in the stage shadows, and I noticed that the hands in her lap were clasped upon a little heap of sewing.

"I love to sew," she half-apologized, shattering our reflective quiet as she picked up the bits of silk. "I make lots and lots of my own clothes, and sometimes my costumes. This is a necktie." She is the sort of girl, I thought, who would look well sewing meditatively in a great chair beside a shaded lamp, thinking woman-thoughts and mother-thoughts.

"My husband loves sports," she offered, speaking with the lingering timidity of a bride, "and so do I. We golf a great deal and ride thru the hills every chance we get." That explained to my satisfaction why these married children are seldom seen at Los Angeles theaters or at any of the Coconut Grove gatherings. I gathered the impression that Virginia perhaps had not cared so much for sports before she was married. Now she "loves" sports and she loves sewing, and I suspect that she loves George.

Of all the pictures in which she has appeared, she likes "A Trip to Paradise" best. "Why?" I asked.

"Because I have the best part in it I have ever had," she answered naively and calmly. "So why shouldn't I? I think we are all selfish about our careers and about ourselves. In this business you have to be, if you ever expect to get ahead. There are too many others behind you on the ladder, snapping at your heels!" This seemed to be a long speech for her, and she hastily took refuge in her sewing, despite the gloom of the shadows about us.

"Selfishness is the thing I dread most in

life," she went on, after a moment, languidly tucking a stray wisp of blue-black hair into place. Everything about her was in place. She typifies perfection in garb, in profile.

"I make my living in pictures, and so I have to abide by the cult of the screen, which is, 'do unto yourself, for no one else is going to do unto you' that is, unless they do you!" Her voice rose a little at this, and we seemed for a minute to be quite animated. Then we lapsed again into silence, while I hoped that she would go on, if I did not break the placidity of her thoughts.

"But I try to keep this self-preservation attitude out of my life away from the studio and at home. I try to forget myself in caring for my husband."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "Is he—er—an invalid, then?"

She looked at me for a moment, puzzled, as if to see whether I was serious. "No, he is anything but that," she replied, evidently satisfied that I was in earnest.

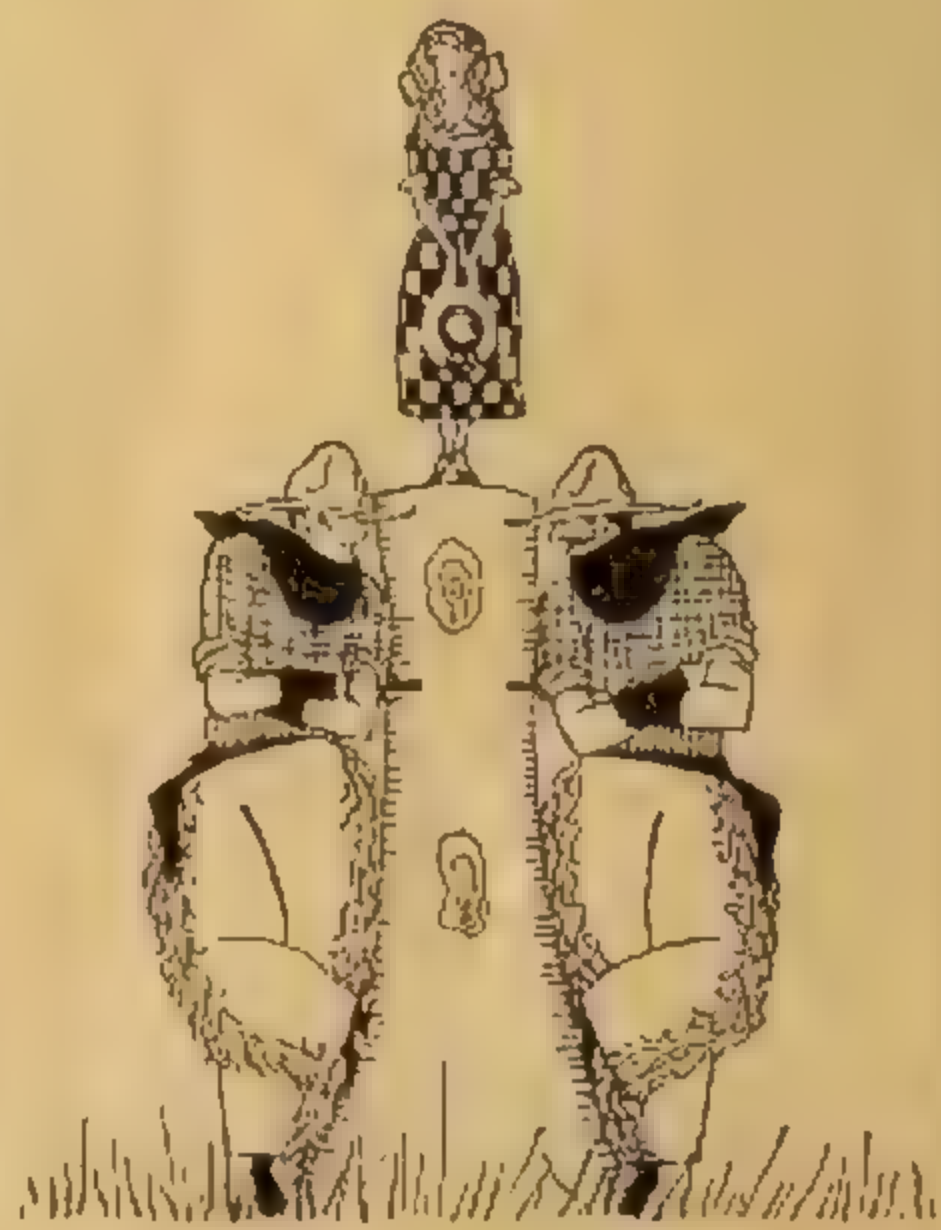
"I think——" Just then there came the clanging of a terrible bell, and the shadows vanished in a flash of light from the Kleigs and the Cooper-Hewlitts. We blinked at each other in the glare. With the vanishing of the shadows, the spell was broken. We rose and stood in the midst of a pile of junk. She shook some clinging threads from her black-and-yellow checked gingham skirt. I found that she is quite tall, quite stately—for one so young.

"That bell means work," she volunteered, with a little rueful half-smile, which you have seen on the screen. "We work by bells now at Metro, since all the studios on the Coast have been bitten by the efficiency bug."

"Won't you tell me what you 'thought'?" I asked, knowing that a woman's sewing thoughts are always worth listening to.

"It is too late now," she said, seriously, as she offered me her hand in parting; "but do come over to the house sometime and call on my two kittens—one of them is awfully unselfish, and I am studying her!"

Yes, Virginia Valli is the sort of girl who would love sewing—and sports—and George—and kittens!



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EDITOR'S NOTE. It is with interest that we reproduce the following editorial which appeared in the "New York Tribune."

"Whether it is Will Hays or some other movie master who is responsible, the motion picture industry has been given a healthy disinfecting. Lately a particularly notorious young woman returned from Europe hoping to capitalize her notoriety, only to discover that she is barred from taking part in film productions.

"Not long ago another motion picture star who has received unpleasant publicity was pained to learn that his 'vindication production' was not to take place. The argument that the public have nothing to do with the morals of popular actors is not based on sound sense. There is an element among playgoers which tolerates misbehavior in celebrities which it would not tolerate in acquaintances. And there is an element among showmen which capitalizes indecency, knowing that people who are 'talked about' will draw.

"It is to be hoped that the producers who use the speaking stage as a vehicle for their business follow the example of the film producers in judging 'talent.'"

AN INTERLUDE

By CHARLOTTE BECKER

Within a little dingy hall I sit,
Burdened and tired, and watch the screen
again
For some relief from loneliness and
pain—
Suddenly I see the scarlet flinches flit
Across a Tuscan garden, exquisite
With daphne, and sweet almonds, and the
frail,
Star-leaved anemone, and lilies pale
In fountain bowls by darting fireflies lit.
A lilting strain of flutes I seem to hear,
Quaint, graceful folk flit thru the dewy
grass—
The curtain falls, the dancers disappear,
And all the beauties of the garden pass—
But I go back to dreary circumstance
Strengthened by wistful fancy and romance.

TO A STAR

By ERROLL HAY COLCOCK

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
What a dainty sprite you are,
As you flit across the screen
In some captivating scene.
How I love you, no one knows;
I adore your every pose;
Scintillating from your sphere,
As I star-gaze at you there.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder if you are
Truly such a fair, young dream,
If you're really what you seem.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
While I worship from afar;
But, thru my new Movieglass,
I will draw you close, my lass!



The other woman may so easily be you

Two MILLION women who have learned to realize
this possibility are safeguarding themselves against it

By RUTH MILLER

The other woman—always a cloud of disapproval has followed her. Her offense may not be great; she may only lack small social graces. But always she is some one you would not want to be.

And yet—the *other woman* may so easily be *you*—especially in one respect!

We are keenly critical when "the other woman" offends with the disagreeable odor and moisture of underarm perspiration. But it is not so easy to recognize ourselves in the rôle of offender.

The underarm perspiration glands are easily stimulated to unusual activity by excitement, heat or nervousness. Clothing and the hollow of the underarm make evaporation difficult.

We may be *innocently* guilty of that very lack of daintiness that we condemn in others. For it seems impossible to detect the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration in ourselves.

Fastidious soap and water cleanliness cannot protect you. The only sure safeguard for your daintiness is the way now adopted by two million women and thousands of men—regular practice of the underarm toilette, through Odorono.

Odorono corrects all forms of perspiration trouble

Odorono was originally a physician's prescription to correct the unpleasant moisture and odor of perspiration. It has been perfected by years of scientific research by the chemists in the Odorono laboratories and other leading chemists. It is a clean, dainty, antiseptic toilet water, easy and pleas-

ant to use and effective in its control of underarm moisture and odor.

Physicians and nurses recommend it as the safe and most effective means of relieving all forms of perspiration annoyance.

Dr. Lewis B. Allyn of the famous Westfield Laboratories, Westfield, Mass., says: "Experimental and practical tests show that Odorono is harmless, economical and effective when employed as directed and will injure neither the skin nor the health."

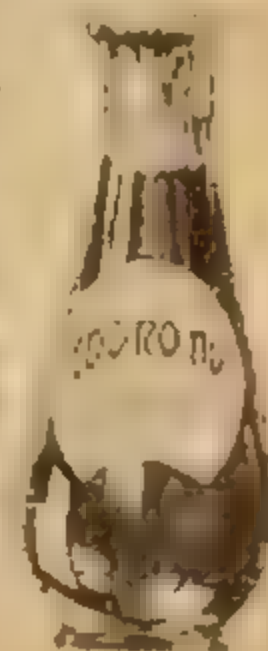
Used regularly twice a week, Odorono keeps your underarms dry and odorless, in any weather. It leaves a delightful feeling of perfect cleanliness and gives assurance that you will never suffer the criticisms you have often made of other women in this respect.

Odorono not only assures your perfect comfort and cleanliness, but it protects your blouses, frocks and lingerie from unsightly stain and unpleasant odor. No other precautions are necessary.

Odorono may be obtained at all toilet counters, 35c, 60c and \$1.00, or sent by mail, postpaid.

Send for booklet and free sample of
"After-Cream"

As a specialist in the toilette of the underarm, I am always glad to advise with those who are troubled with perspiration. If you will write to me, I will send you our new booklet of information on the subject, together with a sample of the Odorono Company's "After-Cream." Address, Ruth Miller, The Odorono Company, 1008 Blair Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio. Canadian address, The Odorono Co., Ltd., 60-62 Front St., West, Toronto, Ont.



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→ **MOLES** ←



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(Continued from page 35)

"I am. I've been doing the repairing for this company for two months. I fixed Marcelha's gown the other day . . ."

After he had gone, Rosalind put her beautiful head down amongst the make-up, and cried great red and purple streaks all over the place . . .

(Continued on page 106)



The New Corliss Palmer Preparations

Springtime Means Beauty and the Renewal of Beauty

*We take this opportune time to introduce the
NEW CORLISS PALMER PREPARATIONS*

The Best in Cosmetics is None Too Good

Infinite pains have been taken by Miss Palmer to perfect these preparations as to ingredients, which are of the best. Miss Palmer personally supervises the making of all her preparations and never allows any article to leave the laboratory without a long trial of it by herself. She is a severe critic on the art of make-up and insists that by clever use of her preparations a person shall not appear "made-up," but bring out the beauty and hide the blemishes.

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We enclose directions written personally by Miss Palmer. You cannot go wrong if her words are heeded.

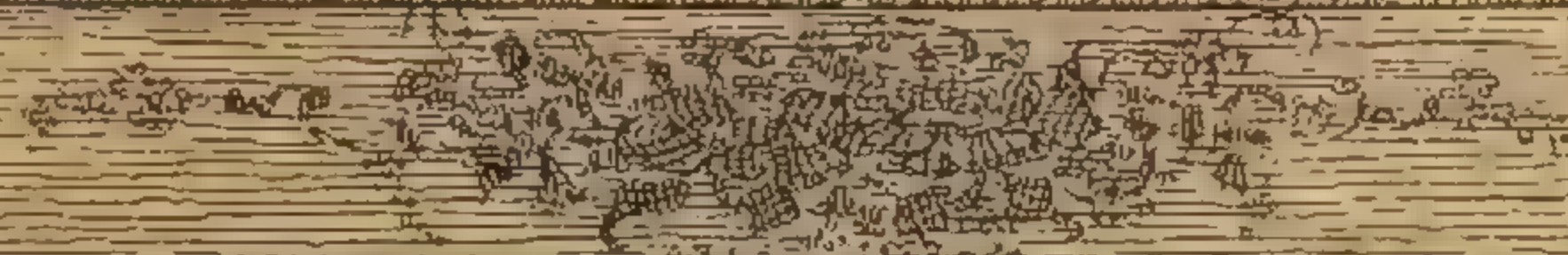
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First National First

HAVE you noticed that when you go to a motion picture theatre that the pictures that interest you most, that the pictures that are the most fascinating entertainment and the finest artistry are First National pictures



Watch for this trademark on the screen

The Real Adventure

(Continued from page 104)

Jack Galbraith took her out to supper and told her that he knew Aldrich would come around eventually, but that it would be a shame, in a sense; because he had two letters for her, which he knew meant large orders, and that she was on the road to making a fortune for herself, not to mention a name.

"If he does 'come around' then," said Rosalind, "it will be all the better. I had rather go back to him as a success than as a failure. It would be sweeter so. I'm human . . ." She laughed, a little shakily . . . Going back, the mere thought of it, was so perilously sweet, too. Was she sacrificing too much for an abstraction? For an ideal?

"Then you *would* go back?" Galbraith's tone was very low.

"Of course," said Rosalind. Her tone was throaty and full.

The day after seeing Rodney, Rosalind returned to New York with the show. Her days on the stage, she knew, were drawing to a close. In a measure, she felt sorry. She had put her foot on the first rung there—such a low rung by which to mount so high! And the contacts had been human and warm. As "Doris Dane" she had had to make good on "her own"; she hadn't been her mother's daughter, nor her sister's sister, nor her husband's wife. She had had no background—nothing but her clever hands, her quick brain, her own slender, steel-like determination. And she had won!

Upon her return, she found a contract awaiting her at a salary commensurate, at least, with the money Rodney had been giving her—more, if anything. The theatrical magnate who approached her on the matter was professionally unenthusiastic, but Rosalind saw his anxiety to have her. And other contracts would follow—of that she was certain. Galbraith had told her that if the great Marcale ever "came across," the lesser ones would inevitably follow. She could have her own establishment—her own business. She could create and direct the creativeness of others. In brain and fingertip and every least ability Rosalind felt the surge of power. After all, she hadn't been wrong—back there in Chicago—when she had burst the frail bondage of a doll's house. She did have powers and abilities; it would have been wrong for her to have frittered them away in pandering to pretty passions, to dilettanteism. If Rodney could only know! If some day it would come to him that it would have been a dearer, greater thing to have had a comrade than a toy. Rodney—curious, the way his face came between her and the contract—dimming its attractiveness a bit—taking some of the warmth from the acknowledgment of her import.

The evening before she was to sign the contract Rodney came to New York. And the instant that he entered the room of her boarding-house, Rosalind knew that a change had taken place—that *the* change had taken place—she didn't know how, nor why—she didn't have time to think, even if her galloping heart, her leaping pulses would have permitted her to.

Rodney was holding her hand in a firm grip. He wasn't patting it with the former, "there, there, little girl," attitude. No, he was gripping it warmly, intensely—in a way he might grasp the hand of a well-beloved *confidante* . . . "I just want to congratulate you," he said.

Rosalind felt a pang of fear, feminine, unreasonable . . . "Congratulate her"? Was that all?

MAKE MONEY AT HOME

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"This is very kind of you," she said.
"It is hard," Rodney was saying. "hard, sometimes, for a man to realize that the woman he loves isn't just—isn't just a baby—to be taken care of . . . I'm sorry."
"It's all right," Rosalind was the secure one now. "It's quite all right. It—it was hard for me, too—to have to prove it. But I did have to, you see."
Rodney nodded. "I see now," he said. "Men always have to have things shown them, I guess—have to have the moon in their hands before they will acknowledge that it is not a pretty, silver ball I read about Doris Dane and her costume designing, and all the things they've said about you. Of course, I knew that you were Doris Dane. It's a big thing."
Rosalind went to her dresser, opened the drawer, drew out the contract, to be signed on the morrow—for five years—five busy, profitable, acclaimed years—here in New York . . . she touched it, gingerly . . .
"I like to create the greatest thing of which I am capable," Rosalind went on, a little dreamily, looking, it seemed to Rodney, over his head—remotely beyond him. . . . He wondered why it had needed a newspaper account of a woman's business success to make the little girl, Rosalind, the little viking who had laughed at him thru the storm, into this poised and somehow superior woman, with achievement glowing from her eyes . . . he wasn't generally so had a reader of character . . .
"Homes," Rosalind was saying, "are, after all, the greatest things a woman can create. But they must be homes. There must be solid walls . . . and there must be children . . . Rodney!"
"You—you mean . . . my Dear! But this . . ." He touched the contract, still in her hands . . . the hands stole back of his neck—thrilling finger-tips caressed him—and he heard the tearing of papers as he kist her—felt them touching his shoulders and arms as they scattered to the floor . . .

Blue Monte

(Continued from page 75)

said, "before one can be a real artist. That, of course, has been the trouble and the deficiency of the screen up to the present time. Inflated values—all that sort of thing."

"But," I said, "you believe that 'all that sort of thing' is changing?"

"I do. The screen is narrowing down. It is narrowing down to the thinker. A pretty face just as a pretty face has had its day. Youth will always be a triumphant factor, but even youth has got to think to be substantially successful now. The surplusage is being gradually and justifiably eliminated, and the residue has got to have a genuine gift to give. An emotion; a thought; a something more than skin-deep.

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At the time of our talk, Mr. Blue was finishing a picture with Sigrid Holmquist, to be called "My Old Kentucky Home."

After dinner, Mr. Blue went home to "write letters," and I went, still true to the scheme of things, to "The Blue Kitten"—not that kittens have anything to do, nor anything in common, with Monte, who has, if anyone has, the quality fondly called "primitive" by our best lady novelists—also our best lady interviewers!



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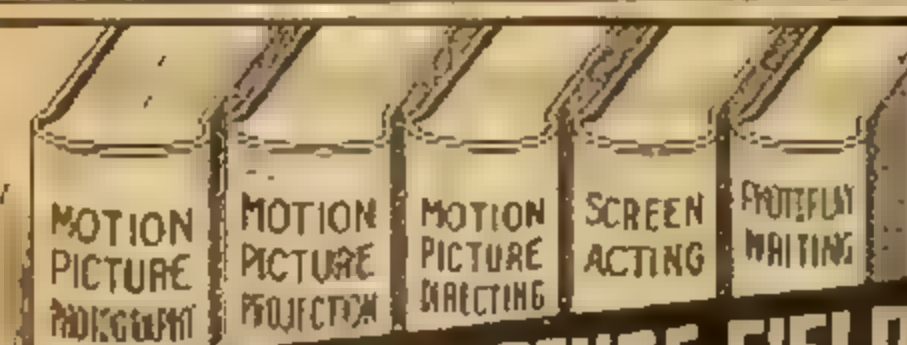
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Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 80)

olling calling for his services in feature pictures. Forever is a long word, however, and we hope one day, when George is well rested up, to see him in more of those hectic adventures which keep us in suspense from one week until the next.

There are others besides von Stroheim who consider Vienna a fine place in and about which to make pictures. "Sylvia of the Tyrol" and "On the Blue Danube," are two foreign pictures made by Mondial Productions, the largest producers south of Germany, which are shortly to be released in this country, and in these the wonderful scenic and architectural beauty of Austria's capital will be seen to great advantage.

Bobby Vernon and Vera Steadman are making a Scotch comedy and a prize-fighting comedy under the direction of William Beaudine as the first of the comedies to be made for the new Educational-Christie organization.

Pauline Frederic's latest R-C production "The Glory of Clementina Wing," adapted from W. J. Lock's famous novel, might almost have been written for this star, so exactly is she suited to this part. Emile Chautard, the noted French director, was responsible for this production.

One by one, the famous authors succumb to the lure of the movies. The latest is Somerset Maugham, whose first picture written directly for the screen was a picturesque vehicle for Agnes Ayres entitled "The Ordeal," recently seen on Broadway. Remote and aloof, there stands Bernard Shaw who alone has consistently refused the honeyed words and certified checks of producers. He is deaf even to the argument that the screen will assure his plays immortality. In a recent interview he stated that they were already immortal. And there you are.

We doubt very much whether any producer in this or any country can line up so imposing an array of directors as Goldwyn have under contract for their current year. Marshall Neilan, R. A. Walsh, E. Mason Hopper, Maurice Tourneur, Allen Holubar and Rupert Hughes—these are names with which to conjure, and we look to Goldwyn to deliver the goods.

Cullen Landis, Madge Bellamy and Noah Beery, in order to get the correct atmosphere for a story of circus life which Thos. H. Ince is producing, are traveling in the neighborhood of San Francisco with Howe's Great London Circus, and will work under the "big top" thruout the San Francisco Bay district in order to make their circus and mob scenes. John Griffith Wray is directing, and the title of the feature is "Someone To Love."

Once find a good title and you get an epidemic of similar ones. Not only have we "The Sheik" and all his relations, but now comes "The Valley of Silent Men" following the city likewise afflicted in which Tom Meighan starred not long ago.

T. Roy Barnes and George Fawcett will support Theodore Roberts, who is heading an all star cast in Paramount's

(Continued on page 118)

Why Are Diaries Always Fascinating?

PERHAPS it is because people are apt to write in diaries their honest opinions — opinions which they would never voice to the world, for one reason or another. Diaries sometimes serve as confessionals.

But be that as it may, the diary excerpts apparently reproduced from the diaries of the various members of a motion picture company, which appear in the September Motion Picture Magazine are fascinating.

Milton Howe has written an article which ripples with humor as it passes on pages from the diaries of the director, the cameraman, the extras and the star—all describing the same day on location.

There are sketchy illustrations of the various members of the company from whose diaries pages are reproduced. And they are typical in every instance.

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 84)

ELAINE.—Yes, I wear sweaters, but it's a sure thing that I don't wear slip-ons. Don't mind me, just a kind of mental dullness. But nearly one-third of the population of the world are Christians. Didn't you think there were that many. Irene Castle is playing in "Don't Weaken."

MAXINE H.—Yes, he is an Italian. I think I would.

N. V. M.—You think that women are falling from the pedestals on which men have placed them. What woman wants to be on a pedestal when she can be in politics. Alaska became a part of the United States when it was purchased from Russia in 1867. You say "It's a stiff neck that has no turning when the short skirt passes by." Now it's my turn.

YVONNE N.—I'm here *faire mon devoir*. Yes, Richard Barthelmess is married to Mary Hay. I don't know who it was who said, "If immortality means merely continuing to live, anyone can have my share who wants it." Sounds like our friend up above. Constance Talmadge is going to the Orient to take some scenes for "East Is West." Mary Pickford has been trying to purchase "Six Cylinder Love" for her brother Jack, but she hasn't been successful thus far.

CLARABELL.—So you think I look effeminate, and you seem to doubt my gender. Well, I'm here from 8:30 to 5:00 every day—come and take a look. Mabel Ballin and Percy Marmont in "Married People." You say you want to see more of Wyndham Standing and Winter Hall. You say Constance Talmadge fills the place in your life that fairies did when you were a little child. What a sweet thought. You say that Norma is wonderful too, but she is more like moonlight and Constance is just dancing sunshine. I'm sure they would both like to hear from you.

MAC—You call it bold writing to me—I call it a living. That was Conrad Nagel. A trick of course. Betty Compson is playing with Bert Lytell in "To Have and to Hold." Mary Miles Minter in "The Cowboy and the Lady." You're right. Elaine Hammerstein in "Under Oath."

KAY.—I'm afraid you're a little too tall. Better give up the idea. Yes, Oscar Wilde did say, "it is a burning shame that there should be one law for men and another law for women. There should be no law for anybody." Oh what a world this would be!

NELLIE H.—Here is all I know about the little lady—Lillian Hall—Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1897, and is married. Educated in high school and business college there, and appeared in stock in Philadelphia. She is five feet tall, weighs one hundred pounds, and has blonde hair and blue eyes.

RUBY.—What do I think about marriage—let me whisper it to you. Life is not a speculation. It is a sacrament. Its ideal is love. Its purification is sacrifice. Shirley Mason and Alan Forrest in "Lights of the Desert."

ETHFLEE.—Leatrice Joy played in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," "Simili" all the Way," and "Saturday Night." She is married to Jack Gilbert. Lila Lee is playing opposite Wallace Reid in "The Ghost Breaker." Kenneth Harland and Marie Prevost in "They're Off," for Universal.

FANNIE-FOR-RUBY.—No, I never had a

(Continued on page 115)

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On the Camera Coast

(Continued from page 74)



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Galsworthy's play, "Justice," in which John Barrymore played on the stage several seasons back; Eugene Walters' "The Easiest Way," and "Rupert of Hentzau."

Jack Pickford is not the only star who selected a racing story with big scenes, to be filmed on the famous tracks of Lexington, Kentucky. Universal has sent a big company, under King Baggott as director, to Kentucky to film the old melodrama, "The Suburban Handicap." Reginald Denny plays the lead, with Lillian Rich, Lionel Belmore, Gertrude Astor and others in the cast. Kingsley Benedict plays the stable-boy, which he created in the original stage play, twenty years ago. He was then fourteen years old. An old program of McVicker's Theater shows the names of William S. Hart, J. H. Gilmore and Henry Woodruff in the cast.

Bert Lytell's successful work in "To Have and to Hold" has apparently determined his fate with Famous Players-Lasky for some time to come. He plays the lead in Willard Mack's drama, "Kick In," which George Fitzmaurice has just finished directing.

J. Stuart Blackton's experiment with a picture, all in color, featuring the English beauty, Lady Diana Manners, has tempted others. Fox Films has decided to follow in the Commodore's footsteps by putting on an all-color version of *Salome*, with an all-star cast.

Priscilla Dean has finished "Under Two Flags," which is one of the most elaborate productions in which she has ever appeared. Her next picture will be "Trimmed in Scarlet," from the story by William Hurlburt.

Eric von Stroheim's inherent love for accuracy has again sent forth assistant directors and prop men in tears and agony. This time they are searching for a certain carriage which belonged to former Emperor Franz Josef, and which only recently was purchased by an art collector in New York. Von Stroheim yearns to use the respectable but mysterious vehicle in a Viennese story laid in the time when the Hohenzollerns and the Hapsburgs were blooming in full glory. Nobody, at this writing, seems to have found the scent; so it is a case of "Buggy, buggy; who's got the buggy?"

Carmel Myers, starring in special productions for Walter Hast, former London stage producer, has met a bitter sorrow in the death of her father, Rabbi Myers, who was killed by a street accident, in which he was struck by a taxi.

Constance Talmadge has given up her contemplated trip to the Orient; it having been decided to film the "love boat" episodes of "East Is West" here in California instead of Japan, as she originally intended. "Connie" will be adorable in the part of the little sing-song girl, Ming Toy, played by Fay Bainter on the stage. Edward Burns plays the rôle of the American, Mr. Louie Benson. His last appearance was with George Arliss in "The Ruling Passion."

Miss Talmadge has been filling in her time by getting a divorce from her Greek husband, John J. Pinioglou, the New York cigar importer, whom she charges with cruel and inhuman treatment.

The divorce bug also bit Gouverneur Morris, one of the most successful novelists writing for the screen. He has filed suit against his wife, Elsie Morris, for divorce, on the ground of desertion. They were married in 1905, and have two children.

Sessue Hayakawa, the Japanese cinema star, has sued Robertson-Cole Pictures Corporation for ninety-two thousand dollars, charging breach of contract. Hayakawa claims his contract with R-C called for the making of six pictures, for which he was to receive \$20,000 each. Only two features, "The First Born" and "Black Roses," were completed, so he asserts, when he was discharged.

"Joe," the horse ridden by Tom Mix in nearly all of his Western thrillers, figures in a heavy lawsuit, brought by George Walsh, who claims the horse is his, and he wants it. It appears that Walsh, at Mix's request, left the horse with Mix when he went to New York to film a picture. When he came back, Mix refused to give the nag up. Hence a twenty thousand dollar lawsuit.

Following "The Age of Chivalry," which will be Douglas Fairbanks' greatest picture, Doug will spend the winter with a film version of "Monsieur Beaucaire," from the pen of Booth Tarkington.

Rodolph Valentino is soon to begin shooting on his new picture, "The Young Rajah," adapted for the screen by June Mathis from D. A. Mitchell's novel, "Amos Judd." With a thread of Yogi philosophy running thru the story, Valentino will undoubtedly find a most attractive rôle.

Preliminaries have started on "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew," which is to be Gloria Swanson's biggest and most ambitious picture.

Dorothy Dalton is going to be seen in another Alaska dance-hall picture, "The Siren Call." David Powell and Mitchell Lewis play the masculine leads.

All rumors to the contrary notwithstanding, Mary Miles Minter will remain with the Lasky organization indefinitely. Upon her return from Honolulu, she started production on "The Cowboy and the Lady."

That good old melodramatic tear-invoker, "The Old Homestead," will feature Theodore Roberts as Uncle Josh Whitcomb. Fritz Ridgeway plays the part of Ricketty Ann, with T. Roy Barnes in the rôle of Happy Jack.

Rupert Hughes is going to make a picture of his motion picture novel, "Souls for Sale." His picture, "The Bitterness of Sweet," will probably be shown without sub-titles. For once, Colleen Moore will probably be absent from the cast of the next Rupert Hughes picture; she is playing the lead in "Broken Chains," the ten thousand dollar prize story which won honors for Winifred Kimball, of Apalachicola, Fla., out of a field of thirty-seven thousand manuscripts submitted in a Chicago newspaper competition.

That Goldwyn has changed the title of Elinor Glyn's play from "Six Days" to "Five Days" is no reflection upon Elinor's calendar; the trouble was a conflict with a religious film recently released under the title, "After Six Days."

Whenever a new star appears, it seems the proper thing to look up the roster of the "Follies." Metro's new star is Billy Dove, late of the pulchritudinous girl show.

Bing: Gee, what's wrong with your face?

Bang: I was getting shaved in that barber shop scene by a nervous barber when the director yelled, "Cut!"

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Griffith, D. W. Films, 1476 Broadway.
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Hampton, Hope, Productions, 1542 B'way.
Hodkinson, W. W., Film Corp., 527 Fifth
Ave.

International Studios, 2278 Second Ave.
Ivan Film Prod., 126 West 46th St.

Jans, Herman, 729 Seventh Ave.
Jester Comedy Co., 220 West 42nd St.

Kane, Arthur S., Prod., 25 West 43d St.
Keeney, Frank A., 1493 Broadway.
Kleine, George, 729 Seventh Ave.

Mayflower Prod., 1465 Broadway.
Metro Pictures, Loew Bldg., Broadway and
45th St.
Moss, B. S., 1564 Broadway.

Outing, Chester Pictures, 120 West 41st St.
Pathe Exchange, 35 West 45th St.
Physical Culture Photoplays, Inc., 113 West
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Seitz, Geo. B., 1990 Park Ave
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Studio, W. Fort Lee, N. J.
Stewart, Anita, Prod., Inc., 6 West 48th St.
Sunshine Films, Inc., 140 West 44th St.

Talmadge Film Co., 318 East 48th St.
Topics of the Day Film Co., 1562 B'way.
Triangle Distributing Corp., 1459 B'way.

United Artists, 729 Seventh Ave.
Universal Film Co., 1600 Broadway.

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15th St. and Locust Ave., Brooklyn.

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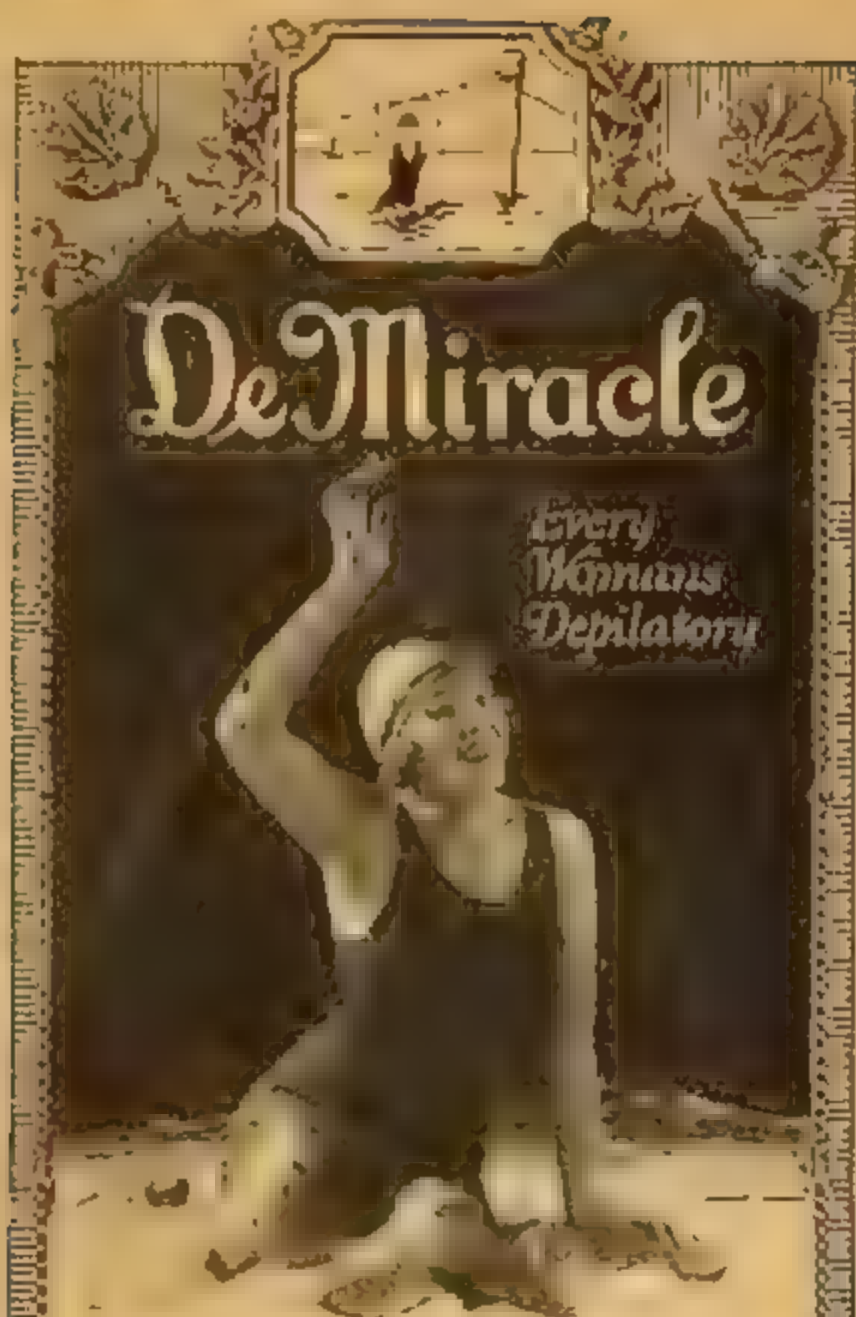
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AN EVIL INFLUENCE

By GWENDOLEN CUMNOR

I used to scoff at censors, but the other night I saw
That they are not so culpable for laying down the law.
A certain passionate picture shone upon the silversheet,
And shadowed many close-ups of fond love's caresses sweet
I found myself excited, as I watched this ecstasy:
But oh! you should have seen the poor young man in front of me!

For there he sat and stared and stared, with eyes nigh popping out,
And every time the two stars kissed he'd wheel himself about
And throw his arms around his own especial lady fair,
And, with a cry of rapture, he would kiss her then and there!
The people gaped and gasped, and saw the film's corruption clear,
As this three-year-old young gentleman embraced his "Muvver, dear!"

FADE-OUT

By GWENDOLEN CUMNOR

I want a thrilling kiss like that divine
One in the fade-out in the final reel!
That little girl must think the world is fine
When that young giant murmurs,
"Now! Don't squeal!"

When she can stare, while I shy glances steal,
And in his wavy hair her fingers twine.

I want a thrilling kiss like that divine
One in the fade out in the final reel!

I know it's wrong for me to pout and pine
And wish my own dear Tommy's lips would seal

His fervent love as recklessly on mine.
But oh! when censors sleep and planets keel!

I want a thrilling kiss like that divine
One in the fade-out in the final reel!

WHAT HOUR, MY LORDS?

By J. R. MCCARTHY

I've reached my movie seat when Joe
Was being saved from certain sinning,
But never have I reached a show
Exactly when it was beginning.

I've entered when the heroine
With gaudy gowns was being tempted;
I've entered when with rolling pin
A husband murder was attempted.

I've reached my seat and viewed the screen
When love was crowned with final kissing;

I've entered earlier and seen
A dead man, with the pistol missing.

We look unto the movie men,
As pupils look unto their teacher,
To tell us just exactly when
They're going to start the evening feature!

IN THIS CASE, THE LESS, THE BETTER

By FRANK V. FAULHAER

INTERVIEWER: I s'pose you "extras" require large wardrobes, don't you?

"EXTRA": Well—not always. A wood-nymp, for instance, only needs a square yard of flimsy gauze.



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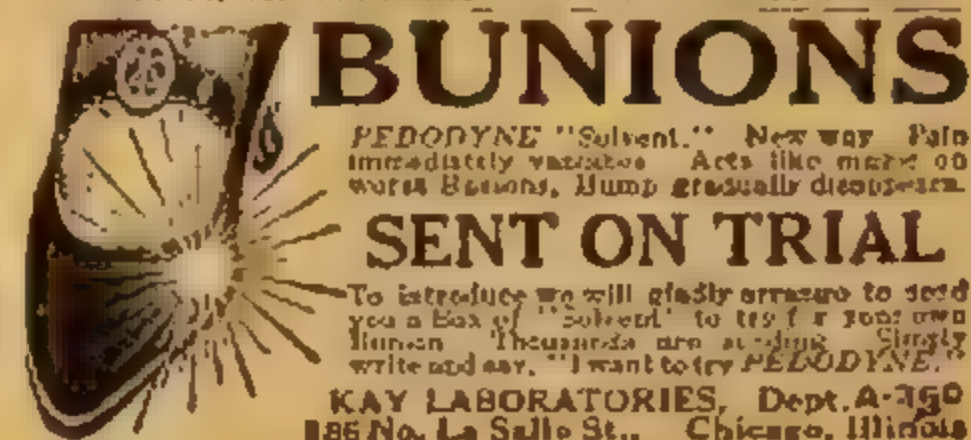
If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair, do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

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Across the Silversheet

(Continued from page 68)

explain her by saying that she enjoyed a vicarious pleasure from self-pity. To us she seemed a doll of sawdust, unworthy of the effort eventually expended in her behalf. We doubt if real people, people worthy of any consideration, act in such a manner.

Agnes Ayres is starred in this impossible rôle. However, she does not invest her portrayal with any excuse for being. Perhaps no one could.

Conrad Nagel does his best in the rôle of the surgeon.

Certainly this does not savor of W. Somerset Maugham. What has happened is beyond our comprehension. But it has taught us a lesson. We will stay away from the screen productions of our favorite authors in the future, unless we make reassuring investigations beforehand.

Summer months are not propitious for the release of productions which are considered anything of an event. Perhaps that is why "Grandma's Boy," the first five-reel Harold Lloyd comedy, will not be released generally until the early fall. It is true that it has been shown in a few large cities, but these were only preview performances.

In the past the comedies of Harold Lloyd have won their reputation because they have kept the audience at a high tension thruout. There have always been thrills and laughs following fast upon one another. There have been no interims in the action. Naturally, such a state of affairs could not exist in "Grandma's Boy," which runs a little over an hour. It would be practically impossible to keep any audience on edge for that length of time. Emotions are ever transitory.

Therefore, "Grandma's Boy" is not so amusing as the Lloydian comedies which have gone before. There are episodes as funny and even funnier than any which have been screened before—there are laughs galore and thrills aplenty. But there are interims—interims which have previously been conspicuous by their absence.

The theme deals with a youth, Harold by name, who is a frightful coward. He is terrorized a good part of the time and mortified because of his fear the rest of the time. His grandmother realizes his despair and tells him a story of his grandfather who overcame a similar cowardice during the days of the Civil War. Harold takes the charm which his grandmother explains cured his grandfather of his fear and goes forth to conquer the multiple things which terrorized him in the past. Thanks to the charm—or fortuitous circumstances—he inevitably becomes the hero of the town—

Above everything else in the picture we remember the episode in which Harold mistakes a camphor ball for a candy—

Often Harold Lloyd's comedies have been compensation for the mediocre feature production on the same program. For this reason, if not because we think they adapt themselves better as short subjects, we hope that Mr. Lloyd will not continue making long subjects.

At the present time there is a mode for the simple, homely story of the Hebrew and his family. They are quite as popular in fiction as upon the screen. And Fannie Hurst who specializes in this sort of thing is responsible for "The Good Provider."

It is a story of a conservative Hebrew family who have finally attained a semblance of success in a country town. When the children grow up, there is a conflict between the two generations. They wish to move to the city, resenting the suburban home and the little store. And the mother, understanding the ambitions of her children, persuades the aging father to humor their desire.

Thruout there is humor intermingled with the pathos. Vera Gordon is featured in the rôle of the mother, and while it is true that she invests her rôle with feeling and understanding, it is Dore Davidson as the father who finds his way to your greatest interest and sympathy.

Without attempting great things, "The Good Provider," manages to be an interesting picture—one that is something of a relief after the hectic and superficial affairs in which so many producers specialize. At least you did not find it difficult to believe that somewhere such people live, and living laugh and cry.

"Trouble," on the other hand, finds its chief claim to prominence lying in its star rather than its story. Recently Jackie Coogan has been cast as something of a junior Horatio Alger hero. Always he has been the poor, poor youth who has won happiness or wealth thru his complete conformity with all of the rules governing perfect children. And "Trouble" is similar to those which have gone before.

Nevertheless, this does not daunt Master Coogan. He takes what story is given him and calmly invests it with a rare charm. He endows the simplest incidents with a poignancy and intersperses heart-beats generously.

Perhaps there is no finer actor on the screen today than Jackie Coogan. We say this too, not in a burst of enthusiasm, but after long consideration. In his face may be found all the commiseration and all the understanding of the ages. And, so there may be no monotony, laughter mingles with the tears—. "Trouble" is worth while if only because of the court-room scene, when Jackie takes the stand and tells the Judge and the Jury of the impossible man who made the days of his adopted mother and himself miserable affairs.

We cannot help deploring the fact that someday Jackie must, of necessity, grow up. We cannot help wondering if adolescence will rob him of the rare qualities with which he is now possessed. This ordinarily happens. Yet these qualities—particularly the understanding—seem so integral a part of Jackie Coogan that it would not surprise us if he took them along with him thru the years.

Last we mention Constance Talmadge in "The Perfect Lover." It tells of a girl craving the romantic above all else. In spots it is amusing satire, and in others it is far-fetched comedy. Miss Talmadge as the girl who learns that some things read better than they seem in reality is the same delightful comedienne we have always found her to be. And Harrison Ford invests with a definite charm the rôle of the divorced husband who is forced to prove to his ex-wife the fallacy of many of her beliefs by the means of a well-staged game.

It seems to us that "The Perfect Lover" is two or three shades better than the recent Constance Talmadge productions. Nevertheless, we are waiting anxiously for her forthcoming "East is West."



Latest photograph of Earle E. Liederman
Taken Feb., 1922

A wild man once lived in the forest.

He had no fear of man or beast. He could outstep a wild animal with which he fought his enemies of the jungle. He fought and a fierce life in the open gave him the strength of the beasts themselves. He was a superman in health and strength. You wish to be a wild man?

The Modern Man

There are men in our midst today enjoying the same abundance of health and strength. They are not of the wild man type, however. They are men of intellect who have become leaders of industry. They realize that health is essential, but of little value if placed in a weak body with sluggish blood circulation or troubled with various disorders of the vital organs.

The Miracle Man

This wild man took years of active out-door life to attain his strength. How then can a business-man acquire this same strength when his days are spent in an office?

One year ago a famous physician traveled from Toronto, Canada, to see Earle E. Liederman. This physician was most popular throughout Canada. People came miles to hear him. He was wealthy but he was unkempt. He was a physical wreck. He needed nine hours a day in bed and no time for exercise. He asked Mr. Liederman to help him. Mr. Liederman asked him to give twenty minutes time each day for three months in his own home. The physician went back with Mr. Liederman's fitness apparatus and one week later the first issue of "Photogenic Muscular Development" had found him. Today he is the champion weight lifter in his country and his strength capacity has almost doubled.

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Do you arise in the morning full of ambition for the day before you? Do you feel the thrill of life pulsing through your veins? Can you finish a hard day's work still feeling full of pep and vitality? Do you have the deep, full chest and the broad, arms of an athlete? If not, you are not the man you were meant to be.

How would you like to increase your arm one full inch in just 75 days, and your waist two full inches in the same length of time? But that's only the foundation. From then on you build up an armour plate of muscle both inside and out that will fire you with ambition, giving the spring to your steps and flash to your eye that only an athlete can know. This is what I promise to do for you. Come on then and make me prove it.

Send for my book

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It is chock full of photographs of muscles and my numerous pupils. Also contains a treatise on the human body and what can be done with it. This book is bound to interest you and thrill you. It will be an impetus and a revelation to every red blooded man. All I ask you to cover is the price of wrapping and postage. No cents. Remember this does not obligate you in any way. Don't delay one minute. This may be the turning point in your life. So tear off the coupon and mail at once while it is in your hand.

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Extracts from Motion Picture Magazine, April, 1921

I have tried about every powder on the market and have done considerable experimenting on myself and on others. There is no denying that there are several very fine powders on the market, but I felt that none just suited me, and so I determined to make one that did. You see, in the first place, I had some very peculiar ideas about the complexion and was very hard to please. I am very particular about this and staying qualities and I want a powder that does not look like powder, that will not blow off in the first gust of wind, that is not too heavy nor too light, that will not injure the complexion, and that will not change color when it becomes moist from perspiration or from the natural oil that comes thru the pores of the skin. I also like a pleasant aroma to my powder, and one that lingers. After experimenting with powdered starch, French chalk, manganese carbonate, powdered silica, rice powder, precipitated chalk, zinc oxide, and other chemicals, and after consulting authorities as to the effects of each of these on the skin, I finally settled on a formula that has been tried out under all conditions and that suits me to a nicety. And, most important of all, perhaps, this powder when finally perfected had the remarkable quality of being equally good for the artist, for evening dress and for motion picture make-up. I use the same powder before the camera for exteriors and interiors, and for daily use in real life. So do many of my friends, and they all tell me that they will use no other so long as they can get mine. As to the tint, it is a mixture of many colors. I learned from an artist years ago that there are no solid flat colors in nature. Look carefully at anything you choose and you will see every color of the rainbow in it. Take a square inch of sky, for instance, and examine it closely and you will find every color there. Just so with the face. Any portrait painter will tell you that he uses nearly every color when painting flesh. Nothing is white—not even snow, because it reflects every color that is around it. White face powder is absurd. White is not a color. The general tone of my powder is something like that of a ripe peach, and I therefore call it "Corliss Palmer Peach Bloom Powder."

I AM THE MOVING PICTURE OPERATOR

By A. J. McCOSKER

I AM the Moving Picture Operator. You vast army of picture lovers to whose enjoyment my life and work is dedicated seldom have occasion to note my existence. I am the Exhibitor's ally in the oppressive booth, high up near the rafters. Hour on hour my solitude is unbroken save for the clicking of my projection machine. Into my hands come endless miles of film, representing millions of money, long days and nights of hoping, planning and striving. The Authors' dreams, the Financiers' rewards, the Directors' artistry, the Actors' ambitions, the Exhibitors' prestige—all these are in my keeping; to make secure by proper presentation on the screen and reflected there to beguile, amuse, excite or sadden you. I am the contact with the multitude and the custodian of your safety. I am the Moving Picture Operator.

A SCREEN ROMANCE

By J. R. MCCARTHY

I met a lady on the screen,
Sedate and youthful, mild, serene,
Yet when I smiled into her face
The lady made a slight grimace.

My honesty and worth to prove,
I told the lady of my love;
Yet when I told her this, I fear me
The lovely lady did not hear me.

And tho I did my best to woo her
And sent my finest glances to her,
She did not heed my fervent call—
She never glanced at me at all!

She had a shadow lover there,
A brainless sport with parted hair—
That smirking beggar lived in clover:
They married e'er the show was over!

HEAVY STUFF

By E. C. DAVIS

The villainess in movie shows
Is always making life a mess.
Reel one: A storm at night; in blows
The villainess.

After one tiger-like caress,
The simple hero simply glows.
He wonders when she will say "yes."

He clutches, thru five reels, a rose
She tossed him. But at last, redress!
The ingénue! Rescue! Out goes
The villainess.

SATURDAY PAY DAY

By MARJORIE CHARLES DRISCOLL

Half a league, half a league, half a league
onward,
Under the Klieg lights' glare,
Rode the six hundred.
Not for the glory they
Rode, nor the victor's bay.
But for five bucks a day—
Extras—six hundred.

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 109)

desire for wealth. Unjustly got wealth is like snow sprinkled with hot water, and I never could get it justly by answering questions. He is twenty-seven. Marie Wakamp is married to Harland Tucker.

SOPHIES.—Say, what do you think I am—I don't read character from handwriting. It's all I can do to keep track of these movie stars. No, Elsie Ferguson hasn't bobbed hair. How do you pronounce "De Mille?" De Mill. How do you pronounce fish?

REBA H.—When one sees how much a man has, they envy him; could they see how little he enjoys they would pity him. John Sainpolis was Jean and Claire Adams was Sonimo in "The Great Lover." Yes, it is true.

OLD IRON SIDES.—*Cela est bon.* Betty Compson is with Famous Players, 1520 Vine Street, Los Angeles, Cal. Milton Sills and Casson Ferguson in "Borderland," with Agnes Ayres. Gloria Swanson will do "The Impossible Mrs. Bellew" when she returns from Europe.

WALLY AND BEB'S FAN.—Space forbids, my child. Bebe Daniels is five feet five inches high. Arabic figures were invented by the Indians—we owe a lot to them. Zazu Pitts and Tom Gallery are the proud possessors of a baby girl. Much good luck to you.

CURIOUS AL.—A person between eighty and ninety years of age is said to be an octogenarian. That's me. Why don't you write direct to Famous Players? Buster Keaton, in "My Wife's Relations." He has some pretty famous ones.

MARGARET S.—So this is your debut, is it? I hope you will call again. It is very vulgar to talk like a dentist, when one isn't a dentist. It produces a false impression. Drill on, Margaret. Corinne Griffith, in "Island Wives." Yes, Betty Blythe played in "The Rose of Sicily," and some of the scenes were taken in New Orleans. No, Carol Dempster is not playing now.

PEARL B.—You say I am a very-much-talked-about person in your town. Well, there is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about. Yes, Jane Novak, in "The Snow Shoe Trail." Katherine MacDonald, in "The Woman Conquers." Otis Skinner, in "Mr. Antonio." I don't know when Rodolph Valentino became a U. S. citizen—if he ever did—but I'll try to find out.

BILL HART'S DOUBLE.—Address William Hart, Hart Productions, Bates Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

BETTY.—My, that's a pretty old film (one of the advantages of having an octogenarian as our Answer Man). Blanche Bates was Joan, Eugene Strong was Jim, and Hobart Bosworth was Kells, in "Border Legion." Norma Phillips was the original Mutual Girl.

PATSY.—I have no mortgage on my hall-room furniture. "Mortgage" is from the French, and means literally a "dead pledge." When I have shuffled off the coil, perhaps they will put one on to pay funeral expenses. Robert Bridges is the poet-laureate of England. Charles Meredith, opposite Vidor, in "Woman, Wake Up." Don't encourage them, they are doing nicely.

HELLO, SIR.—How do you do? That's very interesting. They say that the tongue of a woman is her sword, which she seldom lets rust. A friend of mine has one who even talks in her sleep. When your wife drinks, "licker." Only, next time you write, please don't use red ink. It makes

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The motion picture industry *must* have new scenarios. It *must* have them if it is to continue to hold its vast audiences. It *must* have them if its great studios and investments are not to become worthless. It is willing to pay fortunes for these stories; it is ready to crown the successful scenario writers with fame and maintain them in luxury. Who are these people who can tell a story? Where are they?

To find an answer to these vital questions the industry has commissioned the Palmer Photoplay Corporation to conduct one of the most exciting searches ever undertaken.

We use the words "exciting search" advisedly. Can you imagine anything more exciting than to find the talent that won the \$10,000 prize in a nation-wide scenario contest? To discover in a Montana housewife the power to tell a story and to hand her the producer's check as the reward of a talent which she did not know she possessed? Can you picture the surprise and delight of a Utah reporter, a private secretary in Pennsylvania, a Chicago Red Cross worker, when lifted suddenly to an earning power beyond their wildest dreams? Or of the inmate of a penitentiary whose scenarios are eagerly sought? These are actual incidents in the combing of the country for men and women with story-telling power.

And still the search goes on. Hundreds of thousands of copies of the Van Loan Questionnaire must be distributed this year; will you send for your copy? You may be one of the thousands (out of the hundreds of thousands) for whom the rewards of this new era wait.

The Van Loan Questionnaire— a big new invention

Not every man and woman can write stories for the screen. In the past many who had no real talent or chance for success have wasted time in fruitless trying. Such waste of time and money is no longer necessary. By an interesting new development it is now possible for you to know almost at once whether you have any gift of creative imagination and whether it will pay you to develop that gift.

The invention is a Questionnaire such as was used by the United States Army in establishing the qualifications of officers and men in the war. This Questionnaire has been created with special reference to the needs of the motion picture industry by H. H. Van Loan, the celebrated Photoplaywright and Professor Malcolm MacLean, formerly of Northwestern University.

We invite you, without obligation, to send for your copy of this Questionnaire. We ask you to cooperate with the new forces in the motion picture industry by making this free test of your creative talent in your own home.

We shall be frank with you

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation is the largest seller of motion picture scenarios in the United States. It is in business to secure scenarios for which producers will pay large sums.

The Educational Department of the Corporation is organized to train men and women of talent to a point where they can produce such scenarios. Therefore the Educational Department must and does deal very frankly with those who tell in the Questionnaire. If your talent is not sufficient to justify you in going on, you will be promptly notified.

If, on the other hand, you should be one of the thousands now unknown who are to be important factors in this second era of the motion picture industry, the facilities of the Educational Department will be placed at your disposal if you choose to take advantage of them.

At least test yourself—the test is free

Surely this simple test is worth trying. Failure to attain high rank in it involves you in no loss. You have merely invested a stamp and a pleasant hour of mental discipline. On the other hand, success with the questionnaire may open the way to fame and immense reward.

Do not pass by lightly the chance to share in this second era of the motion picture industry. Send today for the Van Loan Questionnaire.

PALMER PHOTOPLAY Corporation
Dept. of Education 124 W. 4th St., Los Angeles, Cal.



PLEASE send me, without cost or obligation on my part, your questionnaire. I will answer the questions in it and return it to you for analysis. If I pass the test, I am to receive further information about your course and service.

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RICHARD WALLACE, Brooklyn, N. Y.

me think of anarchists, Bolsheviks, Me-
phistopheles, and things like that.

MABEL 17.—So you really liked Alexander Clark. He is only twenty-one years old.

CANADIAN RAY—Oh, you're all wrong. Richard Barthelmess is playing in "Sonny." Hope Hampton, in "The Light in the Dark." You say, "Don't buy steak of a butcher who has a horseshoe nailed over his door; it is too suggestive." Now, Ray, this might have been a brilliant joke years ago, but hoss-flesh is now as rare as venison.

ELSIE J—Well, his real name was Rembrandt Harmenszoon van Rijn, and he was a famous Dutch painter and engraver who lived in the seventeenth century. Our so-called "back-lighting" really comes from Rembrandt. So you really liked Joseph Schildkraut. He has an important part in "Daughters of the Night." The story is about the Russian revolution. Pauline Frederick is playing in "Glory of Clementina."

WILRUNA O.—I should say I did read every word of your letter. Harry Carter was Dan in "Reputation." Your letter was very clever, and I hope you will write me again.

JACQUELINE—Every bug has its bugaboo. No, Jean Acker has not played in pictures for years. She used to be with Lubin, about ten years ago. There were lots of Drakes. Sir Francis Drake was a famous English admiral, conspicuous for his defeat of the Spanish Armada.

JOAN D.—Henry King, in "Help Wanted, Male." William Carleton, in "Straight from Paris." Also in "Prudence on Broadway." He also played in "The Spark Divine." Charles Clary, in "The Black List." Gladden James, in "The Social Secretary." Is that all? Going so soon?

HELEN H.—You're right; but every person, however imbecile, has some kind of talent: one for music, another for drawing, another for some mechanical art. No, Holmes Herbert is not over forty. Agnes Ayres has brown hair and brown eyes.

NOMI LOVE—One should absorb the color of life, but never remember its details. Details are vulgar. On the other hand, they say that genius is merely mastery of details. No, child, I am not married. In the first place, I'm too old, and in the next place, I can't find a wife who will support me. John Bowers played in "Poverty of Riches," as Tom.

MARGARET H. All women become like their mothers. That is their tragedy. No man does. That's his. No, I haven't been thinking of having my beard bobbed. I would have to have a permanent wave put in it if I did. Yes, Grace Darmond was seriously injured during the filming of "Shadows of the Jungle." Pathé is to revive some of the Marie Osborne comedies.

TINSY—You just bet, I have the grandest variety of stationery in the country. I get letters on wrapping paper, writing paper, tissue paper and all other kinds of paper, except fly-paper. Yes, indeed, I like my work, and I work hard. I don't say it's hard work, not like shoveling coal, but it's interesting. Pearl White, in "The Broadway Peacock."

ALICE—Put your courage in your pocket, Alice, and write me any time. The last time I read the papers, Moscow was still the seat of the Russian Soviet Republic. I'll tell you next month where it is then. Norma Talmadge, in "The Duchesse of Langeais."

E. L. Louisiana; KISSES AND HUGS, VERY, VERY INQUISITIVE, GERTIE F., P. H. W., FLOTSAM, JAZZ-EM-UP, BOBBED-HAIRED TWINS, J. C., Brooklyn, EGYPT

(Continued on page 119)

AUGUST SHADOWLAND

WITH this number begins the NEW SHADOWLAND, new editor, new writers, new artists, new managing editor, new policy. While everything new cannot be put into effect all in one issue, you will see a change at once. Among the notable writers who will write for SHADOWLAND are:

Benjamin DeCasseres
Willard Huntington Wright
Frank Harris
Louis Raymond Reid
Sheldon Cheney
F. H. Herbert
Edgar Holger Cahill
Harriette Underhill
J. George Frederick
Ruth Varney
Catherine Beach Ely
Marguerite Tucker
Charles Divine
Walter Prichard Eaton
Pitts Sanborn
W. G. Bowdoin
Oliver M. Saylor
Gladys Hall
Carol Bird
Frank J. Wilstach
Sydney Munden
Phillips Russell
Dorothy Donnell Calhoun
Eugene V. Brewster

Each month SHADOWLAND will continue to reproduce, in all their original colors, paintings by the world's leading painters; and the two-color section will contain the choicest of photographs by the world's leading photographers.

"Expressing the Arts"

All the arts, including painting, photography, music, mural decoration, ceramics, opera, batiks, tapestry, dancing, rugs, porcelain, books, sculpture, carving, the stage, etc., will be represented in nearly every issue; and special attention will be given to the COLLECTING FAD, including first editions, cameos, snuff boxes, pipes, watches, curios, etc., etc. In short, everything new, original and unique will be noticed by the new SHADOWLAND, and such interesting characters as Nazimova, Bernard Shaw, Cohan, Petrova, Markham, Pavlova, Belasco, Maxim, Canessa, Mary Garden, and the Barrymores, will frequently write or be written about or pictured in the new SHADOWLAND.

The price will still be 35 cents a copy, or \$3.50 a year, and it will still be more than ever before—THE HANDSOMEST AND MOST ARTISTIC MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD. Since SHADOWLAND is not sold on every newsstand, please order your copy in advance. And remember that SHADOWLAND is

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INSIDE FACTS By BLAINE C. BIGLER

"Tears, tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean."
'Twas evident that Tennyson had never seen the screen,
Or he'd know they meant an onion or some glycerine, I ween—
With a wailing, sobbing trombone just to aid the weeping scene.

"Leave but a kiss within the cup, and I'll not ask for wine."
Oh, poet of the olden time, what prophecies were thine!
For, take a star with ruby lips, all painted up so fine,
She'll leave a kiss within the cup—at least she did in mine.

"When Freedom from her mountain height unfurled her standard to the air,"
She couldn't tear the robe of night, for censor folks were there;
They said it was suggestive just to mention slumber-wear,
So robe of night was banished, but I cannot tell you where.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen."
'Twas evident Gray didn't mean the ones upon the screen.
Their dresses are so low, so short, there's not much room between
Where they could hide away a blush without its being seen.

The December number of *The Scrollogram* contained the following interesting comment:

"One morning in our mail was a large card, inviting us to a private showing of Corliss Palmer's pictures. You know, she won last year's Fame and Fortune contest. It was given at the Projection Room, Seventh Avenue and Forty-ninth Street. Miss Palmer was there in person, and is a dear. She is very pretty, and a really good actress. I'm rather skeptical of these prize winners, but we will soon see Corliss Palmer as a star. The first picture was a one-reeler, taken after she was proclaimed winner, with many other contestants in the cast. It was 'From Farm to Fame.' The story was not much, and was only filmed to see how Miss Palmer would take. She 'took' O. K. The other film was a five-reeler, 'Rose and Thistle,' and was strictly amateur, friends of Mr. Brewster composing the cast. It gave Miss Palmer a chance in a dual rôle, and she did splendid work. As Rose, she was without make-up, portraying a spoiled darling, a wealthy ennuied lady. As Thistle, she was tousled, uneducated, spit-fire; a regular tomboy, and when they dressed her in nice clothes and tried to make a lady of her, she was a scream. You will all love her when you see her. Mr. Brewster was there, and spoke a few words before and after the film. He had a tiny part in it himself. Mr. Brewster is a very talented young man. Does the 'young' surprise you? When I saw him, I nearly fainted, as I had an idea he was older. But he isn't. You know, he is a wonderful artist, and we had the great pleasure of viewing his painting the day we were in the office."
(Signed) "Flo Flo."

SAW A KICK COMING By FRANK V. FAULHABER

1st "EXTRA": That was some part you played in that last scene. Weren't you nervous at the start?
2nd "EXTRA": No, it was at the end when the director glared at me that I was nervous.



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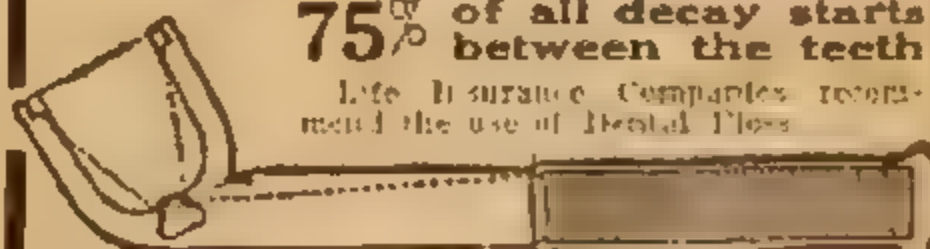
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Marden Building, Washington, D. C.

Greenroom Jottings

(Continued from page 108)

version of "The Old Homestead." A cyclone which destroys an entire village, with the exception of the old homestead, and also a trip to China are among the attractions promised for this picture.

R. A. Walsh, whose new contract with Goldwyn calls for the incorporation of his producing units with the Goldwyn Culver City Studios, has chosen "Captain Blackbird," an original screen story by Carey Wilson for his first production.

Helen Jerome Eddy is to be featured in a series of four productions at the Robertson-Cole Studios. The temporary title of the first will be "A Slice of Life."

"The Mirage," Florence Reed's well-known stage success, has been purchased by Norma Talmadge, for production in the early future.

"Silver Wings" in which Mary Carr is featured at the Apollo was made under the working title "Blind Love." After sometime it was officially announced that this would be changed to "Across the Rainbow." Who are the geniuses who think of such things? And what do they mean, anyway?

William Desmond is now at work with his own producing unit making a Northwest Mounted Police story as his first offering. Marceta von Kunitz, a well-known stage actress from Toronto, is his leading lady.

Hoot Gibson is back again at Universal City after his honeymoon, and has been working on Ralph Cumming's magazine story "The Cherub of Seven Bar." Harry Pollard is responsible for the direction and Gertrude Olmstead and Eddie Sutherland are prominent in the cast.

Reginald Denny, whose consistently good work in leading roles, culminating in his stardom in Universals "Leather Pushers" series has made him a great drawing card, is playing the lead in the production of "The Kentucky Derby" for which a notable cast has been assembled.

Lloyd Hamilton has been to Sing Sing—but not as a guest of the United States Government. He was making a picture which called for prison scenes, and at the warden's invitation was permitted to take shots of the cells throughout the grounds. Scenes of the visit are shown in a recent issue of Kinograms.

In Marion Davies' forthcoming Paramount picture, "The Young Diana," she plays the part of a prim and faded old maid who is transformed into a beautiful young girl by a famous scientist. The transformation part of it we can easily understand, but we are anxiously waiting to see how the radiant Marion will make up to look prim and faded.

Buster Keaton's new feature for First National, "The Electric House," ought to be a pretty wild affair. So far the mournful comedian has sustained a sprained ankle, an abscess, a black eye and two fingers damaged, in spite of his collection of good-luck mascots.

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 116)

13, EVER HOPEFUL, DOLLY DIMPLE, AUNT JEMIMA, FERN S., MARTHA WASHINGTON, BLUE EYES, CAROLYN REID, MISTLETOE, HAZEL, Des Moines, MA'S HOUSEKEEPER, TWO SMALL-TOWN VAMPS, MARY D., A. N., BEE H., GEORGE W.—Glad to hear from you. Hope you write me again, and that you'll stir my blood somehow, and ask me something new and hard and interesting.

MUSH.—Spring chokes eternal (infernal) in the human chest. No, I didn't get a new Easter suit. I'm saving up for the Fourth of July. Didn't see "Ten Nights in a Barroom." Yes, it was a ten-reel, State rights feature. John Lowell had the lead. Lowell shines in the big physical features, and his type of work is much like Hart's. That is Gaston Glass' right name.

BROWN EYED TWINS.—Not yet—my beard isn't one of the seven wonders of the world. Give me time. I'm nice enough for you to watch—but you must have "vision." No, I am not related to the Hall-Room Boys. I have no poor relation.

ANA SETIC.—You write me any time you feel like it. I hope you won't mind if I fall asleep—anesthetic? Elaine Hammerstein and Myrtle Stedman, in "Reckless Youth." I wasn't reckless with my youth, but I made an awful mess of it—look at me now, answering questions. Any time; don't forget.

RUDOLPH.—Well, I'm glad you have agreed that "The Sheik" is Valentino's best picture. That's settled. Next—

ANNA T.—You surely are an interesting writer. Clara Kimball Young is five feet six inches high. Victory Bateman can be reached at 420 West Second Street, Los Angeles, Calif. Pauline Frederick is out West, and she is playing in "Glory of Clementina." Write to me again, won't you?

SALITROS, Sydney.—Your Australian note was very funny. You refer to Barbara Bedford. "Fleur-de-lis" literally means "flower of the lily." Carol Dempster, in "Sherlock Holmes." Mabel Ballin, in "Other Women's Clothes." We still have that here, you know.

RODOLPH VALENTINO FAN.—Still they come. You say that "men sometimes think that they understand women, but men are sometimes fools." I quite agree with you. Here is the last bulletin of engagements as reported: Snub Pollard to Marie Mosquini, Larry Semon to Lucille Carlyle, and Marjorie Daw to John Harrou, the late Bobbie's brother. Not so bad for one sitting, is it?

Q S. E. D.—Myrtle Stedman, in "Sowing the Wind."

ALINE S.—So you really enjoy this department? Thanks. Yes, Constance Talmadge is going to play in "East Is West." Remember what Napoleon said. "Man is, spiritually, a long-sighted creature; he sees clearest at a distance; details confuse him; he must get away from that which he would judge; one describes summer best on a winter's day."

ROSAMOND B.—Yours was a *bonne bouche*. Elsie Ferguson does not tell her age. Marguerite Clark is not playing now. She is in New Orleans with her husband. There was an interview with Elsie Ferguson in the October, 1921, issue of the MAGAZINE.

ELIZABETH H.—All battle is misunderstanding. Revenge is an expensive luxury. Forget it! Thomas Meighan is playing in "The Bachelor Daddy" and "Man-slaughter." Peggy Hyland is not playing now.

BEE.—No, I don't see your point. Arthur

Make Your Marriage A Success



Marriage always means misery to the mind. Ask yourself before you propose to some pure innocent girl, whether you are fit to be her husband and the father of her children—and whether your offspring will be healthy youngsters—a joy and blessing to you both or sickly, defective little ones; a constant reproach to you as long as you live. What you are your children are bound to be and your weaknesses will be increased as you pass them along to your children, who may live to curse you for their inheritance of vice. This is the inflexible law of Heredity. You cannot avoid it. You dare not overlook it. **THINK** now before it is too late and resolve to

Fit Yourself For Matrimony

You are not fit if you are weak, sickly and under developed. You dare not marry and ruin some trusting girl's life by Youthful Errors, Bad Habits or Excesses have sapped your vitality and left you a mere apology for a real man. Don't think you can save yourself with dope and drugs. Such unnatural materials can never remove the cause of your weaknesses and will surely harm you. The only way you can be restored is through Nature's basic Laws. She will never fail you if you will sit at her feet and learn her ways.

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| • Rupture | • Constipation | • Gastritis |
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| • Neuritis | • Torpid Liver | • Poor Circulation |
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CORLISS PALMER

177 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Rankin was Tommy. Cullen Landis is playing in "Gay and Devilish," with Jacqueline Logan, Bull Montana and Doris May. Address him, Goldwyn, Culver City, Calif. You know, a man is never too old to learn.

FLORENCE.—Yes, I saw "Hamlet," but it wasn't the Shakespearean "Hamlet." No, I have never been to Europe. I should like to go to Paris. Alexander Black says, "When we go to the foreigners, they are elevating; but when they come to us, they are degrading." But that is no argument against immigration—it all depends on the kind of immigrants.

LA BELLE.—Don't expect too much of the self-made man, because it's his first attempt in the creative line. Richard Barthelmess is playing in "Sonny." He is married to Mary Hay.

FATTY.—Let me tell you—marriage! Nothing else demands so much from a man! You wait and see—but you have my permission. There are a few honest women who are not tired of their trade. Yes, Norma Talmadge is married to Joseph Schenck. Harrison Ford is not married.

FLAPPER.—Lazy people are always anxious to be doing something. Hobart Bosworth was not in "The Sea Wolf," but Noah Berry was the Sea Wolf in that picture. I have seen other pictures I liked better. Mrs. Lydig Hoyt is not playing in pictures.

DENVER H.—And they have flappers in Denver!

HELEN S. C.—But "Ivanhoe" has been done in pictures. Well, I love everything that is old: old friends, old times, old manners, old books and old wines. Frank Keenan, Madge Bellamy and John Bowers are playing in "Lorna Doone." Conway Tearle, in "A Wide-Open Town," with Faire Binney opposite.

GLADYS E. C.—The United States entered the World War April 6th, 1917. Cullen Landis, in "Snowblind."

YOURS HOPEFULLY.—I'm rather optimistic, too. Billie Burke is playing on the stage. Also the Bushmans. So you want to see them back in pictures. There are no women to whom virtue comes easier than those who possess no attractions.

WILMA E. K.—I'm sorry, Wilma, but I haven't looked up the history or family-tree of the Farrar family. I can't say whether Geraldine has a sister. George Le Guerre is playing on the stage now.

JEAN.—Unfortunately, I am myself so neglectful of the little courtesies that I have no right whatever to expect them from others, and therefore I am doubly pleased and surprised when I am kindly remembered. Agnes Ayres is not married. Jackie Coogan, at the United Studios, 5341 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

TAHOMA.—Yes, there was an earthquake at Charleston, S. C., in 1886, which almost destroyed the city. It hasn't quite come to life since Gladys Hulette, in "Hearts of the World."

FLORENCE B.—Well, a great career is a dream of youth, realized in mature age. Thomas Meighan, in "Manlaughter," a Cecil de Mille picture, and William Duncan, in "The Silent Vow." Thanks for the picture. It looks just like you. Better stay at home for a while longer.

LORNA D.—Why don't you join one of the correspondence clubs?

F. J. T.—Well, I am glad to know the names of the players you are fond of. Are you sure you didn't leave anyone out? As Oscar Wilde said, "Personality is a very mysterious thing. A man cannot always be estimated by what he does." Write to me again.

(Continued on page 122)

HANDS UP! For Next Month's Beauty

UNANIMOUS?

Then we'll tell you all about it. "Hands Up" is the appropriate title of an article by **Harriet Works Corley**, appearing in the next issue, dealing with the correct care of the hands and it's as full of good advice as the proverbial egg is of meat!

VIOLETS AND SPICE

Doesn't that sound nice? It's the attractive title of the fascinating new serial, by **Montanye Perry**, now appearing in **BEAUTY**, and well sustains that noted authoress' reputation for charming and dainty romance. Are you among the thousands who are following the adventures of the mysterious masked dancer, the sweet scent of whose violets prove so fascinating to her partner? You will be as intrigued as he was when you have met her in these pages.

Last, But Not Least, THE FLAPPER

This time it's "The Whyness of the Flapper," discussed by **Lillian Montanye**—and if you want to know the whyness of the last young thing who sailed serenely past you in her lavender suit, you'll read this very entertaining and sympathetic article.

And this is but a selection of the good Fare prepared for you in

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A JAPANESE GARDEN

(The Bernheimer Estate)

By LESLEY BATES

Fat temple Buddhas squat in still
And shadowy recesses.
With goldfish tall cranes long to fill
Their bronze-throat wildernesses.

On tiny trees of old Japan
Bronze birdies perch for singing,
And porcelain dogs prevent rude man
The temple doors from swinging

Far-gleaming with blood-red and gold,
A brave Samurai dwelling
Surmounts a hill long ages old
And reverence compelling.

Fish-dragons leap in painted wood.
Gold flowers border portals.
Perhaps here had the Master stood
And taught adoring mortals.

At night the stars come strangely near
And set the goldfish leaping.
But there's no sign of joy or fear
In temple Buddhas, sleeping.

The porcelain dogs still sit and stare
The wind starts toy trees swishing
Yet, ten to one, when no one's there,
The tall bronze cranes go fishing!

THE TWAIN MEETS

By W. J. HOLLIDAY

"For East is East, and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet."
But, Kipling, when you penned these lines,
You hadn't seen our street.

For West meets East most every night
Upon the silversheet;
While "Caravans" and "Desert Sands"
Are common as "The Sheik."

I may not know your lingo,
And I haven't traveled far,
But I've shaken hands and met you
Thru a Californian star

And you, too, East, have met us,
Tho you haven't traveled far;
There's no card of introduction like
A first-class movie star.

So, Kipling, when you write again,
Have a care what words you choose:
For East meets West, and West Meets
East,
And "never" is never used.

PATCHWORK

By CLARENCE E. FLYNN

A bit of cloud and a bit of blue
Make the wide and mighty sky.
A touch of drought with the rain and dew
Make the seasons passing by.
A bit of black and a bit of white
On the canvas make the scene
A bit of shade and a gleam of light
Make the drama on the screen.

A bit of toil and a bit of rest
Make our winding human way.
The rosy East and the flaming West
Make the glory of a day.
A bit of hope and a bit of fear
Make the heart's eternal strife.
A song of joy and a falling tear
Make the daily round of life.

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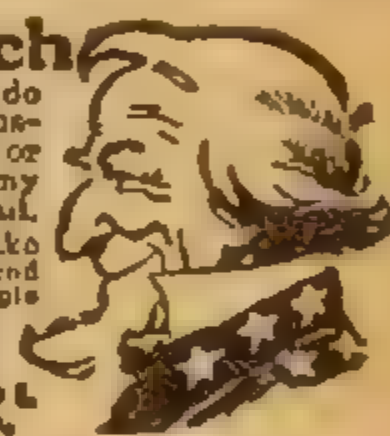


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EDWARD BRUESTEL
Jamaica - - New York

The Answer Man

(Continued from page 120)

IGNATZ.—No, indeed. Douglas Fairbanks is not Jewish. What made you think he was? Every evil comes to us on wings, and goes away limping. Think it over. Seena Owen, Matt Moore and Gladys Leslie, in "Sisters." Crawford Kent is playing opposite Mabel Ballin, and Eileen Percy is with Fox, in "Elope If You Must."

BROWN EYES, PATSY, A. B. C., M. II. D., TWO HICKS FROM HICKSVILLE, J. V. D., Ft. Smith, Ark., MARJORIE S., LONG ISLAND DUCK, MILLY, I'M NOBODY'S BABY, SULTANA FILL, MARGIE, RUDOLPH, MARY MACLAREN FAN, INFORMATION WANTED, BLACKEYED SUSAN, FLORENCE E., MARGIE, BILL AND CHRIS, H. A. B., E. H., TESSIE, LENA S., CORKSCREW, CONSTANCE O., VINCENT G.—Sorry to have to put you in the alsorans.

A MODERN EVE.—You have that player pat. So you like Bebe Daniels better than Gloria Swanson. Matter of opinion. Yes, some people believe that when you get off the train at Hollywood you will be hit by a custard pie. Well, it's not so. No, I have never been there.

SAN MARCOS.—You sure have a talent for drawing. Run in and see me sometime. Well, the home seems to be the proper sphere for man. Colleen Moore, in "The Bitterness of Sweets," opposite Antonio Moreno, for Goldwyn.

LENA G.—No, I don't mind this weather. When it gets too warm, down to the beach for mine. I'm very fond of bathing, especially on a hot day, when the water is warm. Lew Cody is making personal appearances now. No, I cannot tell you what kind of perfume and what brand of cigarettes Gloria Swanson uses. That was some story of yours. Write me again.

C. W. C.—My old friend, shake! Glad to see you again. You said Mark Twain said, "Be good, and be lonesome," and you are lonesome. When you come to New York, we will have to take in the sights—let me see, you said you were eighty-five years old.

EMILY E. R. G.—That is not a real guillotine they use in "Orphans of the Storm." You know, it is the instrument of capital punishment in France, in which a weighted knife falls and beheads the victim. So you liked Betty Compson in "The Little Minister" very much.

MARY.—Every man desires to live long; but no man would be old. You say, "Just when they begin to star Jack Holt, he begins to get bald." Things to worry about! That was a clever letter of yours. Write me another just like it. Dustin Farnum, in "Vows to Be Broken."

ELIZABETH ANN.—Well, they say two-thirds of life is spent in hesitating, and the other third in repenting. I really don't know who is going to marry Charlie Chaplin—Claire Windsor or May Collins. Guess Charlie isn't ready yet. Mae Busch is playing in "Brothers Under the Skin."

H. R. H.—Learn a craft when you are young, that you may not have to live by graft when you are old. Well, you know the voyage of Columbus, which resulted in the discovery of America, cost about seven thousand dollars, in terms of our present currency. So you see what you can do with seven thousand dollars. Get out and discover some fine, big new country and get famous like Columbus. Theda Bara, it is reported, will be back in pictures—in more "vamp" pictures—produced by her own company.

DOROTHY P.—Rodolph Valentino is playing in "Blood and Sand."

We have prepared a booklet entitled

Record Book and Criticisms of Picture Plays

which we want you to have. It tells how to criticise and enjoy the movies. If followed carefully, it will add to your powers of discernment and make you a first-class critic. It also contains a code, and many pages on which you can mark down every play you see and tell just why you liked it or didn't like it. When you have filled the book you will prize it very highly and you will send for another. We want every reader to have one, so we have made the price just what it costs us to produce, 10 cents. Think of it, only 10 cents! It will be worth many dollars to you!

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Remember the gay cover of Harold Lloyd on the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. You liked it? So did Harold Lloyd. Here is the telegram he sent after seeing it:

My sincerest thanks to you for cover which is wonderful. I never have had any picture printed that pleased me so much as this. Please accept my deepest appreciation.

HAROLD LLOYD.

TO A MOVIE STAR

By L. D. REESE

I saw upon the movie screen
Your lovely face last night,
And thought my heart would burst its
bonds

In wonder and delight.
Tho nearby youngsters chattered on
And music rose and fell,
All was unshared, I sat and stared
As one beneath a spell.

It scarcely seems a twelvemonth since
Those glad vacation days
When first upon a village street
You met my idle gaze.
I deemed you but a country lass,
With ways devoid of art—
Behind your mask, it was no task
To creep into my heart.

What memories! O trysts of love!
O Beauty's budding charms
That on those mystic moonlight nights
I held within my arms.
How fair this old world looked to me,
Until, at last, one dawn
Flushed with desires from Dreamland's
bowers
I came—to find you gone.

Ah, now I know how well you played
Your part with skill innate,
And yet, because I love you still,
I have no soul to hate.
'Tis true—I cannot drive you from
My aching heart's demesne;
All I can do is worship you
At night upon the screen!

YESTERDAY

By H. E. JUNG

Sittin' here in the movies, watchin' the silver screen, reckon the folks on either side would laugh at me or begin to chide, if they thought for a minute that this old guy was dreamin' a foolish dream. But I don't know as I'd care a lot, for a heap of pleasure I've always got in sittin' here real quiet-like—a-watchin' the silver screen. Now, the thing that caught my eye today and started me off in a wishful way, was a view of a trail, just leadin' on to almost anywhere at all, and a prairie schooner lumberin' by with a bumpin' lurch that caught my eye, and, gosh-a'-mighty, I seemed to feel the crunch of the wagon's thumpin' wheels go plumb across my heart. Now, I realize that times have changed, and a fellow like me should not complain; but a sort of an ache comes now and then, tho of course it passes away again when I think of the trails of yesterday, and I seem to feel in the very air a breath from the long ago. So I sort of love to sit and dream, when I see these things on the silver screen—of a day that is rusty and gone.

IN INTERVIEWS, WHY ARE STARS ALWAYS

By M. POWELL FOHN

Taken for someone else, as they "did not in the least look like you would expect an actress too"—(Wonder what an interviewer thinks an actress looks like, anyway.)

Leaving a book somewhere in sight with an unpronounceable, foreign title conveniently showing—(And a Spicy-Story Magazine conveniently hid.)

Having a "real" parent in the background—(Must think the rest of the players are orphan home products.)

Wanting to play Juliet—(No wonder the River Styx is ebony colored, with the black looks Shakspeare must be throwing the world over the rail of the House-boat.)

DO YOU KNOW

By M. POWELL FOHN

That Mack Sennett played the part of Mary Pickford's husband in "The New York Hat," her first appearance on the screen? (Makes Mary a sort of step-mother of the Bathing Beauties, eh, what!)

That Richard Barthelmess made his cinema debut as a Keystone cop?

That Donald Crisp, "Battling Burrows" of "Broken Blossoms," played the part of General U. S. Grant in the "Birth of a Nation"?

That "Phil Cameron, the Little Colonel's brother" of the same picture was Elmer Clifton, who now directs the Dorothy Gish Comedies?

THE MILKMAID

By THOMAS J. MURRAY

The question seemed so very old and trite,
And yet her manner urged me to address;

She was a pretty milkmaid in her flight,
To draw the fluid lacteal from Bess,
Or, rather, Bossy, and I must confess
She seemed a spirit of the sunset light;

Her sweet demeanor and her rustic dress
Quite won my interest as she loomed in sight.

And so I asked her as the twilight
streamed,

"Where are you going now, my pretty
maid?"

The question brought amusement, so it
seemed.

"I'm going in the picture, sir," she said;
"And what I tell you is no jest or hoax.
I'm on location with the Great Film folks."

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Let others watch you. Professor Toppin, famed New York Dancing Master, offers you a lifetime's dancing experience condensed into few amazingly simple lessons.

With his remarkably ample and complete Waltz, Fox Trot and One Step Home Lessons—you can learn in a few hours, become a finished dancer in a few weeks.

Decide today to become a good dancer. Professor Toppin will mail you the first lesson and outline of the other lessons showing how easily he teaches you all types of dances, poise, lightness of foot and superior dance manner. Send stamps or quarter to cover mailing cost of first lesson in cardboard box—this is your one opportunity to become a finished dancer in a month's time.

BROADWAY DANCE STUDIOS

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CUT ME OUT

I'm only a coupon, BUT if you treat me right, I'll show you how by becoming a Subscription Representative for **Motion Picture Magazine** you can turn your spare time into money. Just sign below and mail—I'll do the rest.

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
Brewster Building Brooklyn, N. Y.

HAIL THE WOMAN!

An Announcement

The Brewster Publications take great pleasure in announcing the appointment of

ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

to the position of Managing Editor of their magazines.

Miss Fletcher, who has been associated with us for over three years in active editorship of **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** enjoys a reputation second to none in the realms of Motion Picture journalism.

In her new position the virile ideas and keen pen, which have made the **MAGAZINE** so outstanding a literary and artistic success, will dominate all the Brewster Publications, and we feel confident that the daily increasing numbers, who swell the tide of our subscribers, will approve the innovations and new policy which she will direct.

Perfumes

JEANNE JACQUES begs to announce a series of new perfumes for the American market. Perfumes have again come into fashion, and the present demand for a dainty, delicate fragrance for milady's kerchief, wardrobe and person has stimulated and hastened my cherished resolve to supply that demand. All of my perfumes are made from the finest essential oils of France, Persia, Arabia and England, and are so blended as to give not only an enchanting fragrance, but a permanence not often found even in the best makes. Among these are the Corliss Palmer formulas. It is no secret that Miss Palmer has been working daily for over a year on the perfecting of a perfume for her own use. Daily she placed her several experiments in similar numbered bottles, and passed them around on a tray, asking twenty friends to vote on them. Over 100 different combinations or formulas have thus gone the rounds, and each has been changed, drop by drop, until all were agreed on its superiority. To compare her best with standard makes, she would frequently put in a famous French make, and not until her own blends received higher votes than these French makes (which were of course disguised by placing in new bottles) was Miss Palmer satisfied. Her laboratory has been enlarged, and I am now prepared to supply perfumes of exquisite excellence.

CORLISS PALMER

A delicate, exquisite blend. Miss Palmer's favorite. People say it has that alluring "come hither" aroma—that draws you to it, and you want to smell more. Put up only in 2-oz. cut-glass bottles (the bottle alone is worth \$1.00). Price \$5.00 a bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

ARABIAN FLORE

This odor is a blend in imitation of the finest perfumes of Arabia, that the poets have sung about. It may not please all, but those who do like it will love it so much that they will have none other. Remarkable lasting qualities. Price \$2.50 for 2-oz. bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

PERSIAN VIOLET

Very few perfumers have ever succeeded in making a successful violet. We have here a dainty blend of delicious fragrance, sure to please all who like the aroma of this exquisite flower. Price \$2.00 for 2-oz. bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

TURKISH BOUQUET

For those who prefer a distinctive aroma, savoring of the Orient, this delightful blend will surely please. An entirely new odor—something different. Quite enchanting to those who like the sweet odor of the magnolia and honeysuckle. Price \$3.00 for 2-oz. bottle, mailed to any address on receipt of price.

\$10.00 Will Bring All Four to You

The Latest in Perfumery Babettes



Take one to the theater or dance, empty it and throw the tiny bottle away (or save it and refill it). The finest perfume in the world, when placed on a handkerchief or gown, is only obvious for a few minutes after it has dried. Only moisture or heat will revive the aroma so that it can be detected without placing the fabric close to the nostrils. The perfume milady applies in her boudoir is usually lost by the time she arrives at her destination—the place it was intended for. Babettes overcome this waste. They take up no room, are easily opened, and you can always have the dainty, delicate, bewitching aroma clinging and lingering about your presence. Ten Babettes, filled with the most delicious perfume, accompany every two-ounce cut-glass bottle, together with a filler, all neatly packed in a beautiful box. The perfume is

Corliss Palmer

named after its inventor, who is known as the Most Beautiful Girl in America. It is her first choice of 100 accepted formulas. It is distinctive, subtle, illusive, charming. Its enchanting fragrance is exceedingly lasting, and you can often detect it on your handkerchief after it has been laundered. To introduce it to the American market, the price is at present only \$6.00 a box, complete.

Jeanne Jacques

(Sole Distributor)
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

What is the matter with your hair?



Falling?

Dandruff?

Oily?

Dull?

*All largely due to a single cause
Make this free test—A way to correct it*

This is to men and women who wish to care for their hair in a more scientific way. To keep or restore its beauty, its health, by methods right and modern.

There is now an ideal method. It deals effectively with the cause of hair troubles, present or impending. It embodies the best that men know.

THERE is an oil in the scalp called Sebum, secreted by the glands of the hair. It lubricates the hair—gives it lustre and softness. It keeps the scalp flexible, or should. It is the hair's chief friend.

But, like all skin secretions, there is often an excess. Then the hair becomes too oily. The surplus Sebum decomposes on the scalp. It forms fatty acids which inflame the scalp.

Scales and dandruff often follow. The scalp outlets are choked, the oil is suppressed. Dryness and scale may kill the hair roots, so the hair falls out. Then Sebum becomes the hair's great foe—the cause of most hair troubles.

Cleanliness the first essential

The first rule is the same as with any skin surface. Remove the excess, cleanse the pores. Think what would happen to any skin if you failed for a time to do that.

But you must aim at Sebum—that particular scalp oil. Dissolve it, remove it, then get into the pores. Not with ordinary soaps or shampoos, but with studied, tested, scientific methods.

Our experts have embodied in Palmolive Shampoo the best ways known to do that. It combats the Sebum—Sebum only—correctly and efficiently.

That is the first essential. Don't rely on guesswork, on ignorance, on non-scientific means. Your hair is too important.

Beauty—softness—luster—health

The next thing is to treat your scalp as you would your cheeks. Apply a soap based on palm and olive oils. Do what millions do with Palmolive Soap to foster fine complexions.

Palmolive Shampoo does that. It is based on the oil blend which for ages has held supreme place for the skin. The purpose is to give to the hair luster, softness, beauty. And to fit the scalp to maintain healthy hair roots.

Those are results which you want and need regularly. The other helps are told in our book.

A home demonstration—free

To show these effects we will send you a treatment to try. We will send you the oil blend and the Sebum combatant combined in Palmolive Shampoo. It will show you the ideal way to give your hair care, beauty and protection. You will know that in an hour.

With it we will send a book—"How to Take Care of the Hair." That will tell you just what to do for any wrong condition. For dry hair, for dull hair, for falling hair, for dandruff. The advice is up-to-date and authoritative. It will tell you how to deal with damage already done.

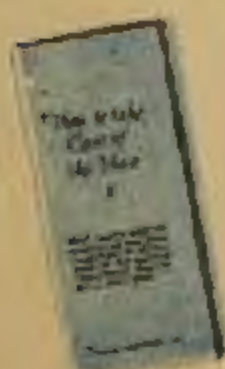
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"... and she took out a slim gold box."

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This new large Colgate Compact is a thing of beauty—exquisite enough to be the product of an exclusive jeweler. Its polished gold-colored case is almost as thin as a watch. The cover is bordered with a delicate Greek design, and your monogram or initials in the center give a personal

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